

SEPTEMBER

PRICE 20 CENTS

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH. 1902

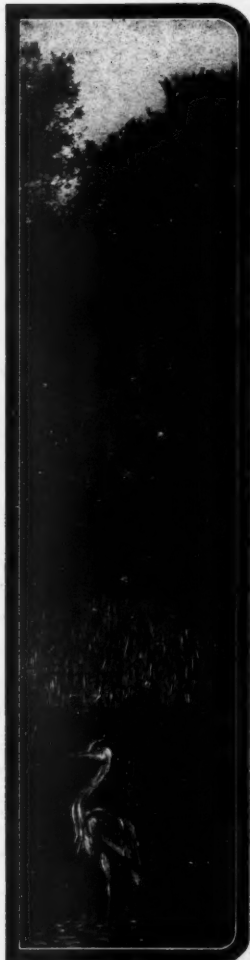
The



CHAUTAUQUAN



Magazine



THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS

CLEVELAND · OHIO



For more than a
Hundred Years
PEAR'S has remained
ahead of a thousand
others



KING EDWARD VII, IN CORONATION ROBES, CROWNED AUGUST 9, 1902.

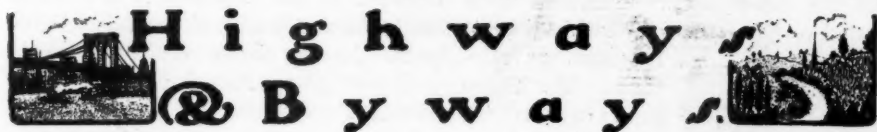
THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 6.



ALMOST in silence," to use the words of the London *Spectator*, "without a jar, with no uproar in parliament and no popular demonstration, the command of that huge bark, the British Empire, has been transferred from one hand to another." The great change which the world has witnessed with deep interest, consequent upon Lord Salisbury's retirement from active politics, has not produced a tremor in business circles or a ripple of excitement "on the street." This, however, is not at all unnatural.

In Great Britain principles govern, not men. Lord Salisbury was the representative of historic, aristocratic Toryism, and Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, his nephew, who succeeded him as prime minister, is a statesman of the same school. Neither has exhibited special sympathy with the democratic spirit, but neither is a reactionary, fanatical defender of tradition. Lord Salisbury is cold, reserved, somewhat cynical, fond of abstruse studies, detached and independent. In some of his speeches he was blunt and even contemptuous of public opinion. He had not the enthusiasm, the moral earnestness, the zeal, the passion of a Gladstone, but his long career has on the whole been successful, distinguished, and useful. He commanded respect; he was never followed with the blind devotion and affection which Gladstone aroused.

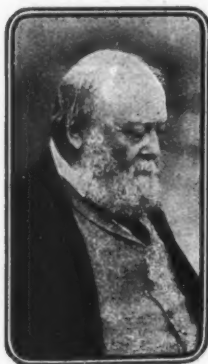
Lord Salisbury has been prime minister three times — in 1885 for a few months; in 1886, remaining in power till 1892, and since June, 1895, to the day of his withdrawal on account of declining health and the desire to enjoy a well-earned rest and,

it is understood, literary and scientific studies. His last ministry was a coalition body, and contained a number of Liberal-Unionists, representing the anti-Home Rule wing of the Liberals. Lord Salisbury entered public life in 1853, and in 1866 was made a member of Lord Derby's ministry. He soon became known as an authority on Indian affairs. However, his power and ability have been most conspicuously applied to foreign politics, and Lord Salisbury is held to have been one of the greatest foreign ministers the United Kingdom has had. He has made many alliances and solved many problems, but his last notable achievement, the alliance with Japan, has been declared a blunder even by journals friendly to his general policy.

Between Mr. Balfour, the new premier, and Lord Salisbury there are intellectual and moral, as well as physical, ties. Mr. Balfour is a metaphysician, a cultured and speculative writer, and a skilled debater. His political opinions are rather uncertain, and he is said to be wanting in resolution. But he has self-restraint, patience, good-nature and tolerance, and these qualities have made him popular even with the opposition. His political career has been remarkable. He was first elected to the Commons in 1874, and has held many important positions. He was chief secretary for Ireland for four years, and in 1891 he was government leader of the House of Commons. This office he resumed when the Conservatives returned to power, and he will continue to hold it in conjunction with the premiership.

Mr. Balfour has announced no change of policy in any direction. Doubtless it was

the knowledge that he would follow in Lord Salisbury's steps that rendered the mass of Englishmen almost indifferent to the change. Had Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, succeeded Lord Salisbury, England, the empire, and indeed the whole civilized world would have been stirred by anticipations of



LORD SALISBURY.

important developments. Mr. Chamberlain was the strongest man in the Salisbury cabinet, and many believe that he was entitled to the first place after his chief's retirement. But the Tories, who constitute the majority of the present Conservative party, are known to fear Mr. Chamberlain

and to be unwilling to follow him. He will remain in the colonial office, but he will be more influential than ever, owing to the retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer, who has been his chief opponent in fiscal matters. Sir Michael is a convinced free-trader, and he has strenuously opposed all attempts at restoring protection or paving the way to such reversion by preferential duties on colonial imports. He has never been considered a financial expert, and his budgets have been severely criticised. His recent corn duty, a sop to the "fair traders," has been especially condemned by the progressive elements of the country. However, were all the facts in the case known, it is probable that Sir Michael would be praised for what he has prevented rather than blamed for such concessions as he has reluctantly made. Mr. Chamberlain has distinctly repudiated free trade doctrines as "economic pedantry," and, if he could have his way, certain decisive measures would be taken at once toward the establishment of the much-discussed imperial zollverein (customs union). But Mr. Balfour's definite assurances of continuity of policy have allayed the fears of

the free-traders, and the zollverein project may be regarded as indefinitely postponed.

Changes in the personnel of the cabinet, in addition to those already announced, there will be, but they will not involve any substantial modification of the Unionist program. An early dissolution of Parliament is predicted by some English observers of the political situation, but the government has unfinished tasks to carry through and the appeal to the country may be delayed. Meantime the Liberals, encouraged by the developments, are coming together and consolidating for the next general election. Mr. Balfour may reveal unsuspected qualities, but as matters now stand, the Liberals have an excellent opportunity of regaining supremacy.



The Miners' Strike and the Public.

There has been no change in the anthracite coal strike situation up to the date of this writing. The miners have shown no disposition to resume work on the previous terms, and the operators, especially the coal-carrying railroad companies, have made no attempt to resume mining, though they assert that thousands are ready to return to work. Some of the operators have plainly stated that their policy is to starve the strikers into submission.

The national convention of the United Mine Workers voted against a "sympathetic" strike in the bituminous coal fields—on grounds of principle as well as of expediency and self-interest. Had all the miners in the national union suspended work, it would have been impossible to secure funds sufficient to maintain in idleness an army of 400,000 men, the majority of whom have families to support. It is no easy undertaking to provide the 140,000 strikers of the anthracite region, and the West Virginia miners who are out for reasons of their own, with the necessities of life, but the soft coal miners and labor organizations generally have determined to do their utmost to meet those requirements.

But there is a moral side to the question.

In many cases the soft coal miners have an agreement with the operators covering wages, hours, and conditions of work and, by implication, if not expressly, binding the men to remain at work during the period fixed therein. These contracts are made with the union, and represent the "recognition" which the miners have so far been unable to obtain from the anthracite operators. A violation of them would certainly have imperilled the results of long and hard struggles, and might have been a serious blow to the cause of unionism. The sentiment, among employers and the public, against sympathetic strikes is undoubtedly very strong, and the conservative labor leaders admit the validity of the objections to what they regard as a last and heroic remedy. Such strikes, when in contravention of an agreement, defeat the essential object of the labor movement.

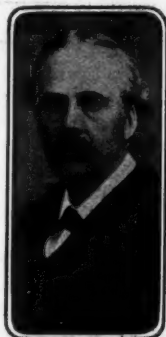
While the miners have won much praise for their attitude, the operators have alienated considerable support by their persistent refusal to accept arbitration or to recognize in any way whatever the interests of the public. Influential newspapers which at first defended them, have latterly been charging

them of trifling with the people and arbitrarily disregarding the implied conditions of their charters. Railway companies, it is argued, are expected to give the public steady and proper service, regardless of strikes or other difficulties, and a similar obligation rests upon owners of coal mines. Coal is essential to industry, and a strike does not justify indefinite suspension of mining when the accumulated stock is insufficient to supply the public need at a reasonable rate. The resumption of ownership of the mines by the state, under eminent domain, has been suggested in certain quarters, and it is significant that the idea is not attacked as vehemently as it would have been half a dozen years ago.

The tenor and character of conservative comment on the position of the operators may be indicated by a few typical quotations. The *New York Evening Post* says:

The issue is perfectly simple. It is the duty of the operators to furnish coal to the public. If they cannot resume work with their old employees, they are bound to seek others, and to protect the newcomers. If the Pennsylvania law requiring miners to pass an examination and secure certificates prevents the operators from fully manning the mines at first, let them begin with whatever force they can obtain. The essential thing is to begin — to serve notice that any man legally qualified to mine coal who is ready to work upon the terms offered can have both employment and assurance of safety. This is what the great companies have refused to do, and still refrain from doing. Their attitude is that of obstructionists; they will not make terms with their old employees, and they will not hire new ones — and the public must pay the penalty. There has never been such a situation in any great labor controversy in this country, and the few men who control the great companies are greatly mistaken if they suppose that they can long maintain so indefensible a position.

The *New York Times* speaks of the inertia and inaction of the "capitalists who have monopolized a natural product of prime necessity" as "probably without precedent," and says that their attitude warrants inter-



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR,
New Premier of Great
Britain.



HARD LINES.

PATIENT BRITISH ASS (to himself) "Blest if I can feel a penn'orth o' difference between this old gal and the one that's just got off!"

—*London Punch*.

ference by the legislature and the imposition upon them of restrictions never before deemed necessary. The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* says:

A private ownership of an invaluable store of nature, of the most liberal and public-spirited character, would ordinarily be considered unwise; but what is to be said of such an ownership when it assumes the attitude observable in this case, that it is none of the public's business how the industry is conducted, or non-conducted, or at what profit or prices or regard for the popular need, which declines to arbitrate differences with its employes on the ground that it will manage affairs wholly as it pleases, and which considers it a small matter that millions of people freeze beside the right to consult its own absolute will and profit regardless of all else?

The coal monopoly is forcing upon the people as fast as ever it can the conviction that this is a wealth and industry which cannot safely be left in private hands. If monopoly-ridden Pennsylvania cannot be moved to take over the mines into public ownership or control, the government of the United States will be compelled to consider ways of national action in the matter.

"The rights of the third party" to widespread and acute industrial conflicts—namely, the consuming classes—are beginning to receive serious consideration. Legally, strikes and lockouts, however unreasonable and inimical to the popular welfare they may be, are "necessary evils," but the moral obligation to avert them is more and more insisted upon by public opinion. Rigid, inelastic conceptions of private property and of "contract" rights as acquired by franchises and charters are encountering no little hostility. Compulsory arbitration is no longer indignantly rejected as an impossible and utterly un-American solution of the narrower problem of capital and labor.

In connection with this grave and complex question there has been revived the cry of "government by injunction." In West Virginia federal judges Jackson and Keller have issued sweeping orders against the miners on strike in that state and the officers and organizers of the national miners' union, restraining them from interfering with the operators or their employees, from threatening violence, intimidation, or even from "inducing" strikes by appeals and persuasion calculated to intimidate or overawe non-

union men. One injunction has been issued at the instance of a third party, a company having nothing to do with the mining of coal but having contracts with the tied-up collieries for the handling of their output, the theory of this order being that the strikers, by conspiracy and unlawful acts, have indirectly injured this complainant and prevented it from carrying on its business. These injunctions, defended by many as proper and necessary, are denounced by others as judicial legislation and usurpation. Judge Jackson tried a number of strikers or organizers for contempt of court in violating his injunction and sentenced them to imprisonment, and such "contempt" proceedings in criminal cases (that is, in cases where the act of contempt constitutes a violation of the criminal code) are pronounced by many to be repugnant to the constitutional rights of trial by jury and proper indictment. This subject will be discussed at some length in our next issue.



The Vatican and the Philippines.

Governor Taft's mission in Rome was not wholly successful, but there is no ground for representing the negotiations with the Vatican to have ended in failure. Doubtless



HOT AND COLD.

UNCLE SAM—I declare that does look more comfortable to hold this kind of weather.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

the chief question was left open, but a satisfactory settlement will be reached in the near future. There has, unfortunately, been considerable reckless talk and writing on the subject, and even attempts to excite political prejudice and mischief have been made. Yet the matter is very simple.

There is no "religious issue" in the Philippines. There can be none under the jurisdiction of the United States. No religious teaching is permitted in the schools of the archipelago, and no proselytizing. The government places all religious beliefs on an equal footing; each denomination being a voluntary association for the purpose of worship and propaganda *outside* public institutions supported by taxation. The Vatican understands the American system, and cannot have expected the United States to give official sanction to Roman Catholicism in the Philippines. There has been no discrimination, no interference with Catholic teaching, no encouragement of Protestant propaganda. In religious matters the Philippine government is strictly neutral.

The question which has caused trouble is the presence of the Spanish friars in the Philippines. There is intense hostility to the friars (with the exception of some orders) on the part of the natives, and it is impossible for the former to return to the parishes from which they were expelled during the insurrection against Spain. The conditions are such that these friars, congregated at Manila, are prevented from serving the church in the positions to which they were assigned. The natives would resist their resumption of their duties, and disorder would ensue.

In view of these facts the United States long since decided to purchase the land and other property of the friars and hold these possessions in trust for the population. To this the Vatican and the American Catholics have agreed; but what is to become of the friars? The government suggested their withdrawal from the islands by the Vatican in the interest of peace and harmony and the progress of the church herself. Governor Taft urged this solution upon the Pope and

his advisers, and desired a definite agreement to recall the objectionable friars within a given time.

This suggestion the Vatican declined to entertain. It was ready to promise to introduce gradually the clergy of other nationalities, especially Americans, and to instruct the friars not to return to their parishes; but it declared that it could not recall the friars within any fixed period. It is understood that Spain and the powerful religious orders opposed the American proposition, and their influence proved controlling—for the time being.



WILLIAM H. TAFT,
Governor of the Philippine
Islands.

Of course, the friars, in common with all other Spanish citizens in the Philippines, are under the protection of the treaty of Paris. Their personal and property rights are as secure as those of any other element. No expulsion, coercion, expropriation, or any other drastic means of carrying out the American desideratum was ever contemplated. The negotiations for the purchase of the friars' property will go on, and in due time the other vexed question will be quickly adjusted. The prospects of the friars are not bright, and the Vatican will find it necessary and advantageous to recall them and substitute other agents of the church. In reality the interests of the Vatican coincide with those of the United States in this direction, but the problem is one that requires tact and patience. In the words of Archbishop Ireland, who rebuked certain Catholic editors for imputing injustice to the government and misinterpreting its intentions, "with a little time, certain matters now seeming to offer great difficulties will be made, by skilful touches of pontifical diplomacy, to work themselves out without friction or excitement."

Punishing Torture and Inhumanity.

"The honor of the army" will not be an issue in the fall campaign—a fact upon which all parties may be congratulated. The Republicans will be unable to fasten on the Democrats the charge of traducing and slandering the American army, while the latter will be compelled to abandon the charge that the war department and the administration have been suppressing the truth as to the conduct of the Philippine army and shielding officers or soldiers who have disgraced their flag and country by unnecessary brutality and violation of the laws of civilized warfare.

President Roosevelt has said from the first that nothing could possibly excuse torture or savagery on the part of American officers and soldiers, and that every one duly convicted of outrage upon the natives would be punished for his offense. General Jacob H. Smith was the first officer to suffer under these presidential declarations. Tried for ordering Major Waller "to burn and kill," to take no prisoners, to slay all natives above the age of ten, the court-martial found him guilty and sentenced him to a reprimand from the constitutional commander-in-chief of the army. The lightness of the penalty was due to the fact that, in the opinion of the court, General Smith did not "mean everything he said" on the occasion in question, was not "taken literally" by his subordinates, and was not followed.

In approving the sentence Secretary Root wrote that, while General Smith had signally failed in his duty, and "was guilty of intemperate, inconsiderate and violent expressions, which, if accepted literally, would grossly violate the humane rules governing American armies in the field, and, if followed, would have brought lasting disgrace upon the military service in the United States," the fact was that "no women or children or helpless persons or non-combatants or prisoners were put to death in pursuance of them." Nevertheless General Smith's usefulness was deemed to be at an end, and Secretary Root recommended his retirement from the active

list. In directing such retirement President Roosevelt wrote:

It is impossible to tell exactly how much influence language like that used by General Smith may have had in preparing the minds of those under him for the commission of the deeds which we regret. Loose and violent talk by an officer of high rank is always likely to excite to wrongdoing those among his subordinates whose wills are weak or whose passions are strong.

It was supposed that the execution, without proper trial or inquiry, of twelve Samar natives, by order of Major Waller was justified by the latter on the ground of General Smith's discreditable instructions, and were that the case, General Smith would be clearly responsible for the atrocious deed, of which the President said:

In the recent campaign ordered by General Smith the shooting of the native bearers by the orders of Major Waller was an act which sullied the American name, and can be but partly excused because of Major Waller's mental condition at the time, this mental condition being due to the fearful hardship and suffering which he had undergone in his campaign.

But it seems that Major Waller, at his trial assumed full responsibility for the deed, claiming justification under the laws of war. The verdict of acquittal in his case, as well as in that of Lieutenant Day, who carried out the order, was disapproved by General Chaffee, who stated in a review of the cases that "there was no overwhelming necessity, no impending danger, no imperative interests, and, upon the part of the natives, no overt acts to justify the summary course pursued." He further declared that "the laws of war do not sanction, and the spirit of the age will not suffer, that any officer may, upon the dictates of his own will, inflict death upon helpless prisoners committed to his care," and that "any other view looks to the methods of the savage and away from the reasonable demands of civilized nations that war shall be prosecuted with the least possible cruelty and injustice."

The honor of the army, like the honor of the country, demands strict adherence to civilized methods of warfare. It demands exposure and punishment of those who, in violation of the government's instructions, resorted to torture and unnecessary cruelty.



THE CAMPANILE, IN THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, NOW FALLEN IN RUINS.

This demand the president is evidently determined to heed and enforce. There have been irregular trials and miscarriages of justice in these deplorable cases, but measures have been taken to prevent the repetition of such failures. American civilization will be fully vindicated, and the army purged of weak and brutal men whose conduct no truly patriotic American, no enlightened man, can possibly defend.



Our Foreign Trade for 1902.

The industrial and commercial conditions of the fiscal year 1902 were rather exceptional, and the statistics as to our exports and imports for that twelvemonth hardly permit conclusions of a definite nature. Neither the high-protectionists nor the adherents of "the Buffalo platform"—free trade and reciprocity—can draw much support from these figures. There is shown a heavy decline in exports, and a remarkable increase in imports, but neither fact can be referred to a single formula.

Here is a table giving the trade returns

for the year in comparison with those for the two preceding years:

	EXPORTS.		
	1902.	1901.	1900.
Domestic.....	\$1,355,821,340	\$1,400,462,906	\$1,370,763,571
Foreign.....	26,212,067	27,302,185	23,719,511
Total.....	\$1,382,033,407	\$1,427,764,991	\$1,394,483,082

	IMPORTS.		
	1902.	1901.	1900.
Free.....	\$396,850,501	\$339,608,669	\$367,236,806
Dutiable.....	506,000,807	483,563,496	482,704,318
Total.....	\$902,911,308	\$823,172,165	\$849,911,184
Exc. exp.....	479,122,009	664,592,826	544,541,898

The apparent loss in exports amounts to over \$105,731,000; the imports were much the largest of any year on record. All agree that the increase in our purchases of foreign goods is natural and advantageous to this country. Prosperity produces a greater demand for finished articles of comfort and luxury, which Europe supplies. This, however, accounts for but a small part of the addition to the unprecedented total of imports. The greater part consisted of raw materials for our manufacturing industries. Our mills and factories were running at full capacity and working overtime, though the surplus for export was smaller than in 1901.

understood, and no detailed description of it is necessary here. In Ohio, it seems, it has been absurdly abused. The cities have been divided into classes, and some classes have been subdivided into grades. "An act for all cities of the first class, third grade" sounds "general"; but in fact it is special legislation. In Ohio the "classification" plan is said to have led to such grotesque "general laws" as this: "An act in relation to cities having a population not less than 27,690 or more than 27,720"! In the words of the supreme court:

The eleven principal cities of the state are isolated, so that an act conferring corporate power upon one of them by classified description confers it upon no other. They have been isolated under the guise of classification.

This fabric of false pretense, sophistry, and evasion has now been overthrown. Scores of municipalities are in the same case with Cleveland, their municipal governments, whether good or bad, being illegal. It is necessary to provide a new code for the government of cities—one that will stand constitutional tests and at the same time meet the modern ideas of home rule and respect for local wishes and conditions. Several plans are under consideration, and a special session of the legislature has been called to deal with the problem. Municipal reformers declare that Ohio has a splendid opportunity to adopt a modern, sound, honest municipal code, and hope that the chance will not be thrown away. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, a progressive and competent student of civic questions, has outlined a scheme of reform which, if constitutional, would seem to solve the problem most satisfactorily. He proposes a general law for the calling of charter conventions in all cities, in which conventions the representatives of the people should be empowered to frame for each city its own charter. These charters should be submitted to the people for approval or rejection, and they should be made subject to revision by conventions at intervals of ten years. This plan would give home rule under a law uniform in operation. The Ohio situation is watched with deep interest.

Lynchings and the Federal Power.

Is there constitutional authority in congress to enact an anti-lynching law—that is, to provide for the trial and punishment of lynchers in the courts of the United States? An article in a legal journal by ex-Attorney-General Pillsbury of Massachusetts, and a resolution introduced in the senate by Mr.



MONUMENT JUST ERECTED IN MEMORY OF ALPHONSE DAUDET IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

Gallinger of New Hampshire have directed public attention to this question. Senator Gallinger proposes a congressional inquiry into the subject of lynch law, with the view of ascertaining whether the federal government may undertake to eradicate the evil. He disclaims partisan motives, frankly recognizing that lynching is not a peculiar product of southern conditions. He asserts that in the last ten years 2,658 lynchings have occurred in the United States, and in very few cases did punishment follow the assault by the mob on the orderly administration of justice. Has the federal government, he asks, no duty, no responsibility, no power in the premises?

The Judiciary Committee of the senate evidently holds that congress is powerless to protect the lives of American citizens from mob violence. It recently made an adverse report upon a bill presented at the request of Mr. Pillsbury, an able and experienced



DR. JOSEPH SWAIN,
New President of Swarthmore College.

student of penology and jurisprudence, providing for the trial of lynchers by the federal courts. The principle of the bill was explained and defended in the article referred to. Mr. Pillsbury contended that the powers of the government were necessarily coextensive with its obligations, and that the

Fourteenth Amendment, in creating citizenship and guaranteeing the equal protection of the laws, authorized congress to enforce these provisions by appropriate legislation. "Citizenship of the United States," says Mr. Pillsbury, "is now the primary right and status, proceeding directly from the federal government, while state citizenship is secondary and derivative from it."

In accordance with this reasoning Mr. Pillsbury's bill provided that the putting of a citizen of the United States to death, in default of his protection by the state, should be deemed a violation of the peace of the United States and an offense against the nation.

The Judiciary Committee dissented from the premises and therefore rejected the conclusion as embodied in the bill. It will therefore, in all probability, report adversely upon Mr. Gallinger's resolution. But a considerable number of newspapers have indorsed the proposition, arguing that the United States is not a nation if it cannot protect its citizens and enforce the provisions of the constitution without the aid and consent of the states.

No Right to "Privacy."

The law, at least in the state of New York, does not recognize the alleged individual right to privacy. The court of appeal, finally disposing of the much discussed Rochester case, in which certain companies were sued for damages for using in their advertisements and on barrel-labels the portrait of a young girl, held recently that the lower tribunals had erred in issuing an injunction to restrain further use of the plaintiff's portrait, and in deciding that equity might intervene to protect a private person's right to privacy. Accordingly, the decree of the court below was reversed and the plaintiff was declared to have no remedy at law or in equity.

Doubtless the court of appeals sympathized with the young woman whose feelings had been outraged by unwelcome publicity and the unauthorized use of her likeness, but it felt itself constrained to rule that, in the absence of specific and express legislation limiting the right of publishing pictures, caricatures, or alleged news of private persons, even in so apparently clear a case as that in question, equity could grant no relief without stretching established legal principles and creating dangerous precedents. In other words, the court declined to supplement existing law by "judicial legislation."

In these days of excessive publicity and the abuses to which it gives rise the question of privacy as a right enforced by law is of general interest. The following extracts from the opinion of Chief Justice Parker in the case under discussion challenge careful consideration:

The so-called right of privacy is, as the phrase suggests, founded upon the claim that a man has the right to pass through this world, if he wills, without having his picture published, his business enterprises discussed, his successful experiments written up for the benefit of others, or his eccentricities commented upon either in hand-bills, circulars, catalogues, periodicals, or newspapers, and necessarily that the things which may not be written and published of him must not be spoken of him by his neighbors, whether the comment be favorable or otherwise. While most persons would much prefer to have a good likeness of themselves appear in a responsible periodical or leading newspaper

rather than upon the advertising card or sheet, the doctrine which the courts are asked to create for this case would apply as well to the one publication as to the other, for the principle which a court of equity is asked to assert in support of a recovery in this action is that the right of privacy exists and is enforceable in equity, and that the publication of that which purports to be a portrait of another person, even if obtained upon the street by an impertinent individual with a camera, will be restrained in equity, on the ground that an individual has the right to prevent his features from becoming known to those outside of his circle of friends and acquaintances.

If such a principle be incorporated into the body of the law through the instrumentality of a court of equity, the attempts to logically apply the principle will necessarily result, not only in a vast amount of litigation, but in litigation bordering upon the absurd, for the right of privacy, once established as a legal doctrine, cannot be confined to the restraint of the publication of a likeness, but must necessarily embrace as well the publication of a word picture, a comment upon one's looks, conduct, domestic relations, or habits.

And were the right of privacy once legally asserted, it would necessarily be held to include the same things if spoken instead of printed, for one, as well as the other, invades the right to be absolutely let alone. An insult would certainly be in violation of such a right, and with many persons would more seriously wound the feelings than would the publication of their picture.

This is not an argument against *legislative* limitations upon publicity, free speech, and free publication; it is merely an argument against the incorporation of the principle invoked by the plaintiff into the body of law by a court of equity. The legislature may (the constitution permitting) prohibit what it pleases and stop where it pleases; equity must follow general principles. An attempt will probably be made to secure the right to privacy by statutory enactment.

The Bible in the Schools.

Educators and thoughtful citizens generally have been discussing with much interest one of the declarations made by the National Educational Association at its late annual convention. It has reference to the study of the Bible as literature rather than as theology in the public schools. While the question is not new, the formal utterance upon it of a representative body of educators is deemed significant. It runs as follows:

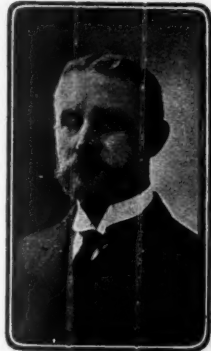
It is apparent that familiarity with the English Bible

as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools. This is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many school laws and state constitutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed.

Dr. Butler, the president of Columbia University, delivered a spirited address at the conference in which the same suggestion was elaborately argued. Dr.

Butler pointed out that without a knowledge of the Bible is impossible to appreciate the finest and richest literature of the English-speaking nations, or even to understand the basic elements of Anglo-Saxon civilization. He contended that the Bible has been driven from the schools, and largely from the homes, of the American people in consequence of "sectarian bickerings and unprofitable disputations over interpretation of isolated passages," and he pleaded for the subordination of all minor differences to the great object of restoring the Scriptures, a well of English undefiled, noble, impressive, and stately, to the public schools and the minds of the growing generation.

While the force of this plea is generally recognized, several lay editors express the fear that the proposal is impracticable, since it implies that the Bible is viewed by most Christians primarily as literature. Agnostics, it is said, might agree to have the Scriptures studied as mere literature, but would this be approved by the conscience of earnest and devout believers? Would not, it is asked, the effect of such treatment of



HENRY SMITH-FRITCHETT,
New President of the University of Wisconsin.

the Bible be prejudicial to religion in that it would familiarize the pupils with the idea that the Bible was nothing *but* literature?

These are serious objections, but it is not clear that the present policy is less inimical to religion. The subject merits the careful

consideration of the educators of the country.

Stephen L. Baldwin.

The death of Stephen L. Baldwin, D. D., recording secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which occurred in Brooklyn on July 28, removes one of the most efficient and universally beloved

officers of that church, as well as one of the best-known workers in the interests of missions. He was born in Somerville, N. J., in 1835, and went to China under the Methodist Episcopal board in 1858, arriving in Foo Chow after a voyage of one hundred and forty-seven days. He labored in this field, with intermissions, for about twenty years, and performed conspicuous service as a preacher, pastor, translator, and editor. Upon returning to this country in 1880 he entered the pastorate, and in 1888 was elected to the responsible position which he filled most acceptably until his death.

He was probably the best informed member of the various mission boards with reference to missionary work in China, and the East. The Presbyterian Foreign Board in the minute which it adopted upon his death said that "probably a greater number of missionaries relied upon his sympathy and judgment than upon those of any other living man." His remarkable facility in speaking Chinese, his extensive and accurate knowledge of the customs, laws, traditions, and history and general characteristics of the Chinese people, his sane enthusiasm for missionary

work in every part of the world, his attractiveness and efficiency on the platform and in the pulpit, his sound judgment and his ability in discussing and solving missionary problems, his innate modesty, beautiful simplicity and gentle manner—these and many other characteristics stamped him as an unusual man, and caused him to be held in high esteem, and to be much in demand for missionary gatherings in his own and other churches.

In his broad sympathies he took in the workers of all denominations, and was much in consultation with the officers of other boards and societies concerning progress in the various mission fields of the world. When the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York City in 1900 was projected, Dr. Baldwin was one of its most ardent promoters, and the success of the unique undertaking was largely due to his unwearying zeal, his wise planning and his superb execution and administration.

The interests of the Chinese in this country were watched and guarded by him with incessant vigilance, as his frequent consultations and large correspondence with the government at Washington attest. The most conspicuous floral piece at his funeral was a large and beautiful cross twined with white roses from the Christian Chinese of New York, who thus gave expression to their grief over the death of their friend and brother who had served them with increasing devotion through many years.

Who Buy the Books.

One of the newest sources of wonder in this wonder-working age and land, is the rapid annual increase in the publisher's output of new books. Several times a year we hear of a new novel which outsells the collective popular romances of any year of the



CHARLES W. NEEDHAM,
New President of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C.



HARRISON RANDOLPH,
New President of the University of Arkansas.

seventies. But this is not as significant as the large demand for literature of quality so high that booksellers not yet old used to call it "heavy stock" — history, biography, science, belles-lettres, etc. Thirty years ago very few publishers dared issue editions really new of the great novelists, poets, or dramatists; but the autumn lists of this year announce fully twenty new editions of authors who died many years ago, and whom some readers professing to be critical regard as "out of date." As to new books of permanent interest, the autumn lists contain hundreds.

Beside the customary explanation that easier money and improved methods of transportation are bringing books and readers in closer touch with one another, there is a better one. It is found by comparing the statistics of higher education today with those of earlier years. Aside from the thousands of high schools — some of which impart more education than could be obtained at any but the best colleges attended by our fathers and grandfathers — our colleges; universities, and technical schools have increased rapidly in numbers, quality, and attendance. Thirty years ago there were but twenty-three thousand students in our colleges; today there are almost one hundred and fifty thousand. Better still, the proportion of students to population has more than doubled — a fact which should discourage the silly yet not infrequent statement that "college learning" is not held in as high esteem as it used to be. Despite the many young men who go to college principally to learn football and rowing, to wear class pins and society badges, or to acquire college songs and "yells," or are sent to college because they are unendurable at home — a great majority of the students acquire literary tastes which they are likely to gratify throughout their lives, so far as their money and leisure will allow; so each year adds many thousands of college graduates to the better class of readers. In the period referred to there have been developed several systems of home study, of which the "Chautauqua method" is a notable example,

and these add annually many men and women to the great body of readers that demands books of more than temporary interest, yet welcomes fiction which is really good.

The magazines, weeklies, and newspapers are doing much, and some of them doing nobly to increase the reading habit. Their effect can scarcely be overestimated, yet their work is largely preparatory. To the higher public schools, to the colleges, the technical schools, and the various other systems of advanced study must be attributed an influence that begins where that of the periodicals ends. There is no possibility that the desire for education will decrease, so the publisher's outlook is as cheering as that of any other prosperous business.

Coupled with these timely observations by John Habberton a word of warning spoken by Edward Howard Griggs in his Recognition Day address at Chautauqua this summer:

I have been wondering whether the loss of power to think logically, especially in political matters, in America, may not be due in part to the multiplicity of cheap literature and great newspapers, and the dissipation of intellect that comes from making this a staple article. Another danger in our intellectual life today is the reading of magazines. You must be amazed with the shocking increase of cheap magazines, as you have looked at their pictures and articles, the vulgarity, the insipidity. I was told by the editor of one of the great magazines that it was of no use to give the people of America articles with seriousness in them after the first of April or before the first of October. If that is true, it is a terrible comment on the way we have been using our intellectual capital.

Let some part of your margin be spent in hard, consecutive work. If you have only fifteen minutes it is more precious to you than to the man who has three hours' margin. Sit at the feet of the masters. Go to the fountain springs. Read books above your level. Study the problem that makes you bring all your intellectual energies into use. And let it be so from day to day. The margin is your chance to live, your use of the margin is the test of your character and spirit, and the basis on which education and culture must rest.




DR. GUY P. BENTON,
New President of Miami
University, Oxford, Ohio.



KING MENELEK OF ABYSSINIA.

"KING OF THE KINGS OF ETHIOPIA."

BY EDWIN A. START.

 IN the mountainous heart of the ancient Ethiopia, that land of mystery, traditions of which have come down to us on monuments as old as civilization, the country that we know as Abyssinia, but which its inhabitants still designate as Ethiopia, are preserved customs, traditions, and modes of life that go back forty centuries or more for their origin. Here, on a lofty plateau, ribbed and encompassed by mountains and surrounded by deserts, Menelek II., "King of the Kings of Ethiopia and Conquering Lion of Judah," holds sway over a people of mixed race, somewhat savage, largely barbarous, and perhaps a little civilized. He and his queen possess the rugged primitive virtue of unconquerable pride and independence, and their people seem to share it.

When Italy a few years ago attempted to trick Abyssinia into accepting a protectorate under a construction of a treaty that was never meant, Taitu, the spirited wife of Menelek, declared to the Italian envoy: "We, too, have our pride of independence. Abyssinia will never be subject to any power." She proposed a new treaty of two articles, the first abrogating the disputed clause of the treaty of Uchali (1889) which had caused the misunderstanding, and the second declaring, "His Majesty the Emperor of Abyssinia engages himself to the government of his Majesty the King of Italy never to cede his territory to any European power, nor to conclude any treaty, nor to accept any protectorate." This determined and defiant attitude brought on the war with Italy that proved so disastrous to the Italian

arms and forced from the ambitious Mediterranean power, in the treaty of Adis Abeba, October 26, 1896, an unconditional recognition of the independence of Abyssinia.

We cannot refuse respect to the spirit that dictated this determined assertion of an immemorial independence, nor to the courage and persistence of the Abyssinian armies that so thoroughly defeated the trained troops of a modern European power of the first rank. These modern Abyssinians seem to have lost little of the old warlike vigor which made their progenitors, the "blameless Ethiopians," a shadow upon ancient Egypt, and held for them the respect and fear of the nations of antiquity.

Ancient Ethiopia was inhabited by many tribes and races in different stages of barbarism. The country known to us as Abyssinia, a name given to it by the Arabs, is its direct descendant and comprises territory of 150,000 square miles, between the 35th and 45th degrees of east longitude and the 5th and 15th parallels of north latitude, with an estimated population of 3,500,000. It very early drew in elements of civilization from Arabia, from which it was separated in olden times only by the narrow straits of Bab el Mandeb. It is, therefore, rich in associations with the civilizations of the old East. Shoa, one of its kingdoms, is reputed to be the ancient Sheba, and Menelek II., who was *ras* (prince) of Shoa before he became *negus* of Abyssinia, claims direct descent from an early Menelek, who was a son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. If ancient descent, and especially descent from Israel's somewhat overrated tyrant, justifies pride of birth, the present royal house of Abyssinia may arrogate to itself a high place among the world's royalties.

Christianity of the primitive type was brought into Abyssinia from Alexandria, in the fourth century of our era, and has remained there, primitive still, a somewhat sanguinary and barbaric Christianity, held fast by the people against the waves of Mohammedan attack, and in the midst of surrounding Mohammedanism and heathenism. If the possession of Christianity, even

of a somewhat deficient moral type, gives a touchstone to civilization, Abyssinia belongs to the fellowship of Christian nations and deserves their sympathy and support. The rite of the Abyssinian church is older than that of Rome or Moscow. Its head, the Abuna, is a Copt commissioned and consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria, though his ecclesiastical power is shared by a native prelate, the Echegheh, who is at the head of the monastic orders.

The Mohammedan conquests cut off Abyssinia from the coast, although failing to reduce its mountain fastnesses, and it was thus isolated for centuries from contact with a world whose march it seems previously to have been following with fairly equal step. Thrown back into itself, and subjected to frequent attack and invasion by surrounding barbarians, it can hardly be wondered at if it became stationary or even retrogressive, instead of progressive. At least one of these barbaric invasions, that of the Gallas from the south, introduced permanently into Abyssinian territory a disturbing and harmful element. There is also a considerable Jewish element, the Falashas of Amhara, who claim to have descended from emigrants of the period of disorder in Israel in the reign of Jeroboam and afterwards. They still practise Jewish rites. The native stock of the highlands, the true Abyssinian type, was probably produced by a mingling of the ancient Hamitic and Semitic races, the former, the aboriginal type of all northwestern Africa, being predominant. They were thus from the beginning superior to the negro or negroid types with whom they came in contact on the west and south.

After Abyssinia was cut off from the world, its first contact was with the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and its modern name is said to come from a Portuguese form of the Arab term for negro—*habesh*. The Portuguese missionaries failed in their attempt to draw the Abyssinians into allegiance to the Roman church, excited much enmity in the country, and were driven out about 1633. In 1840 a Protestant, Dr.

Krapf, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, visited Abyssinia, but decided that it was not a promising field for a Protestant mission. The people seem to have clung to their ancient religious forms as persistently as they have clung to political independence. Sir H. H. Johnston, who as an Englishman may not be wholly without bias, says that "Russia has of late been much concerned as to the spiritual darkness prevailing in Abyssinia, and has endeavored to send thither missionaries from the Greek Church, the domain of which she identifies with her own empire. But these have been propagandists of a singularly military type, wolves in sheep's clothing, if one may commit oneself to rather a strong metaphor." This doubtless alludes to the supplies of arms imported from Russia and to the Russian officers, who gave the army of Menelek some of that efficiency that enabled it to overcome the Italians.

Occasionally explorers entered Abyssinia from 1490 up to the present century. Some remained there, voluntarily or constrained by the laws of the country, which at times were hospitable to the entrance of travelers, but did not allow them to return. The English government's connection with Abyssinia began in 1848, when Mr. Plowden was accredited as consul to the Abyssinian government, then controlled by Ras Ali, a Galla chieftain. When the latter was overthrown by Lij Kasa, who was crowned under the name of Theodore in 1854, Mr. Plowden became an influential friend and adviser of the new king, but his death, the reversion of Theodore to a morose barbarism of disposition, and the careless indifference of the English government, which hurt Abyssinian pride, caused the trouble which was followed by the Anglo-Abyssinian war. An English and Indian army under Sir Robert Napier invaded the country and captured Magdala on the 13th of April, 1868, after which Theodore committed suicide.

John, Ras of Tigré, who succeeded Theodore, proved to be unequal to the task of uniting Abyssinia and maintaining harmonious relations with the encroaching western

nations, and when he fell, in 1889, in a war with the always troublesome Dervishes of the Soudan, the scepter of this strange waif of ancient empires was lifted by the strong hand of the ruler of Shoa, Menelek II.

This brief review of the origin of Abyssinia and its relations with the world up to 1889 may indicate the nature of the problem with which the king of kings has to deal. Menelek is a man of that rugged, energetic type which we may describe as that of a progressive barbarian. He has the large mouth of the African, a complexion darker than that of the pure Abyssinian type, and other marks of a mixed ancestry. His alleged royal descent has already been alluded to. He was born in 1842. He has in his nature much of the savagery of the races whose blood runs in his veins, and many of the virtues of civilization. His features are large and massive, and his countenance betrays an inquiring intelligence, pride, and a considerable measure of humor. Like the traditional oriental despot, he can be cruelly severe or nobly clement, but he is for the most part just. He is fearless and warlike. He gives close attention to his army, and has brought it to a considerable state of efficiency, as the Italian campaign showed. One of his oddest and most promising characteristics is his interest in things mechanical. He is said to take apart the manufactured articles that are brought into the country, in order to become personally acquainted with the details of their construction and the method of assembling the parts. The statement hardly needs to be added that he wishes to bring his belated kingdom into the ranks of modern nations in the use of machinery and various appliances. There is a Young Abyssinia party and Menelek represents it.

But this ruler with his unquestionable strength of character and many useful qualities, has great difficulties to meet. His own people are not an easy flock to guide along the broad highway of modern progress. They balk with true barbaric independence and distaste for what is new and strange. He must overcome the inertia of ages in his

people, perhaps to some extent in himself.

The general character of Abyssinian institutions is feudal, and Menelek has about him a council of the chief princes, while the local administration is through governors of districts and provinces and through village chiefs. There is a regular army of 150,000 men armed with modern weapons. To bring about Abyssinian unity it has been necessary to suppress insurrections with force. There is a body of semi-independent kingdoms and principalities to be held together, and, as in all feudal countries, the sovereignty is never quite secure.

But in the present condition of African affairs it is perhaps the relation of Abyssinia to the movements of the European powers in northeastern Africa that presents the greatest problem of the Ethiopian monarch. Here diplomacy must be used as well as force. The principal part of Menelek's empire is comprised in the small kingdoms or principalities of Amhara, Tigré, and Shoa, and there is a large outlying country. Modern Abyssinia has no seaboard, Italy, France, and Great Britain in the process of safeguarding their eastern interests, having acquired protectorates along the Red Sea and Aden coasts and on the Indian Ocean that cut off Abyssinia from those waters. About three-quarters of the Abyssinian border marches with those of British colonies and protectorates, and most of the remaining quarter with Italian possessions, while a small French colony intervenes between Italian Eritrea and British Somaliland on the East. The critical problem for Abyssinia is how to make its own way in the world and maintain its much loved independence in the face of this close connection with great European powers ambitious of African dominion and looking with longing upon the stronghold of the upper Nile with its important strategic relations to northeastern and central Africa.

Owing to its high elevation Abyssinia is the only "white man's country" in tropical Africa. It probably has latent resources which energy, capital, and scientific knowledge might develop into wealth. It com-

mands the headwaters of the Nile and might control the periodic movements of that wonderful stream to the disadvantage of Egypt below. It is a stronghold on the borders of savage Africa, and it is a commanding point with relation to the surrounding territories under European flags. These are reasons enough to make it an object of decided interest to European expansionists. Italy, ambitious of a colonial empire, its politics controlled by the Neapolitans and Siceliotes, turned covetous eyes upon the Ethiopian fastnesses as early as 1870. By various means in the early eighties Italy acquired several hundred miles of Red Sea coast about Massowah and by aggressions upon Abyssinian territory brought on an attack which would have led to an open war, but for England's intervention by means of the friendly mission of Sir Gerald Portal. At the time of Menelek's accession England and Germany had, for reasons of their own, recognized the alleged Italian protectorate, but France and Russia had not, and Russia encouraged the Abyssinians to self-assertion. The occupation of Kasala in 1894, as an outcome of the Anglo-Italian agreement of 1891 as to African spheres of influence, brought on a renewal of hostilities in 1895. After a series of disastrous defeats Italy signed the convention of Adis Abeba, October 26, 1896, and gave up for the time being her designs upon Abyssinia. England in the following year established a political agency and opened communication with Abyssinia on a satisfactory basis, yielding about eight thousand miles of Somaliland, a small concession of an unimportant sovereignty.

Even so brief a summary as this of Abyssinia's relations with the European powers in Africa sufficiently indicates the nature of Menelek's diplomatic puzzle to anyone who is at all conversant with the methods of the European powers when in contact with less highly developed peoples and states. When this knowledge is coupled with an apprehension of the ambitions for empire building and for development that have centered of late about the Nile, the magnitude of the case is sufficiently obvious.

Menelek married the daughter of King Theodore during the latter's life, as a matter of policy. After his wife's death in 1887 he married Taitu, a woman of rank of Tigré. She has been his chief adviser and her word carries great weight with him. He suppressed the last of the powerful rebels, Ras

Mangasha, in 1899, and now looks upon the accomplishment of his work, a united and independent country. To keep it so is, however, more difficult than to make it so, and with this problem Menelek, *Negus Negusti*, King of Kings, is grappling with a strong hand and an intelligence by no means weak.

GLIMPSES OF SCHOOL LIFE IN ITALY.

BY MARY SIFTON PEPPER.



IN an article entitled "Italy for Three Sous" in a French newspaper some time ago, the editor said that he could see real Italian life in a certain quarter in Paris better than in Italy itself. He complained that in a recent visit to that country all his illusions had been dispelled. The hotels were kept by Swiss, the waiters were Germans, the railroads were managed by English companies. He saw none of those brilliant costumes in which he had always pictured Italian peasants, nor were there any lovers walking hand in hand about the streets and rolling their eyes at each other, like Rossi in "Hamlet." He returned to France convinced that poetic Italy had become civilized and therefore uninteresting, and that there was "nothing new under the sun."

France is so near Italy that there are no great contrasts in the national life of the two countries. But a person from across the ocean, fresh from the prosaic surroundings of an American city, sees something foreign and novel in every phase of life in Italy, and in one particularly, where the spectacular is not looked for. This is the daily drama of school life.

Strolling through the streets or parks of one of the larger cities, the stranger is soon impressed with this foreign element. School children are always accompanied by a parent, or a servant in livery who carries their lunch baskets and books. Yonder on the ramparts is a long procession of Jesuit students out for their morning walk. Just behind them

sixty little urchins attired in dress suits, broad expanse of shirt bosom, tall silk hats, and patent leather pumps, walk along with a decorum and dignity befitting the prestige of the royal college which they represent. Winding through the public gardens, a procession of military students wearing high leather boots, pale blue knickerbockers, small caps, spotless white gloves, and long cloaks thrown jauntily over the left shoulder. More somber hues are added by the appearance of a girls' school, marching two by two, clad in the customary gray skirts and black capes. If the stranger takes his morning walk in the Pincian gardens in Rome, he will see a school parade more brilliant in color, for there the boys of a certain school take their daily outing in scarlet dress suits, and others in white. In this picture can anyone but a *blasé* Parisian editor fail to find everything *Italianissimo*?

Since Italy became united the government has done all in its power for popular education. In 1877 a compulsory education law was passed prescribing that children who had completed their sixth year and who were not receiving private instruction, should be sent to the public schools. The law was very generally complied with, and twelve years later, as shown in the school census of 1889, the results satisfied the hopes of its most sanguine advocates. In that year there were in the kingdom 54,192 schools, of which 43,770 were public schools, taught by 44,670 teachers. In all there were 2,626,935 school children, which was nine per cent

of the population. Besides the public, technical, and private schools, there are schools in the soldiers' barracks where illiterate conscripts are taught two hours daily by the officers, and for those unable to avail themselves of any of these advantages there are night, Sunday, and holiday schools in which the teaching is voluntary.

Yet there is still much illiteracy in Italy. Books and clothes are luxuries in many of the provinces where hundreds die annually of *pellagra*, the hunger-sickness, because they cannot buy salt—it is heavily taxed—to put in their daily diet of corn-meal mush. The greatest poverty is found in the southern provinces, and therefore the greatest per cent of illiteracy. In 1889 in Turin only nine per cent of the persons contracting marriage were unable to sign their names, while in the southern province of Cosenza the number reached eighty-three per cent. Also, there is less illiteracy in the large cities than in the provinces. At Turin in 1890 the number of illiterate brides and bridegrooms had fallen to five per cent, Milan seven per cent, Rome twenty per cent, Naples thirty-eight per cent, Cagliari (Sardinia) forty-five per cent.

There is a constant outcry in Italy at present over the enormous expenditures for military purposes, to the detriment of other departments. A liberal newspaper of recent date says:

“What will become of a country where the balance for public works may be said to be nothing, where the balances for agriculture and education are thinner than Dante's cur, where the military balance alone sucks in all the resources of the country like a sponge?

There is only one remedy.

These expenditures must be reversed.

When the outlays for public works, for agriculture, and for education shall be greater than those for the army, then alone will this our poor Italy be able to arise from this economic abyss into which it has been plunged. As long as conditions remain as they are we shall never be known other than as “the famished nation.”

Yet more is accomplished with this slim appropriation than could be done in other countries, whose old and tumble-down public school buildings would suffer greatly in com-

parison with those of this “famished nation.” They are equipped, at least those in the cities, with all the modern conveniences. On each floor are lavatories where the children are obliged to make themselves neat before entering the school-room. In the basement are large and well-appointed gymnasiums, and in different parts of the building rooms for manual training, engraving, and wood-carving for the boys, embroidery and fine needlework for the girls. The boys and girls are in separate schools, indicated by “Boys' Elementary School,” “Girls' Elementary School.”

Religious teaching in these schools is prohibited by law. But in a country where at least two-thirds are of the same faith, it is not strange that there are frequent violations of this law. This forms the text for many sensational articles in the anti-clerical newspapers. “There are forests to be cut down to make desks for schools, not altars and crucifixes!” says the editor of one of these. He had visited the schools and had been aroused to this exclamation by several things he saw and heard there. In one school he found posted in a conspicuous place an advertisement urging upon girls the advantages of a certain convent. In another a little girl was asked her name, and when she answered, “Mentana” (the name of the place associated with the battle between the forces of Garibaldi and the papal army), the teacher refused to place the name upon the roll. In the next school he visited, the pupils were obliged to repeat religious exercises three times a day. These periodical agitations of the press are taken up by their representatives in Parliament, and new and more stringent legislation quiets for a while the agitators and their partisans.

In America, all that would be necessary to visit a public school would be to open the door and walk in. In Italy one must first secure a *permesso*, which is no simple task. Visits must be made to various dignitaries; to each of these one must explain why he wishes to visit the school, which he prefers to see, and the day and hour he wishes to go there. It takes several days and much

worry and ceremony to accomplish this, but finally the permit is received signed by the royal commissioner himself.

The first person, and apparently the most important, that he encounters after the big doors are unlocked for him to enter is the janitor. He is a striking figure, in dark blue uniform with shining brass buttons and a red cap on which is printed the name of the school. After receiving the *permesso* he constitutes himself grand master of ceremonies, taking personal charge of the visitor until he leaves the building. He first conducts him to the directress, waits blandly at the door until the object of the visit is stated, then runs on ahead to throw open the doors of the various rooms, and with a grand *salaam* awaits with true military alertness for the next command.

There are five grades in each of the schools, the fifth or highest corresponding to our eighth. The stranger is soon impressed with the liveliness and readiness of the pupils' answers. As he enters one of the rooms all the pupils arise and salute him with a "*Buon giorno, Signore.*" Here they are in the midst of a geography lesson. A little girl is called to the board where hangs a map of Italy and asked to point out the capital. She points to Rome. Asked how many civilizations can be traced in Rome, she answers, "Three, Etruscan, medieval, and modern." When told to describe the Tevere (Tiber) she goes through the usual formula about the source, the windings, and the mouth. The directress, who accompanies the visitor, asks her to tell what it is sometimes called, and when she hesitates, points to the teacher's hair, "*Il biondo*" (the yellow), she replies quickly. To the question which *Riviera* is the most beautiful, the child answers, "*Riviera Ponente,*" to which the directress exclaims, "Of course you would choose your own Italy."

The visitor to a public school in Italy will find the teachers combating an evil which has no place in an American school. This is the dialect habit. No time is allotted to the teaching of spelling here, for the words are spelled as they are pronounced. But the

vigilant and persistent course of nagging that the American or English teacher pursues to bring this branch up to the proper standard is pursued even more diligently to teach Italian children their native language. Every city or province has its dialect, as difficult for the foreigner to understand as it would be for most Americans to understand the Sioux language. A young Englishman of my acquaintance who had been studying music in Milan for a number of years, thought it was time to begin to speak the dialect which he heard everyone using irrespective of rank or station. There was one word in particular whose frequent repetition had impressed it upon him; people meeting on the street saluted one another with it, and when parting it seemed to say "good-bye" or "*au revoir.*" Schoolchildren said it to one another and to their teachers, old people used it to the young, and young to old, and in the middle of a sentence it seemed to stand for "pshaw!" The word is *ciaou!* comfortably pronounced "chow!"

"*Ciaou!*" he said one day to Signora Ravizza, meeting her on the street.

"You should not say that to me," she replied, looking at him in rather a puzzled way.

"I have known you three years," he said. "Am I not permitted to say '*ciaou!*' to you yet?"

"It is not the same," was her rather equivocal reply.

The Englishman did not attempt to use the dialect again, for he could not determine the exact status of intimacy in which it was "the same." "You may say '*ciaou!*' to your uncle-by-marriage," he said bitterly, after this experience, "but not to your paternal grandmother."

With this exclusive fondness for their dialect, it is not strange that in the place where children have to give it up—the public schools—the battle is a hard one. Yet they do in time learn to speak their own language fluently and correctly, dropping into it easily when speaking to a stranger, who marvels at the classic language of Dante and Petrarch flowing from the lips of young and

old. The little housemaid does not "give" the letter to the postman, she "consigns" it to him; she does not "stand" the heat, she "resists" it; she does not "undress," but, very unexpectedly sometimes, "divests" herself; she does not "rest," but frequently "reposes."

Although the salaries paid to teachers seem very low to Americans, they are munificent compared to those paid in other professions. A bookkeeper, speaking four languages and having twenty years' experience in his profession, receives three hundred dollars per annum, while the principal of a twenty-room building is paid four hundred dollars, and the teachers according to their grade from three hundred and fifty down to two hundred dollars. But with this very moderate income they can afford one luxury which American teachers cannot, a servant in livery to walk behind them on their way to and from school, carrying their books, lunch baskets, and wraps. For the national trait, from king to beggar, is to *fare una bella figura* (cut a fine figure).

The greater number of pupils in these schools come from middle class families. Yet the extremes of poor and rich are represented also. Annetta, my artist relative's little model, happened to live in one of the most aristocratic neighborhoods of the city, and therefore had for her schoolmates mostly the children of rich people. The artist had posed her one day as a little flower girl, pulling forward the bright tassel of the Roman cap, arranging the white kerchief in irregular folds, and fastening a string of gorgeous blue beads around her neck, when I dropped carelessly into the chair towards which she was to direct her eyes and insinuatingly drew from her some of the little tragedies of her school life.

"When I first went to this school," she began, "I was the only one who wore wooden

shoes. The children all laughed at me; but the teacher punished them, and then I could have laughed at them, but I did not."

"Then you like your teacher, Annetta?"

"No," and the young face was overcast for a moment, "she did something *multo male* once. There is a little countess in our school. My sister and I always had very neat copy-books. One day I could not find mine, and *la maestra* said it must be at home. I came home, but mamma could not find it. Afterwards I saw the countess have it. The teacher had given it to her because hers looked so bad."

"*Tutto il mondo è paese!*" (all the world is kin) I whispered to myself, thinking how deceptions of this kind were sometimes practised in other schools besides Annetta's. I received a letter from her after my return to America, and I reproduce it as a sample of the literary attainments of a nine-year-old public school pupil in Italy:

MILAN, January 3, 1897.

ILLUSTRIOS SIGNORINA:—How are you, and how did you make the journey? Safely, I hope. As for me, I am lost without you. It does not seem possible that you are gone away on so long a journey. How often I think of you. Your present I keep in my trunk, in a beautiful little box. I treasure it as the most precious jewel in the world.

I am always saying to myself, "Who knows where she may be now?" Every week I look at the calendar to see if the month has passed which you were to spend on your journey. You will call me a lazy little girl for not writing sooner, but I was not sure when you would reach America.

I would like to tell you many nice things and beautiful little thoughts, but not knowing how to express myself well yet, I will wait until I am older. I await with much eagerness a letter from you. Mamma and papa salute you, and a thousand kisses and salutations is sent you by

Your affectionate

ANNETTA MARIANI,
living in Via Monte Napoleone 7.

MEMORIES OF ITALY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Ofttimes when day droops, and the sunset fires
 Are quenched, and night begins her starry span,
 I am transported by the wood-thrush choirs
 To shores Italian.

Its passionate ardors do I hear once more
 From laurel copses pour the nightingale;
 Below Bellagian heights see, as of yore,
 The moonlight-flooded sail.

I range the square where rich San Marco lifts
 Its gilded empery of domes and towers;
 And watch the swallow as it dreams and drifts
 O'er Florence set in flowers.

I stroll through broad Bologna's dim arcades,
 And wander grim Sienna's tortuous ways;
 I mount to where those bold Perugian blades
 Lived out their bloody days.

I brood by Tiber, anigh Hadrian's tomb,
 And tread where emperors trod through stately streets;
 I stand where fragrant Roman violets bloom
 Above the grave of Keats.

Fair memories like these, and more, are mine,
 What time the sunset pales its radiant fires,
 And round about the Twilight's purple shrine
 Tune the rapt wood-thrush choirs.

MOONLIGHT IN MILAN.

Gleams as though carved from out a block of ice
 The white art-marvel of the centuries;—
 Forms saintly and grotesque; the flowering frieze;
 Pilaster, pinnacle, and quaint device!
 The air is sweet as though from isles of spice
 It breathed across bland oriental seas,
 Yet never wanderer adventured these,
 Seeking red gold or gems of princely price,
 Upon uncharted and dream-visioned shores,
 In temples dedicate to alien gods,
 Who saw such beauty as we here survey;
 One stands entranced, and deems what he adores,
 If for a moment he but turns or nods,
 Will fade from his enchanted eyes away.

TAKING A DEGREE IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITLOCK, PH. D.



THE practical value of the German degree of doctor of philosophy to Americans contemplating an academic career has of recent years tended to decrease, owing to the constantly rising standard of our own universities and to their natural adaptation to the needs of American education. In other words, the holder of a degree from the Johns Hopkins or from Harvard (which may serve as examples of their class) is likely to encounter less difficulty in obtaining an instructorship in an American college than a compatriot with like distinction from a German institution of learning. Despite this natural evolution in American scholarship, however, the respect accorded German scholarship has by no means decreased, nor have the numbers of Americans yearly seeking admission at German universities diminished to an appreciable extent, if at all. But whereas twenty years ago and more it was the highest ambition of our students to obtain their second, or post-graduate degree, from Heidelberg, Göttingen, or Berlin, it is now, I believe, the desire of the majority merely to supplement American training by a longer or shorter stay in Germany after the completion of their studies in this country. German universities may thus be said to have fallen, or risen, according to the point of view, to the position of *post-post-graduate* institutions for Americans. For students of the present day this is, I believe, undoubtedly the correct view, for many reasons which cannot be discussed at this time. Nevertheless, there still are, and will doubtless for some time continue to be, a considerable number of Americans desirous of winning academic honors in Germany, and for these it is of practical interest to learn something of the *modus operandi*.

In the first place, be it remarked in advance, the standard of scholarship in Ger-

many is more equable than in this country, so that whatever is predicated of any one of the twenty-one higher schools of the empire applies, with slight reservation, to all. To be sure, it is a common saying among students that if unable to obtain a degree at any other university, it is only necessary forthwith to proceed to Erlangen; but like other popular sayings, this one doubtless is not unmixed with injustice. Certainly, it does not seem in accord with the biblical command: "*Suche das Reich Gottes zu erlangen!*" Moreover, much depends on the professors who happen at the moment to occupy the chairs in a given institution, and on their feeling toward the candidate who presents himself, since examinations are verbal only, and thus personal in nature. Consequently, what today might be true regarding the relative difficulty of obtaining the Berlin and Leipzig doctor's degree would not necessarily hold good five years from now, or even next year. Undoubtedly, also, the requirements in the faculties of law and medicine, and perhaps that of theology as well, are on the whole more severe; but for obvious reasons our interest, and the interest of Americans in general, is confined to the faculty of philosophy.

How, then, is the degree of doctor of philosophy obtained in Germany?

My own experience extends more especially to the University of Munich, and my remarks may therefore be taken as applying directly to that institution, and to others only by extension.*

In the first place, proof of adequate preliminary training is a condition precedent even for admission to the university as a regular student, or *candidatus philosophiae*.

* For a comparison of the requirements of the various German universities, see "*Satzungen und Bedingungen für die Erwerbung des Doktorgrades bei den philosophischen Fakultäten der Universitäten des deutschen Reiches.*" Leipzig, Max Hoffmann, publisher.

The best proof to the German mind, it is needless to say, is the *Abgangszeugnis*, or diploma, of the *Abiturienten-Examen*, which is obtained on completion of the gymnasium course; from foreigners, however, a corresponding "native" diploma is generally received without demur or special investigation, until the time arrives for deciding as to the candidate's admissibility to examination; the standing of one's college is then gone into more searchingly and venal degrees ruthlessly excluded. It is well, therefore, for prospective matriculates to carry their American diplomas with them in order to avoid complications.

According to academic statute the candidate for examination must submit proof other than that contained in his *curriculum vitae* that he has pursued the study of his major subject for "several" years (*eine mehrjährige Beschäftigung*) since the completion of his preliminary education, a rule generally interpreted as meaning at least six semesters. Nor is this regulation likely to be waived, save in exceptional cases where circumstances render further prosecution of one's studies impracticable and the authorities are convinced of one's preparedness. Contrary to what might be expected, the dispensation is more easily obtained by foreigners than by Germans. Without doubt the reason is that less fear is entertained of an immature doctor *im Auslande* than *zu Hause*.

In the case of the majority of German universities the period of three years, or six semesters, is definitely fixed by statute as that required to have been passed by the applicant in so-called post-graduate studies. Formal proof thereof consists in the submission of ex-matriculation papers from such other universities as one may have attended, together with one's present lecture-book signed to date by the lecturers for whose course payment has been made. The attendance on lectures is optional, but the unavoidable payment of fees for the right to attend the courses undoubtedly in many cases leads to actual physical as well as presumptive presence during their delivery. In order, however, to avoid unforeseen difficul-

ties and to gain access to the various *Seminare* in which scientific method is taught at close range, it is wise for the new arrival to take immediate steps toward becoming acquainted with the professors under whom he contemplates studying and to consult them as to the courses to be pursued, and especially as to whether these courses satisfy the requirements for a degree. As a rule, German professors are very approachable and friendly, and being removed from contact with undergraduates, they are less impatient of interruptions than their American confreres. Moreover, on general principles it is wise in advance to form the acquaintance of those with whom one's fate must finally rest at the examination-table.

The majority of those entering on university studies will naturally have decided in advance to which subject they intend mainly to devote their attention and in which they desire to take their degree. In regard to the two minor subjects, or *Nebenfächer*, however, a like certainty is not always to be assumed; and, what is more, their selection can safely be left until after matriculation. Herein, again, professorial advice is invaluable, and may lead to the saving of much time and labor.

Having now elected which subjects to pursue, and having more or less conscientiously carried out his intention for two years at one or more universities of the Fatherland, Herr Candidatus may turn his mind to the practical question of obtaining his degree. Another year, it is true, must elapse before he can hope finally to achieve his object, but, unless content to wait still longer, it behooves him to take definite steps thereto without delay. The first thing is to consult with the leading professors in one's major subject, and with the *Dekan* of the humanistic or scientific section of the philosophic faculty, according to the nature of one's studies, as to the likelihood of a formal application for examination being approved; without their advocacy of one's cause, it is needless to say, the idea of immediate *Promotion* must be abandoned. Assuming, however, that encouragement has been extended

to the aspirant for honors, he must set seriously about the preparation of his thesis, unless, indeed, this important work has already been begun. Much depends upon the thesis, as according to whether it is approved or disapproved will be the final decision in regard to the candidate's admission to examination; moreover, a well-written dissertation not infrequently suffices to cover a multitude of shortcomings in the final ordeal.

In my own case, after consulting with Professor Heigel, of the department of history, who had manifested interest in my career and who at the time happened to be dean of the faculty, I decided upon the following subject for my thesis: "The Political Relationship of Max Emanuel of Bavaria to William III. of England." Then arose the practical difficulty of obtaining access to the private royal Bavarian archives, necessitating, of course, an endless series of *Gesuche* and *Besuche*. But eventually the matter was satisfactorily arranged, and the examination of public and private papers in the most impossible French, German, and Latin, and in nearly unintelligible handwriting, was entered upon. Perseverance, however, finally led to familiarity, not to say contempt, and having obtained the necessary data, I proceeded to the much less difficult task of the actual writing of the thesis. Regulations require this to be done in Latin or German, although in practise classical students are generally limited to the former language. Moreover, as a matter of fact, dispensation is often given to foreigners not sufficiently master of German, and, very sensibly, they are permitted to write in their own language. The only instance which came under my notice where objection was raised on linguistic grounds was in the case of a student who presented a thesis composed in Hungarian and written in red ink on brown paper.

Despite this latitude in regard to language, however, I decided to write in German; and within a short time the precious document was completed, and with mingled misgivings and hope was given into Professor Heigel's keeping. Through what vicissitudes the

manuscript passed, and to what scrutiny it was subjected was not revealed, but according to regulation it was supposed to be read by every full professor of the humanistic section of the faculty. At all events, after several weeks' delay a favorable decision was rendered as to its merits, and I was officially notified to prepare for examination on a certain day three weeks in advance, at *seven o'clock in the morning!* As minor subjects I had selected German Literature and Latin and Greek, the last two to count as one. On the day appointed, therefore, I repaired to the university in evening dress, which is *de rigueur*, and was ushered into the *kleine Aula*, where the four examiners were already assembled. Two of these were of the department of history and one each of the department of literature and the classics, the latter being Professor Christ, renowned as the author of "Greek Moods and Tenses." In cases where the dean is not one of the examining professors, he presides at the exercises in virtue of his office.

Examinations are much the same the world over, and it is unnecessary further to describe this particular inquisition than to say that it was conducted with extreme fairness and consideration, the efforts of the examiners being directed to discover what I knew rather than what I did not know. In fact, their questions were based in the main on such of their lectures as I was presumed to have attended. To count upon a like demonstration of equity in every case, however, it is hardly necessary to say, would not be wise, either in Germany or America. An hour, perhaps, was consumed by the questions of Professor Heigel and his colleague, Professor Grauert, who then gave way to the professor of literature and to Professor Christ. Through inadvertence the latter had brought with him a copy of the "Odes" of Horace instead of the "Germania" of Tacitus, in which, it seemed, he had decided to examine me, and the mistake was not discovered until the last moment. Not having read Horace for a number of years, courage failed as I was about to beg him not to trouble to have the mistake recti-

fied, but to give me the "Odes" instead; and thus dread of the terrible Sapphic and Asclepiadean meters prevented me from taking advantage of the brilliant opportunity to impress him with my general preparedness. Professor Christ's questions proved extremely searching, and when rendering a passage from Thucydides, owing to nervousness, I was guilty of a slip of the most elementary nature, he immediately began to demand the principal parts of all the Greek verbs in sight, only to apologize afterwards for the implied imputation of ignorance.

Like all things human as well as inhuman, the examination at last came to a close, and I was unceremoniously told to retire to the corridor, through which streams of inquisitive students were now passing to and from lectures. The relief, therefore, was doubly great when at the end of ten minutes the door opened and I was recalled to receive the welcome news that the ordeal had been undergone *cum laude*, and that nothing now stood in the way of my admission to the ranks of those learned in philosophy.

For a period of nearly ten years, it seems, the distinction of passing the examination *summa cum laude*, or with the highest possible mark, had been achieved by no one, the last previous candidate thus to distinguish himself having been the son of the violin virtuoso, Joachim. Indeed, the second rating, that of *magna cum laude*, is rare, the majority of candidates being well content with the third grade, or even with that of mere *examine superato*.

In accordance with the convenience of all concerned, the date for the *Promotion* was fixed for several weeks in advance, and I was instructed in the meantime to select six or more theses to be defended in the manner of the schoolmen of the middle ages, and to prepare a short paper on some historical subject for the gala occasion. This final essay, or *questio inauguralis*, was not required to be based upon original historical research, and was of purely formal nature; as, indeed, was the entire *Promotion*. Despite this fact, however, before *Promotion* one is but a *Doktorant*, or doctor-about-

to-be, not a full-fledged doctor; so that from the point of view of the public at least, the graduating exercises form the most important part of winning a degree. Moreover, everything is done to make the ceremony impressive. Together with the chief examiners, the dean of the faculty, in official robes, and the *rector magnificus*, the "befrocked" and besworded victim enters the crowded hall of the university, to which the public and the body of students have been officially summoned by notice upon the bulletin-board and by the professors of his section of the faculty by personal delivery of copies of the day's program, and mounts the little, box-like platform to read his unimportant essay and to defend against all-comers, but more especially against his official "Opponent," the theses which he has promulgated to the consternation of the learned world. According to custom, *Herr Doktorant* and his opponent usually carefully rehearse in advance their respective rôles, so that attack and repulse may follow with the regularity and brilliance of an exhibition of fencing. On the occasion of my own *Promotion*, however, I saw for the second time in life my opponent, who was the son of one of Germany's best-known authors and who is himself today a successful writer of fiction, so that opportunity for the rehearsal of our parts had entirely lacked. One of the theses upon the program was to the effect that Pope Clement XIII. had *not* sent a consecrated hat and dagger to Marshal Daun of the Austrian army at the time of the Seven Years' War, as ordinarily stated; but so guiltless of preparation was my official refuter, that just before entering the hall he turned to me with the question: "In which century did Clement XIII. live, anyhow?"

But, fortunately or unfortunately, the services of Herr Opponent proved superfluous, as attacks from other quarters were not lacking, notably from Professor Heigel, who zealously entered upon the defense of Bavaria against the imputation that the so-called Nymphenburg Alliance of 1741 between Bavaria, France, and Spain was subject to

historical proof, despite the unremitting efforts of Bavarian historians to demonstrate the contrary.

Having more or less successfully withstood these attacks and others of a like nature, I was assumed sufficiently to have shown my *Schlagfertigkeit*, and mounting the rostrum behind that on which I was standing, the dean proceeded solemnly to invest me with the title of doctor of philosophy, together with all the rights and privileges thereto appertaining, in view of my having submitted

an acceptable thesis and of having undergone an *examen rigorosum*, according to the requirements of the university.

This concluded the exercises, and as the payment of the 260 marks' examination fee had already been made, there was no reason longer to withhold possession of the coveted diploma. Together with the printing of the dissertation and other incidental expenses, the cost of this formidable Latin document amounted to somewhat more than one hundred dollars.

THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.



WHEN the War of 1812 opened, the American navy of twelve vessels was indeed weak as compared with England's. But American spirit was strong; as though the waves had been sown with dragon's teeth, upsprang, ready for action, a great fleet of privateers—deficient, it is true, in organization, to the regular ships, but their equal in morale and oftentimes their superior in speed.

The high-handed impressment of American sailors by British officers had worked the Atlantic coast, and especially its seafaring population, to the utmost pitch of rage. Upon one pretext and another 917 American vessels had been seized by British ships, and confiscated; the American navy had been treated with ridicule and contempt; the affair of the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard* rankled deep; even the punishment administered by the *President* to the *Little Belt* had its sting in return, for this scornful remark by the *London Gazette* was copied in American papers:

"We have the word of honour of Captain Bingham (H. M. Sloop-of-war *Little Belt*) that the firing was commenced by Rodgers (U. S. Frigate *President*), and who will put the veracity of an American captain in competition with that of an honourable British officer?"

Further vindication was longed for—and it came. American schooner and frigate, pilot and Jack Tar, fisherman and marine,

all vied with one another amid the broad billows, and in 1812 American prowess was established upon the seas as firmly as in 1776 it had been established upon the land. In July, 1811, England had in her navy 1,042 vessels, 101 of which were in American waters. September 28, 1811, the *Niles' Register*, of Baltimore, declares "on our own coast, on the high seas, and on the coast of France our ships must run a regular gauntlet." But with the close of the first six months of the war privateers were recorded as having cruised ten thousand miles without seeing the English flag! The Atlantic was not simply patrolled—it was scoured!

War was declared June 18, 1812. On September 15, three months thereafter, the *Register* publishes a prize list of 136 British vessels; another month it was stated that 219 prizes had been reported, with 574 guns and 3,108 prisoners. Two more months, and the complaint was made that British vessels were becoming hard to find! By August 12, 1815, as estimated in the press of the day, 1,634 prizes had arrived in American ports or had been accounted for; of these, 1,375 were accredited to the privateer. Allowing for 750 recaptured, the whole number of prizes taken during the war was claimed to be not less than 2,500.

This "prize list column" was the "feat-

ure" of the journalism of the times. At the top of the one in the *Niles' Register* was kept standing, in sarcasm, a couplet from the *British Naval Register*:

"The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

Then, underneath, were the humiliating news items:

"Brig *Ranger*, Cape Henry for London, carrying six guns, laden with coffee, and log-wood, captured by the *Mathilda*, of Philadelphia, and sent into that port after a short engagement in which the British captain was mortally wounded.

"Ship *Boyd*, from New Providence for Liverpool, carrying ten heavy guns, laden with cotton, log-wood and coffee, sent into Philadelphia by the *Globe*, of Baltimore, after a running fight of one and one half hours.

"Brig *Eliza*, of six guns, after a smart engagement sent into Salem by the *Madison*, carrying one gun."
Etc., etc.

Tempted by the profits, as well as spurred on by revenge, all the Atlantic coast was beset with a feverish eagerness to get out and strike a blow for "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights." Within a month after the declaration of war sixty-five privateers were known to be at sea. By October, New York alone had dispatched twenty-six craft, and Baltimore forty-two fast-sailing schooners and pilot-boats, the crews aggregating three thousand men.

When the supply of available vessels was exhausted, others were built. A privateer, pierced for fourteen guns, was constructed at Providence in seventeen days! At Wiscasset a 22-gun brig was off the stocks in fifty-eight days, and a 32-gun brig in sixty days. A vessel for eighteen guns was built from the keel in fifteen days. At Fairhaven, in the fall of 1812, the privateer *Governor Gerry*, 250 tons, eighteen guns, was built and launched in forty-eight days. When a British packet-ship privateer was reported off the coast, in three and a half hours the Salem people had fitted out the schooner *Helen*, had armed her with four guns, had manned her with seventy volunteers, and had started her in pursuit!

According to the letters of marque and reprisal originally granted, the United States paid a bounty of twenty dollars for each per-

son on board an enemy's ship at the commencement of an engagement which resulted in her destruction or capture by an American vessel of equal or inferior force. Then there also was the prize money accruing to the owners, officers, and crew of the privateer, from the sale of the capture. Had no contract been drawn up, one moiety went to the owners, and the other to the officers and crew. Two per cent of the prize money was turned over to collectors, to go into a fund for disabled sailors, and for sailors' widows and orphans. Later in the war, when British vessels of traffic had become comparatively few and far between, congress was memorialized to make the warrants more liberal.

Ah, what pickings there were! Those were golden days for many an Atlantic port. Here is the privateer schooner *Comet*, of Baltimore, which, August, 1812, "detains" the first-class ship *Henry*, 400 tons, four twelve-pounders and six six-pounders, and laden with sugar, wines, etc. Vessel and cargo are published as giving the *Comet* a return of more than one hundred thousand dollars; the duties to the United States sum fifty thousand dollars.

Here is the *Paul Jones*, of New York, having only three guns, but one hundred and twenty men, which, on July 25, 1812, captures the British ship *Harrison*, fourteen guns, after a fight of half an hour. The *Harrison* has in her hold wines, dry-goods, etc., invoiced at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Not a bad thirty minutes' work for the *Paul Jones*.

After a cruise of three months, and an itinerary of nine thousand miles, the *Paul Jones* comes back to New York with nine prizes and three hundred prisoners to her name, and not a man lost or a shot received!

The schooner *Rossie*, of Baltimore, Captain Barney, ten guns, cruises forty-five days and captures fifteen vessels, sinking or burning nine of them. The value of her prizes is estimated at \$1,280,000; burthen, 2,914 tons. In ninety days she takes eighteen prizes valued at \$1,500,000. This in a cruise extending from the Newfoundland Banks to the lower end of the Bahamas and

back through the Florida gulf, during which not a man of the crew is lost.

The privateer *Thomas*, of Portsmouth, seizes the British ship *Richmond*, 800 tons, fourteen guns, and valued at \$200,000.

In March, 1814, the *True Blooded Yankee* is heard from after thirty-seven days at sea. During this time she has captured twenty-seven prizes, made 270 prisoners, taken an island off the coast of Ireland and held it six days, and terrified a town in Scotland after having burned seven vessels in its harbor. At last her cargo includes "eighteen bales of Turkey carpets, forty-three bales of raw silk, twenty boxes of gums, forty-six packs of best skins, twenty-four packs of beaver skins, 160 dozen swan skins, 190 hides, copper, zinc," and other stuff as varied in character. Thus laden she comes home to her owners.

By February, 1813, eighteen privateers out of Salem have sent into port eighty-seven trophies!

With the close of 1814 these dare-devil skippers and lads from the "banks," from harbor and cove, have grown so reckless in their search for spoil, that underwriters charge thirteen guineas on one hundred pounds to insure a cargo under the British flag for passage across the English Channel. Merchants of Glasgow and Liverpool meet to petition parliament for better protection. They complain that while British men-of-war are pretending to blockade the American coast, British merchantmen are unable to sail their own waters. A bark containing brandy is burned by a privateer in Dublin bay itself!

Of homely and expressive names were the old privateers. When adapted from the pursuits of peace to the pursuits of war the vessels retained, in many instances, their previous appellations. Or else they were christened in a more significant manner. Out of New York were the *Teazer*, the *Orders in Council*, the *Berlin and Milan Decrees*, the *United We Stand*, and the *Divided We Fall*. Appropriately enough, records indicate that the last two cruised in company. Out of Baltimore were the *High*

Flyer, the *Sarah Ann*, the *Dolphin*, the *Comet*, the *Wasp*, the *Nonesuch*. Out of Salem the *Fame*, the *Buckskin*, the *Polly*, the *Free Trader*, the *Madison*, the *Globe*, the *Decatur*. Out of Philadelphia the *Mathilda*; out of Marblehead the *Lion* (an animal hardly then in favor in America); out of Bristol the *Yankee*.

The armament of the same vessel varied as her career lengthened. Leaving port with only one, two, or three guns, she equipped herself from the enemy. In July, 1812, the *Paul Jones* is accredited with three guns; a few weeks later she has sixteen! Crews were out of all proportion with the tonnage. Small two-masted schooners carried one hundred men! This was necessary in order to provide prize crews. It was an advantage, too, in the days when naval battles were fought at pistol-shot distance, and were decided by boarding.

The number of pieces offers more latitude than does the calibre. The prevailing ordnance of the privateers was twenty-four-pounders, twelve-pounders, and six-pounders. Five and a half inches was the bore of a twenty-four-pounder; four and a half that of a twelve-pounder; three and a half, that of a six-pounder.

The one gun beloved above all others was the "Tom," or "Long Tom"—a "pet" cannon, without restriction as to size, mounted on a swivel amidships. The old gunner squinting over his "Long Tom," or affectionately patting its breech, is a figure which many a writer has emblazoned on the pages of narrative and romance.

Muskets, pistols, and boarding pikes, stout hearts and brilliant seamanship, atoned for lack of more material armament. The crews were made up of the best sailors in the world—the men of Gloucester, Marblehead, Portland, and a hundred other famous towns and hamlets of the Atlantic coast. The log of the *High Flyer* mentions three "captains" enrolled on board.

Brave spirits had the skippers and men of the privateers. Nothing daunted them. A Salem schooner of ten tons captures three British vessels. A paper of the week re-

marks: "We shall be using washing-tubs next!"

The privateer schooner *Fame* arrives at Salem with a 300-ton ship which has two four-pound guns still loaded. Time in which to fire them had not been given!

The privateer brig *Pickering*, of Salem, is overhauled by the British frigate *Belvidere*. A prize-master and men are put aboard her. Six miles from Halifax her own crew retake her, and return in triumph to their home port.

The *Decatur*, of Salem, is chased by mistake by the United States frigate *Constitution* (of immortal memory), and ere the error has been discovered has thrown overboard twelve out of fourteen guns. Her captain, however, informs Captain Hull of the *Constitution* that although he has but two guns left he will continue his cruise and take ships by boarding!

The schooner *Polly*, Salem again, capsized, and her captain and one man of the crew were on the wreck 108 days before they were rescued by a British vessel. The *Polly* it was which, becalmed off Cape Sable, was attacked by a British sloop-of-war of twenty-two guns. The Britisher sent out a launch, carrying forty men and a four-pounder, to board the little craft. The enemy gave three cheers and opened a hot fire, "but," says the *Polly's* skipper, "we returned so tremendously with musketry and langrage that in a few moments the launch struck her colors." Then the *Polly* manned sweeps and made off.

The privateer *Nonesuch*, of Baltimore, twelve twelve-pounders, and eighty men, on September 28, 1812, fell in with a British ship of sixteen eighteen-pounders and twenty-four-pounders, two hundred men and a schooner of six four-pounders and sixty men. After a fight of three hours and twenty minutes the *Nonesuch* had so exerted herself that, fore and aft, along either side of her deck the bolts and breechings of her guns had been carried off. "But," insists her captain, "although we could use only our musketry we would have captured both of the enemy's ships, only they bore away and we could not pursue."

The *Young Teazer*, one "Long Tom," two

guns, declared Halifax in a state of blockade, and impertinently stationing herself off the harbor, sent in a challenge to the *La Hogue*, British seventy-four. Another British ship preventing escape to sea, the *Young Teazer*, hoisting English colors over American, boldly stood into the harbor. Beholding this, her pursuer thought that she must be a prize to some English craft, and abandoned the chase. Thereupon the *Young Teazer* hauled down the red, flaunted the "Stars and Stripes" right under the cannon of the astounded fortress, and tacking, gained in safety the open water.

The *Chasseur*, privateer, Captain Boyle, almost paralyzed traffic of the English Channel, and mockingly issued a proclamation to the nations at large announcing a blockade of the British Isles!

A grand mixture of bull-dog and sleuth-hound were the old privateers. They hung on like grim death. Let us dip into the log of the schooner *High Flyer*, seven guns, of Baltimore. Nothing need be added, nothing need be omitted; the picture is complete:

"On the 19th of August (1812), lat. 9, 22, at 6 A. M. discovered a fleet bearing S. S. W. distant about 2 leagues. Wore ship and made sail endeavoring to get to windward for the purpose of reconnoitering them. Next day at half past 1 P. M. the frigate from the fleet gave chase, steering various courses; at 5 P. M. dropped him; still pursuing the fleet. At 6 saw the fleet bearing N. The next day, 21st, at 5 P. M., wind moderate, brought to and boarded British ship *Diana*, Capt. Harvey, one of the Jamaica fleet bound to Bristol, burthen 353 tons, laden with sugar, rum, coffee, etc. Received the crew on board and sent a prize master on board and ordered her for the first port in the United States. At the same time two other sail in sight; at 6 A. M. bore down upon them, fired 3 or 4 shots at them, which were returned by both ships. 22nd at P. M. engaged the two ships at half-gun shot, and after firing on them upwards of 60 shot, breeze blowing fresh, not thinking it safe to board them, at 4 P. M. hauled off. Next day at 4 P. M. wind moderating, bore down upon them and engaged sternmost ship, called the *Jamaica*, of Liverpool, Capt. Neill, of 7 guns, 21 men, 356 tons, in company with the ship *Mary and Ann*, of London, Capt. Miller, mounting 12 guns, 16 or 18 men, and 329 tons burthen; when within musket shot we commenced a brisk fire from our great guns and muskets, which was returned with great courage and resolution by both ships. The engagement lasted 20 minutes when we boarded and carried the

Jamaica, the *Mary and Ann* striking her colors at the same time."

So much for the *High Flyer*, — the sleuth-nound everlastingly following his prey. Now for the bull-dog — the "hammer and tongs" fight. Narrates the log of the privateer brig *Yankee*:

"August 1, 1812. At meridian continued in chase of a large English armed ship, distant about 4 miles upon lee bow. At 1 P. M. prepared for action, and run down upon her weather quarter, upon which ship filled away and also prepared for action. We immediately fired our first division; ship returned a broadside and action became general. The officers and marines poured into the enemy a full volley of musketry, and the three divisions at the same time gave her a broadside. We then bore away, run athwart her bows, and gave him another broadside which raked him fore and aft, and discharged all the small arms; during this time, however, the enemy kept up a well directed fire, shot away some of our rigging and wounded two of our seamen. But we soon destroyed the ship's running rigging and sails, killed the helmsman, and kept up so warm a fire of round, langrage, cannister and grapeshot, musket balls, buck-shot, and pistol bullets that the enemy's ship became unmanageable, and she came right down bows upon us. We instantly sheered off, gave her a full discharge of all our arms, both great and small, and prepared to board her with boarding pikes, muskets, cutlasses and pistols, when the enemy hauled down his flag. The firing then ceased, and we gave the enemy three cheers. Sent Lieut. Sweat, with an armed boat's crew, on board and took possession of her. She proved to be the English letter of marque ship *Royal Bounty*, Capt. Henry Gambles, 630 tons burden, mounting ten carriage guns, with powder, shot, muskets, and pistols, navigated by twenty-five persons. On boarding her we found two men killed, the captain, his 2 mates, boat-swain, cook and 2 seamen dangerously wounded, and that we had shot away nearly all his standing and running rigging, stove his boats, damaged his masts, spars and sails, and pierced the hull and bulwarks with innumerable shot both great and small. Her mainsail received 158 shot of different kinds, her main-top-sail and all other sails were so completely cut to pieces as to be unserviceable. Even her colors were penetrated with six musket shot."

Not an American was killed; only two were wounded!

A busy time of it some of these saucy schooners and brigs had. For example, take a leaf from the log of the *Rossie*. By this we learn that on July 23, 1812, she was chased by a British frigate which fired twenty-five shots at her but was out-sailed. On July 30 she was chased by another frigate,

and again was too smart for her pursuer. On July 31 she burned the ship *Princess Royal*; August 1 seized and manned the ship *Kitty*; August 2 burned the brig *Fame*, the brig *Devonshire*, and the schooner *Squid*, and made a prize of the brig *Two Brothers*; August 3 sunk the brig *Henry* and the schooner *Race Horse*, burned the schooner *Halifax*, and made a prize of the brig *William*; August 9, after a short action, took the ship *Jeanie*, twelve guns; August 10 captured the brig *Rebecca*. Thus the days went by until, September 12, the privateer was cut almost to pieces in an encounter, "at pistol shot distance," with the packet ship *Princess Amelia*, but rallied enough to harass for four days a fleet of three ships and a brig, in an endeavor to separate them.

Not all prizes were sent into a home port. When the privateer waxed over-burdened with prisoners, a detachment was loaded aboard a captured vessel and dispatched, perhaps to St. John's, for exchange. Or often there was a chance to turn a pretty penny over and above what might be gained by putting the prize through the regular channels. When the *Decatur* — mentioned before — captured the British brig *Devonshire*, bound for France with a cargo of cod-fish, the captain of the privateer, his eye on the alert for the best market, instructed his prize crew to continue the interrupted voyage, and sell as had been intended. That was down-east shrewdness, was it not!

Many a privateer met strange fortunes of war. On one cruise the *Mathilda* changed hands four times. First she was taken by the British private-armed brig *Lion*, twenty-eight guns. The United States brig *Argus* re-captured her. A British ship intercepted, and again her bows were pointed for an English port, when opportunely the doughty *General Armstrong* bore down, and at last the "Stars and Stripes" fluttered unrebuked from her masthead.

Magnanimous in victory and sturdy in defeat were the privateersmen of 1812. The *Industry*, ascertaining that the earnings of a prize which she had seized went to needy people, at once released her, restored her

crew to her deck, and, making up to her the loss incurred by the temporary detention, started her on her way rejoicing.

The *Joseph and Mary*, privateer, was captured by the British frigate *Narcissus*. The English captain inquired vaingloriously as to the whereabouts of the United States frigate *Essex*, expressing his desire to "have the pleasure of taking a cup of coffee with Captain Porter."

Said the captain of the *Joseph and Mary* :

"I hope, sir, you may fall in with Captain Porter, as you wish. If so, you may have the pleasure of taking a cup of coffee with him, but, by —, it will not be on board the *Narcissus*!"

A FORGOTTEN EXPLORATION OF THE DEAD SEA.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

(A Tale from the Annals of the Old Navy.)



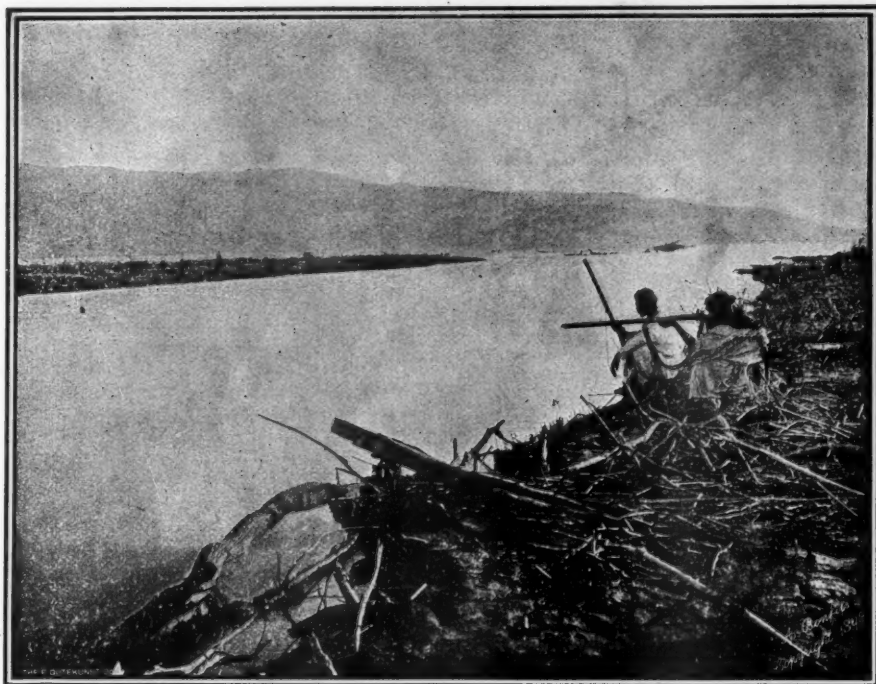
Ten o'clock in the morning of Friday, November 26, 1847, the United States naval transport *Supply* left the anchorage off Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, and under a royal press of canvas sailed down the bay, bound on a voyage the story of which is unique in our naval history. And it is a story that is really unknown to many naval officers, as well as most civilians. Her master was Lieutenant-Commandant W. F. Lynch, and she was bound, first of all, for Constantinople.

Having arrived at Constantinople, Captain Lynch obtained permission to enter the Turkish empire with an armed force. Then he sailed to the Bay of Acre, on the Syrian coast, and there landed, on April 3, 1848, an outfit consisting of two whale-boats, the one made of corrugated plates of copper and the other of iron. With these were two low-wheeled, broad-tired trucks or wagons made to carry the boats. There were harnesses for horses to draw the wagons, and an abundant supply of carbines and pistols, with a huge blunderbuss that could be mounted on a pivot in either boat.

Captain Lynch himself landed, taking along Lieutenant J. B. Dale, Passed-midshipman Anlic, and fourteen stout young seamen, all equipped for an overland expedition. A camp was made near the town of Akka. The next day, after failing to secure horses that would draw the trucks, camels were

found willing to work in harness. Three camels were hitched to each of the trucks on which were carried the boats, both boats being well loaded with instruments suitable for an exploring expedition, and with tents, blankets, and provisions. Eleven camels and a mule carried still other supplies, while saddle-horses were provided for the officers and seamen. To this party were added two officials of the region, a sheikh and a sherif, with fifteen Bedouins as guides, guards, and servants.

With an American ensign floating from a staff at the stern of each boat, with the sailors "yawing to and fro over a heavy sea" on their unaccustomed mounts, and with the population of near-by Akka looking on wonderstruck, the procession moved away. What the natives thought is not recorded, but Captain Lynch, as he looked at the combination of sailors on horseback and whaleboats on camel-drawn wagons crossing a desert, wrote feelingly that the procession "presented a glorious sight." To this statement posterity may add that it was also unique. The account which Lynch wrote of the journey is almost without parallel in the stories of land journeys, as witness the following extract: "Our course was first due east to E. S. E., then gradually around to south, when, crossing a ridge by Abelin, the train entered a narrow gorge and thence, steering E. by N., came to the Blowing Valley." Naval Jack, though mounted



AT THE MOUTH OF THE JORDAN.

on a horse and following a guide, had to keep his eyes on a binnacle and log the course. And when camp was made that night, he wrote in his log, "Abelin bore from the camp S. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W."

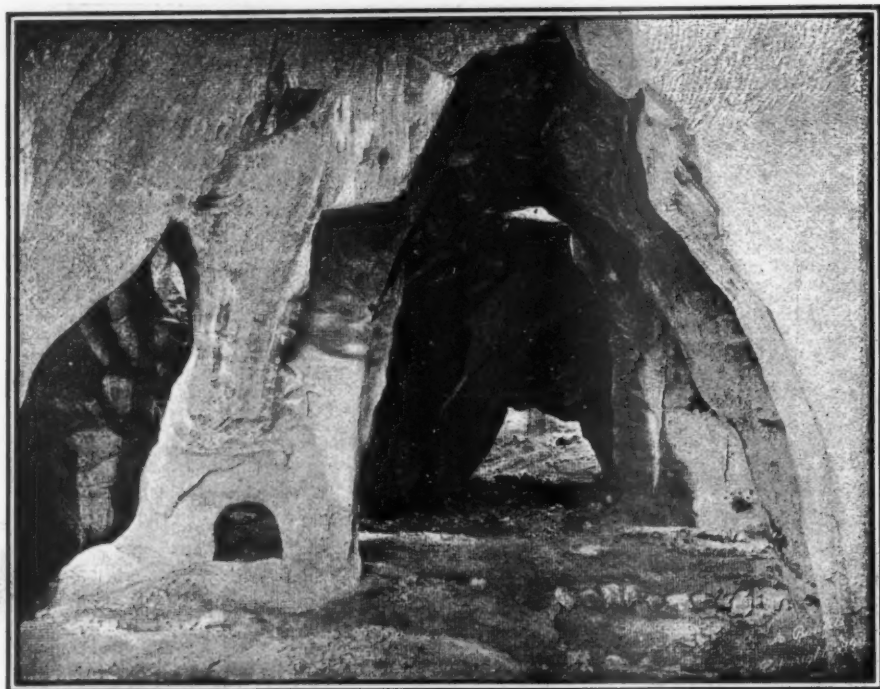
The fifth, sixth, and seventh of April were spent on the desert, for thus the land is described, and on the eighth the caravan arrived on the beach of the Lake of Tiberias. The expedition had been fitted out to explore the River Jordan and the Red Sea.

"With their flags flying, and amid a crowd of spectators" from the town of Tiberias the boats were launched "upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands, and crying for *backshish*." The only boat on the lake, a scow used in carrying wood to the town was purchased, and loaded with supplies for the journey. Then the force was divided, and three of the Americans, including Lieutenant Dale, with a party of Bedouins, were ordered to follow alongshore with camels and horses, while Lynch in the

copper boat led the way down the stream.

Stripped of the verbiage of a diary, the story of this journey down the river makes one wish for an opportunity to follow the same route in a cruising canoe. They left the lake on April 10. On the borders of the lake and along the first stretches of the river were fields of barley and wheat just ripening. The stream with gentle current flowed into a low gorge. The rounded banks were "luxuriously clothed with grass and flowers." The scarlet anemone, the yellow marigold, were seen in profusion, while here and there a lily brightened the edges of the stream. The river was only seventy-five feet wide, but "wild fowl were feeding in the marsh grass and on the reedy islands" a little further on, and only when the expedition was close upon them did they take to wing.

The ruins of a stone bridge—picturesque abutments with the arches fallen down—were passed, and then they came to a tumble of the water that threw the leading boat on



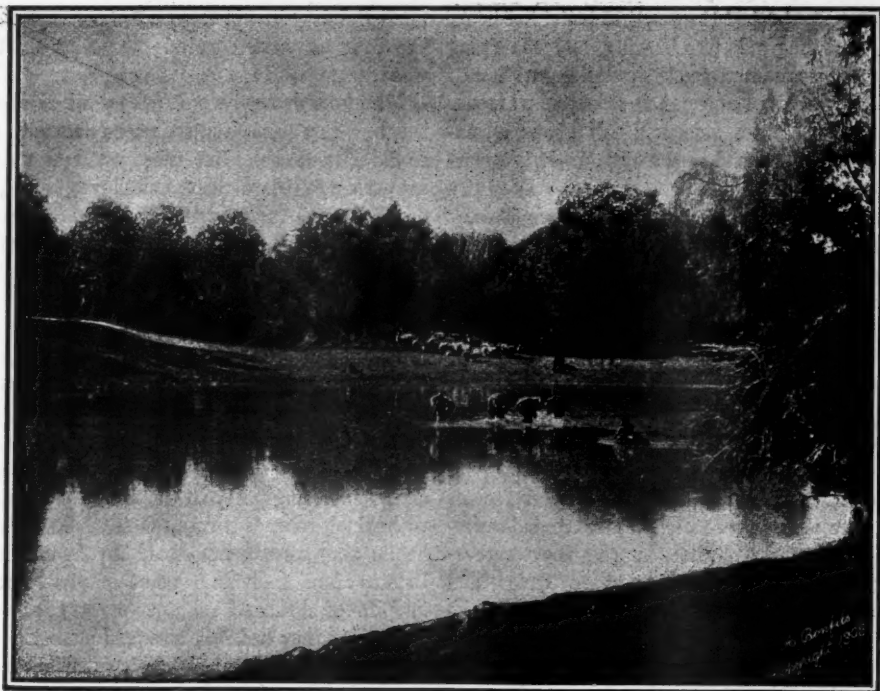
ANCIENT CAVES OF THE HORITES.

a rock, from which it was knocked by the wooden scow. Then away the whole flotilla went, pitching and tossing about "in imminent danger." But in spite of the lack of experience of the crews in boating through such waters, they all passed safely into the still water below.

As they floated along, the river became wilder. The rapids were more dangerous and the banks were loftier and more broken. There were plunges where the loads had to be taken from the boats and carried down to smooth water, while the crew, with a kedge-anchor for a holdfast, passed the rapids in a boat by "slacking away handsomely" on a stout line. Elsewhere they passed the rapids by making fast the lines to brush on the bank, reminding one of the work of the old keel-boat days on the Mississippi, where the red-shirted boatmen handled their craft in the same "bushwhacking" fashion. In two places rapids were passed by floating the boats into abandoned mill-races as far as the ruins of the abandoned mills, and then lower-

ing them with tackles down the almost perpendicular banks.

As the stream grew wilder so did the gorge through which it flowed, while the wild life became more abundant. There were gulches and ravines filled with dense thickets. There were crags and piles of rocks worn by the elements into perfect pictures of tents, forts, and castles. There were groves of trees and increasing masses of brilliant flowers mingled with the verdure of grass and shrub. The trees increased in size and number. There were oaks and cedars in pleasing numbers, while trees of the willow and poplar varieties were found in groves. They found, eventually, the tree that bears the desert-apple, the existence of which was at one time disputed by botanists, and the Arabs brought the fruit of a tree called *zukkum*, on which they said all unbelievers would have to feed through all eternity. The taste was very bitter and disagreeable. They also brought branches of the thorn tree of which, tradition says, the



THE PILGRIMS' FORD ON THE RIVER JORDAN.

crown of thorns of the Master was made — the *Spina Christi* of one naturalist.

The birds attracted especial attention. There were land birds of gorgeous plumage. Storks were everywhere present in flocks. Ducks of several kinds were numerous. So were pigeons, hawks, owls, herons, partridges, snipe, and ravens, and many birds not named. The most beautiful of all was the brown-breasted, scarlet-headed, crimson-winged bulbul.

Eventually the tracks of tigers and wild boars were discovered in the soft banks of the roaring river, and then a boar was seen swimming for life just ahead of the expedition. They chased him, but he was too quick for them. They were more successful with another beast — a curious thing having the form of a lobster, the head of a mouse, and the tail of a dog. The Arabs called it a water-dog. They also caught one trout, though no account is given of efforts to secure specimens of fish.

By the stream it was a journey of two

hundred miles, and there was not a boat-length of monotony in the whole route. There were twenty-seven rapids called dangerous by these salt-water sailors, but a *voyageur* would take them with a shout. And there was just enough work and excitement about each day's drive to make the camp at night seem more luxurious than a sojourn in a palace.

An interesting experience not now to be repeated was the meeting of a band of five thousand Christian pilgrims who arrived at three o'clock in the morning at the ford supposed to be the place where John baptized the Master. It was a veritable mob, gathered from all Christendom, and with one accord they all rushed into the water, with songs and shouts that bespoke the intensity of their fervor.

The expedition entered the Dead Sea on April 18. "The river where it enters the sea is inclined towards the eastern shore. There is a considerable bay between the river and the mountains of Belka on the

eastern shore of the sea," says the log-book. A growing gale was blowing, and the flying spray soon incrusting their clothing with salt. It "conveyed a prickling sensation wherever it touched the skin, and was above all exceedingly painful to the eyes." It is apparent that a canoe voyage on the Dead Sea would prove a different affair from a journey down the verdure-lined Jordan. For it is a desert sea in a torrid climate, even in the month of April. With the spray filling the air, navigation was a terror; and in a calm the heat and the glaring light were sometimes well-nigh unendurable.

Nevertheless, to a hardy tourist the very desolation of the region would prove attractive. There were rock-terraces rising to five hundred and even a thousand feet or more above the sea. There were indescribably fantastic outlines among the weather-worn precipices. There were caves and dens that have been time and again the haunts of oppressed men as well as of hunted beasts. These caves were found to be of considerable extent and there was abundant evidence that the size and form of them had been altered by men. Some had been greatly enlarged.

The gorges along the coast where the streams came in were particularly impressive. In some of these gorges pools of fresh water were found with ruins of stone mills once turned by water-power on the banks. Here they found various trees and shrubs even though there was no visible water. Some osier trees (Sodom apple tree) were found bearing delicate purple, bell-shaped flowers in large clusters that were all the more beautiful because of their desolate background. Only one large grove of palms was seen. The *Spina Christi*, the tree from which the mock crown was made, was here found with its fruit ripe. In taste the fruit was "sub-acid and of a pleasant flavor." A most curious fact in connection with the shrubbery was the growth of brush in the edge of the Dead Sea. The branches were kept covered with crusts of salt by the swash of waves and rain of spray. A wild melon looked exactly like a cantaloupe and tasted

like quinine. Desert though the region was, the beaches were covered over with drift wood.

Numerous locusts were found dead on one beach. Tarantulas and scorpions abounded; so did mosquitoes. But there was a species of partridge there also, and doves, quail, ducks, herons, and humming birds. There were small fish in the fresh-water pools of the ravines. Wild boars were seen and killed, and tracks of panthers were observed.

Then there were natives in spite of the desolation, just as there are Indians in our own Death Valley, a region which is at least as hot as that of the Dead Sea and quite as desolate and interesting. These were Arabs, of course. Some of them asked the Bedouins of the exploring party if the boats had legs with which to wade across the sea. In their habits they were worse than any American Indians from a civilized point of view, but in spite of dirt and religious bigotry it appears that they had folk-lore and ballads—especially love ballads—which some unprejudiced student might find at once pleasing and profitable. There were other ethnological features worth consideration, and one should not forget the Mohammedan tradition that the monkeys there were formerly men who refused to use their faculties, and who in their degenerate condition are restored once a year to a state of mind where they can realize the results of their folly.

Lines of soundings were run zigzag across the sea from end to end. Many depths of 170 fathoms were obtained, and one of 1,300 feet was reached. The lead brought up crystals of salt in many places; elsewhere blue, gray, and yellow mud, and in one place, at a depth of 137 fathoms, the lead brought up a well-preserved leaf of a tree. The specific gravity of the water was so great that a muscular man floated with breast up when standing erect in it.

To sum it all up, a reading of the log of this expedition gives such a glimpse of the region as to inspire one with a desire to go and see things that must be there, though the log does not mention them. Lynch was a splendid naval sailor, but not a naturalist.

With such a training as our modern nature books give he would have told a very different and much more interesting story. Nevertheless he did something worth while in showing that more might be accomplished. Taking sentences here and there from among uninteresting masses of details about daily routine, one sees that with its barren cliffs a thousand feet high, its terraces, its black gorges, its thorny flora, and its varied fauna, here was and is a splendid desert. Because it is a desert it would have a stronger attraction for many tourists than the fairest vernal regions. Even in the heat

of a calm day, when the flat surface of the sea lay glowing like molten metal and the air was full of the purple mists raised by evaporation, the wonders of the scene compensated for its dangers. And we will not forget the satisfaction felt by those who travel where the common herd dare not go. A railroad now crosses the desert. Thousands of tourists see it from car windows, where other thousands have seen the regular pilgrim-routes as Prime and Mark Twain saw them. But here is a byway of the Syrian desert over which some observing wanderer should paddle his own canoe.

THE SAGE.

BY E. CARL LITSEY.

Wrapped round with wisdom like a cloak, he stands,

The Book of Life wide open in his hands.

Earth's secrets are to him as children's play —

He passes by the things for which men pray.

Far back in cells of memory are hid

Thoughts, which in form would make a pyramid.

Beneath the white crown which he calmly wears

Lie potent contradictions to all doubts — all fears.

Learning sits silent, its just meed to pay;

And Knowledge hangs its head, and slinks away.

Earth holds for him no mystery untold;

No hidden thing which men would buy with gold.

Yet, like a child, he stands, helpless and dumb,

Before that wall which marks the life to come!

IRRIGATION AND THE AMERICAN FRONTIER.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, PH. D.



THE chart of distribution of population, according to the census of 1900, discloses a remarkable condition in the advance of the people across the continent. For the first time the frontier has retreated. Man has retired before hostile nature. Ten years before, according to the census of 1890, the front wave of people had apparently crossed the arid region and had reached at one point the state of Utah. It has now returned to western Kansas and Nebraska. Contemporaneous with these stages may be found two actions of the national government intended to correct this retrogression. About 1890 surveys were being made under congressional appropriations for a system of irrigation to redeem the arid regions that have stopped the advance of the frontier. In 1902, following the first appeal ever made by a president for such aid, congress enacted its first measure for national control of irrigation. The history of the law of movement of population therefore assumes fresh importance.

By the word "frontier" as technically used in America, one understands the front line of advance of the people across the continent. It is the vertical zone of from two to six people to the square mile. In determining this proportion, the whole number of inhabitants in each county or parish is divided by the number of square miles it contains. If still smaller definition is required, the towns or townships are similarly treated. Since the movement in peopling the central part of the continent has been from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from east to west—the frontier necessarily extended at right angles to this direction. The land lying on the west of the frontier belt, since it contained less than two people to the mile, has been considered as vacant territory or "the wilderness"; that on the eastern side, containing more than six inhabitants to the mile,

has been regarded as fully reclaimed or settled land.

The distribution of people in the United States according to the census of 1790, the first one taken, showed the front line extending in a great westward curve from what is now the state of Maine to Georgia (Fig 1). Omitting an adventurous group or "island" of people who had reached the "blue grass" region of Kentucky, and another settled about Nashville, Tennessee, the most westwardly point reached by the advance line of pioneers was in the eastern part of Tennessee between the Holston and the French Broad rivers. It was little more than five hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. Counting from the founding of Jamestown, it had taken the people almost two hundred years to cross the Alleghanies and to penetrate the interior a distance of five hundred miles.

When the disturbing inequalities of the Alleghany mountains had once been crossed, the people never varied from their due west course. Frequently long arms were extended from the front line up some navigable stream, or an indentation was made by some swamp or other obstacle, the indentation being eventually transformed into an unoccupied island as the wave swept on. With the improved means of transportation afforded by the introduction of railways, less regard was paid to waterways and topography. Indentations and projections were alike smoothed out and the frontier began to assume a straight north and south line. In 1810, for instance, it was 2,900 miles in length, counting inequalities. In twenty years the movement through Georgia and into the new Louisiana had increased its length to 5,300 miles. But by 1860, notwithstanding the accession of Texas, so uniform had the advanced line become that the frontier was shortened to 3,337 miles.

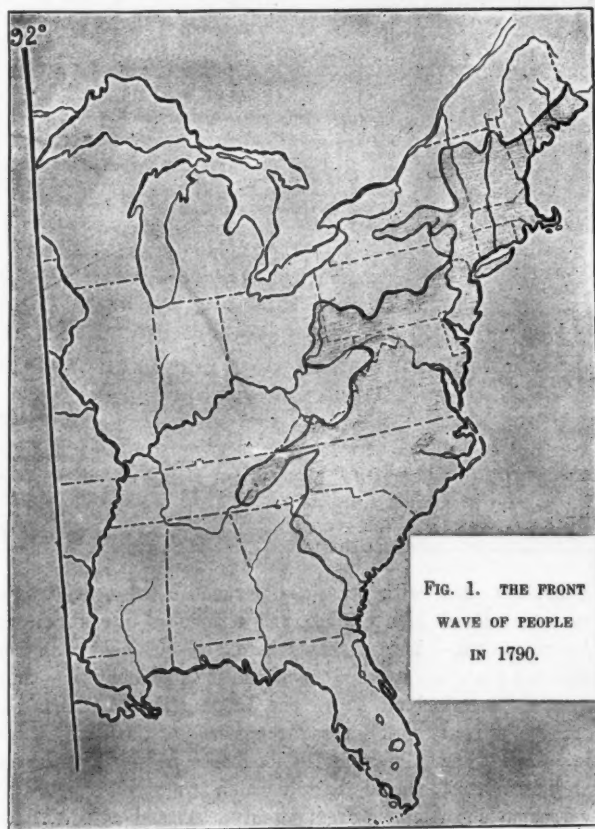
This year of 1860 marks the "line up" for the grand rush across the plains. It was

to be the most uniform and, as now appears, the last stand taken by the pioneers in their forward movement. It is the only position of the "frontier" in the common usage of the word. Not the isolated frontier of Boone and Knox in Kentucky and Tennessee, not the later Ohio frontier contemporary with the settlement at Marietta, nor yet the lonely Indiana and Illinois frontier of Lincoln's early life is as familiar at the present day as the frontier of the "Great Plains." Forty years ago the front line of migration had reached this magnificent slope, which

retreated in despair, awaiting the fostering hand of the nation.

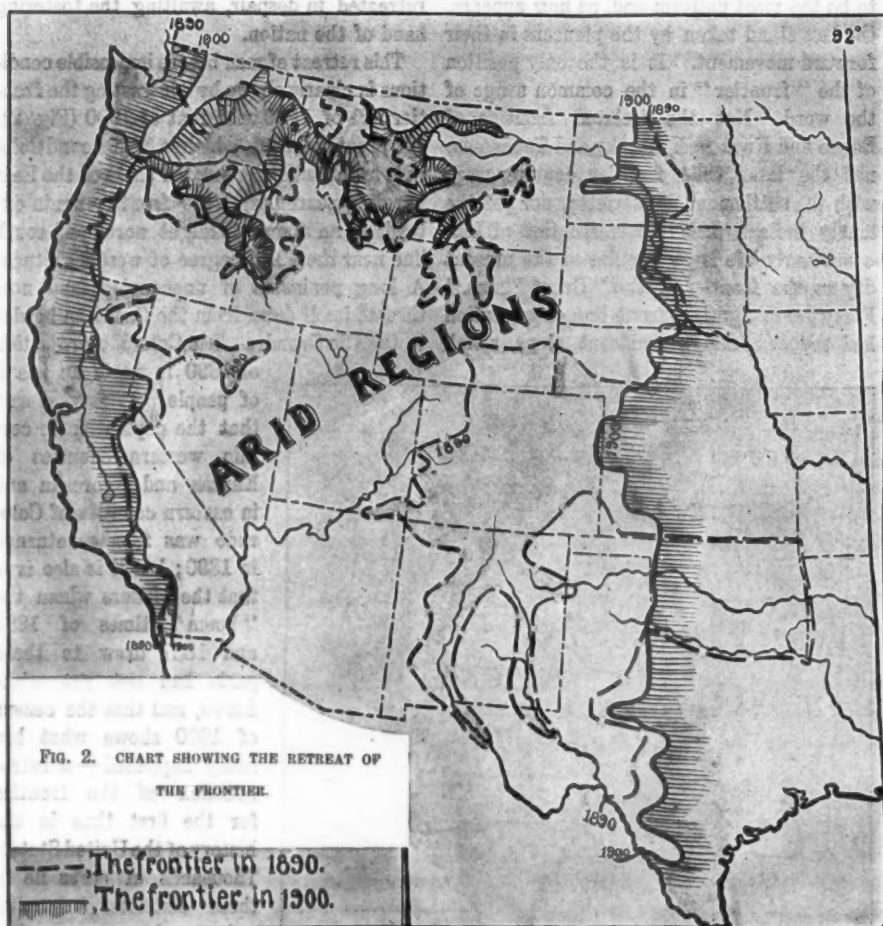
This retreat of man before impossible conditions is clearly shown by contrasting the frontier line of 1890 with that of 1900 (Fig. 2). The great ligament, which in 1890 bound Colorado to the solidly populated parts of the East has disappeared, and the frontier again extends as an almost straight north and south line near the 101st degree of west longitude. A long peninsula of unoccupied land now thrusts itself down from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande. The Colorado projection

of 1890 is again an island of people. It may be said that the population in certain western counties of Kansas and Nebraska and in eastern counties of Colorado was falsely returned in 1890; but it is also true that the settlers whom the "boom" times of 1886 and 1887 drew to those parts had not yet withdrawn, and that the census of 1900 shows what has really happened—a retrogression of the frontier for the first time in the history of the United States. Thousands of acres lie in those districts, belonging to loan and trust companies, while many tracts have been abandoned and offered for sale for taxes. Many irrigation companies are bankrupt and have given up their plans of reclaiming the land. It is practically returned to "wild" country, although not to the national domain.



stretched away five hundred miles in width from the upward sweep of the Missouri to the Rockies, and from the Canadian boundary line to Texas. Now it has crossed the Plains, the waves of population have tossed up against the Rockies, and they have

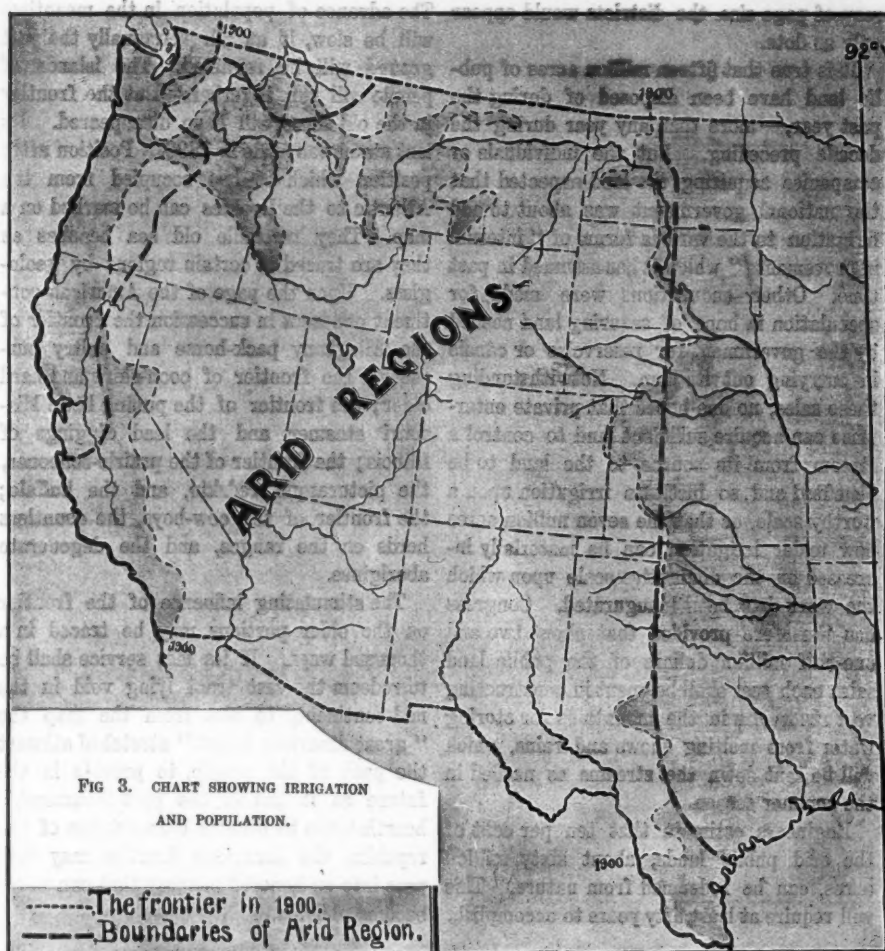
On the west of the Rocky mountains a similar retreat is noted. From the days of the gold-fever migration to California, a counter frontier had pushed out boldly from the Pacific to meet the main wave coming west. Its slow rate of progress shows the



Probable results if some Columbus had brought civilization to the western instead of the eastern coast of the American continent. When adventurous spirits had pushed migration over the Coast Range and through the Sierra Nevada mountains, they were confronted by an arid inland basin. Into it one arm was thrust by the mining industries of Nevada. Another similar arm came down over the mineral workings of Idaho. By 1900 both projections had retreated, while the "island" of Utah, which once promised to join them, had materially shrunk.

Evidences of the retreat of the frontier are even more manifest in the agricultural than in the mining regions. Lines of posts

with occasional strands of wire, dry irrigation ditches, and abandoned dugouts or sod houses show where over-confident man has retreated from the unequal contest. On a bluff above the Little Missouri stands the dark green "mansion" of the Marquis de Mores, in its loneliness overlooking the deserted abattoir which was to be supplied by cattle from twenty thousand acres of land surrounding it. Nature, driven back foot by foot, across the continent from the Atlantic coast, relinquishing valley and prairie to the hardy pioneer with his rifle and the farmer with more peaceful weapons, conquered even in her mountain fastnesses by the courageous miner, seems to have taken her



final stand in this mid-West rainless region bordering the Rockies on either side. Intrenched in her alkali and sandy fortress she says to man, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

Is it likely that the contest will end here? Is it probable that the advance must remain thus permanently thrown back upon itself?

The reply seems to lie entirely within the province of the art of irrigation, thus far in its infancy. The prediction is verified by comparing the front line of people in 1900 with the boundaries of the arid region, as they were drawn for the Senate report on irrigation (Fig. 3). A narrow belt of "dry farming" lies inside the arid limits on both

eastern and western sides. These push the civilization limits slightly inside the bounds of insufficient rainfall. But generally the two coincide. Within this apparently impossible region lies a vast area of public land, six hundred million acres, still at the disposal of the national government and likely to remain so unless the benefits of irrigation can be brought to it through a new kind of "internal improvement." Montana contains the most of these half billion acres of undisposed public lands. Then follow in decreasing order, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, California, Colorado, Oregon, and North Dakota. Upon this vast area irrigation has made such slight impress that on a

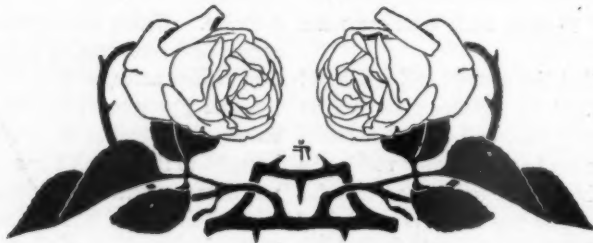
map of page size the districts would appear only as dots.

It is true that fifteen million acres of public land have been disposed of during the past year,—more than any year during the decade preceding. But the individuals or companies acquiring the land expected that the national government was about to add irrigation to the various forms of "internal improvements" which it has assumed in past time. Other acquisitions were made for speculation in hope of securing land needed by the government for reservoirs or canals in carrying out its plan. Notwithstanding these sales, no one hopes that private enterprise can acquire sufficient land to control a stream from its source to the land to be benefited and so institute irrigation upon a worthy scale, or that the seven million acres now under irrigation can be materially increased on the diminutive scale upon which the work has been inaugurated. Congress has therefore provided that about two and one-half million dollars of the public land sales each year shall be spent in constructing vast reservoirs in the mountains for storing water from melting snows and rains, which will be sent down the streams as needed in the summer season.

Engineers estimate that ten per cent of the arid public lands, about sixty million acres, can be redeemed from nature. This will require at least fifty years to accomplish.

The advance of population in the meantime will be slow, if at all. Gradually the lost ground will be regained. The islands of people will run together. But the frontier in the old sense will have disappeared. Its last stand was made in 1890. Position after position which it has occupied from the Atlantic to the Rockies can be marked on a map. They resemble old sea beaches as they are traced in certain regions by geologists. Upon the page of the American continent one sees in succession the frontier of the Alleghany pack-horse and peltry currency; the frontier of coon-skins and hard cider; the frontier of the puffing little Missouri steamer and the lead diggings of Illinois; the frontier of the prairie-schooner, the picturesque redskin, and the buffalo; the frontier of the cow-boys, the countless herds on the ranges, and the degenerate aborigines.

The stimulating influence of the frontier on the older portions may be traced in a thousand ways. If its last service shall be to redeem the vast tract lying void in the mid-continent, to blot from the map the "great American desert" stretched athwart the path of the people, to provide in the future as it has in the past innumerable hearthstones to become cornerstones of the republic, the American frontier may well pass into an honored memory that can never become oblivion.



WHY BRIGANDS THRIVE IN TURKEY.

BY EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.



THE kidnaping of Miss Stone has again called attention to what is an everyday occurrence throughout the Ottoman Empire in Asia, and no uncommon thing among the portions of the Balkans still under Turkish rule absolute, or under Turkish suzerainty.

Even from mythological days, the Balkans — the Haemus of the ancients — have been the stage upon which a continuous performance of outlawry — vaudeville and tragedy — has been enacted. "From here," wrote Ovid, during his expatriation from sunny Italy, "the barbarians scour and devastate the neighboring country"; and from these mountain eyries the race of Vladimir swooped down upon the rich argosies of Constantinople, which passed to and fro along the Adriatic.

With the advent of the Turks in the fourteenth century, the plot thickened. Brigandage, which heretofore had been to a greater or less degree the profession of merry men of leisure, whose tastes for quiet living were still uncultivated, took on the character of a patriotic movement. With no redress against the wrongs perpetrated upon them by their savage conquerors, and in the dearth of national leaders, the brigand chiefs themselves assumed control.

Thousands of legends and songs are connected with the exploits of these popular heroes, who appear in Servia under the name of Haiduks, in Bulgaria under that of Haideouts or Haidutins, and in Greece and Albania under that of Klephts. Like Robin Hood, they are represented as protectors of the poor and weak, the friends of Christians and the scourge of the Mohammedan oppressor. These men despised mere thieves as "poultry stealers," but regarded themselves as patriots and benefactors of their race, in which opinion the public at large coincided.

The villagers, groaning beneath the exac-

tions of the Turkish beys, welcomed the Haidutin as a deliverer. Women were held sacred in the eyes of these chivalrous cut-throats, who were vastly different from the notorious Krdzaligen who devastated Bulgaria between 1792 and 1804. The Turkish soldiers sent to subdue these renegades usually joined forces with them, and terrible was the destruction which they caused. A grim description of the nakedness of the country has been left by a Frenchman who traveled through it at this time, disguised as a Tartar. "A stillness as of the grave reigned over the deserted fields; corpses and smouldering cottages followed the track of the brigands, and the peasants had fled or fallen a prey to the wild beasts or more ferocious men who roamed the land. Most celebrated of these dare-devils was Osman Pasvanoglu, who established himself as Pasha of Vidin, levied taxes, and coined money on his own account. He had a large army at his heels, and was even meditating a descent on Constantinople, when he died. His followers then entered the service of the government and quartered themselves upon the villages, demanding "tooth-money," or *dyschak*, for the wear and tear of their teeth on the hard bread of the poor peasants whose unwelcome guests they had been. This reign of terror was an episode in brigandage, not to be confounded with its usual history.

The Greek Klephts counted themselves patriots, — and their deeds of daring heroism during the Greek War of Independence called forth the plaudits of Europe. It was at this time that the women lent a helpful hand, laying aside the distaff for the sword and yataghan, accompanying their husbands to the mountains and sharing their fare and fate. On the cessation of hostilities, many of the women found themselves too much in love with the charms of a life in the greenwood to give it up. One woman named



GROUP OF CIRCASSIANS.

Peristéra, "The Pigeon," joined a band of brigands and became their leader under the name of Vanghelli; to which her followers added the soubriquet of *Spanò* or "Beardless." After pursuing this calling for several years, she appeared to grow tired of it and, leaving the mountains, she repaired to the British vice-consulate at Larissa where she gave in her submission. The Ottoman authorities granted a pardon to the penitent brigandess, who was then received into the service of the Greek Archbishop. A photograph taken at the time represents her in full Klepht costume, swords, pistols, and yataghan at waist, gun in hand, and round her neck suspended the insignia of chieftainship, a broad silver disc bearing in relief a representation of the brigand's patron saint, St. George, in his conflict with the dragon.

Bulgarian Amazons there have been, too, in abundance, who stormed Turkish caravans, sabre in hand, with the skill and courage of men. A century ago one of the most desperate of these bands was commanded by a woman who performed such prodigies of

valor that she actually passed for a man. There was no disrepute attached to this profession. In winter the lack of cover on the Balkans sent them to their homes, and they would bury their arms beneath the trees to be in readiness for another season. To this day the bark of many an oak in the mountains bears the secret sign by which they marked the spot. After a few years the Haidutin women usually retired from active business, married, and settled down to domestic life like Penka in the Bulgarian folk-song.

PENKA'S ADIEU TO HER BRIGAND LIFE.

Thus to Penka spoke her mother:

"When the day comes for thy wedding,
When thou ledest the procession,
See that thou thine eyelids raise not,
See thou look not to the mountains,
Lest the *Svátobi** imagine
Thou hast walked the hills a brigand."

To her mother answered Penka:

"I of thee would ask a favor—
Ask it also of my father

* Matchmaker.



BULGARIAN BRIGANDS ON THEIR WAY TO EXECUTION.

That he give to me a tocher,
Give me back my manly garments,
Give me, too, my pair of pistols,
My own sabre bright, Frank-fashioned,
And my good long-barreled rifle.

Once again as man I'd wander,
Were't but two or three days, mother,
Were it but a few hours only.

Once more to the hills I'd hie me,
To the Balkan with the brigands;
There the gallant ones await me."

Scarce had Penka finished speaking
When she donned her manly garments,
To the stable dark she hastened,
Straight led out the well-fed courser,

On his back she girthed the saddle;
Penka to the hills betook her,
To the mountain of the brigands,

Bearing presents to the heroes,
To each one she gives a kerchief
Folded round a golden sequin,

To remind her ancient comrades
Of the day when Penka wedded.

"brigand brigade." So creditably did this brigade acquit itself on the field of Slivnitza that Bulgarians stood revealed to Europe in a new light.

The Servians, too, found from bitter experience that "those who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," and not until the shrinking, cringing, Christian rayahs plucked up courage and took to the mountain peaks, their hands against the Turks, and the Turks' hands against them, did deliverance come.

As one after another of the little Balkan states—Montenegro, Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria—crept out from under Turkish sovereignty and joined the onward march of civilization, brigandage lost its prestige as an ancient and honorable profession. Not so, however, in Albania and Macedonia, the last stronghold of the Turk in Europe.

In Bulgaria, also, the brigands have been especially valorous when a patriotic movement was on foot. During the Servian-Bulgarian hostilities three thousand Macedonian brigands offered their services to Prince Alexander and were formed into a

In these two provinces conditions are essentially different. The Albanians or Skipetar, as they prefer to call themselves, are largely Mussulmans or of no religion at all. They take to brigandage because they

like it and prefer to make a profession of it. Utterly disregarding of human life, they are complacently indifferent to their present Ottoman masters. Caring nothing for agri-



A TOSK, ALBANIAN BRIGAND.

culture, trade, or commerce, they produce nothing upon which taxes can be levied, and, if they were levied, it would be more than any tax-gatherer's life would be worth to collect them. Wild and lawless by nature, possessed of a natural aptitude for fighting, their blood-feuds and constant border warfare permit few of them to die a natural death. No Albanian ever stirs abroad without being armed to the teeth. There is a legend that because of their fierceness the rulers of the infernal regions refused for a long time to harbor any Albanians from this world. At last a monk, Duro, bought of the pope's agent permission for them to enter the lower regions and removed from his countrymen the disgrace of being too violent to be admitted to hell.

They are, however, noted for their faithfulness, which, coupled with their love of fighting for the fight's sake, makes them much in demand for watchmen, *cavasses*, etc.

They count cowardice and unfaithfulness to an accepted trust as worse than death. Brigandage and cattle-lifting are not deemed disgraceful, inasmuch as they are acts of prowess. Some idea of an Albanian brigand's conception of honor may be gathered from these authentic instances which might be multiplied indefinitely.

A well-to-do Englishman whose business necessitated frequent trips to the interior of Albania, on which occasions he frequently brought back large sums of money, was always accompanied by a faithful Albanian *cavass*. On one occasion, after penetrating into the wildest part of his jurisdiction, his guard walked into the room where he was seated, and after making his *temela*, or salute, said: "*Chorbadi*, I shall leave you; therefore I have come to say to you *Allaha semarladu*" (good-bye).

"Why," said the astonished man, "what is to become of me in this outlandish place, without you?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I leave you because I have consented to attack and rob you, and as such an act would be cowardly and treacherous while I eat your bread and salt, I give you notice that I mean to do it on the highway as you return home. So take what precautions you like, that there may be fair play between us."

This said, he made his second *temela* and disappeared. He was as good as his word. Returning to his former profession, he assumed control of a brigand band, and at its head waylaid and attacked his former master. Forewarned in this case was forearmed, and the escort provided was strong enough to overpower the brigands.

On another occasion an English government official who owned an estate in Macedonia and was about to start for it, received a crumpled, dirty little note written in the Greek-Albanian dialect to this effect:

"Much Esteemed Effendi and Venerated Benefactor:—

"Some years ago your most humble servant and his companions were in difficulties. You saved them from prison and perhaps from the halter.

The service has never been forgotten, and the debt we owe to you will be shortly redeemed by my informing you that the robber band of Albanians in the

vicinity of your *chiftlik* have received instructions and have accepted the task of shooting you down the first time you come in this direction. I and my valiant men will be on the lookout to prevent the event if possible, but we warn you to be on your guard, for your life is in danger,

"Kissng your hand respectfully, I sign myself,
"A Member of the Very Band."

The Albanian is free and easy, therefore proverbially short of cash. This does not weigh very heavily on his mind, for shouldering his long gun, or yataghan, he takes openly to the highway and woos the fickle goddess Fortune with uniform success. The wealthy *chorbadjis* are always considered legitimate prey, as also the caravan of peasants returning home from market. These unfortunates are usually stripped of all they possess, cruelly beaten, and often killed. Well-to-do people and the sons of magnates who are sufficiently wealthy to redeem them by the payment of large ransoms are carried off as hostages.

Quite different is the case with the Bulgarians who form the larger part of the population of Macedonia. The Macedonian Bulgar, like his brother of free Bulgaria, would be a decent member of society, if he could. Rough, uncouth, stolid, ignorant, yet industrious, frugal, and possessed of qualities that, rightly improved, would render him a valuable member of society, misfortune seems to have marked him for her own. Forgotten by Christian Europe, which by the Berlin treaty of 1878 bound the sultan to introduce without delay a number of reforms in Macedonia, the condition of the Bulgar church has steadily gone from bad to worse.

Instead of endowing the Christian population of the province with the same rights and privileges as their Mohammedan fellow subjects, taxes have been increased, abduction, robbery, and murder are common occurrences, and the honor of every Christian woman is at the mercy of the first Mussulman whom she has the misfortune to please. Instead of being punished by the Ottoman authorities, the perpetrators are encouraged. Christians are forbidden under severe penalties to carry arms for the purpose of defense. What wonder that under Turkey's evil sys-

tem of political economy brigandage has grown to be the only lucrative trade! If, maddened by the exactions and cruelties of the Turkish beys who fatten on Christians, a peasant dares strike down his Moslem master, he must take to the hills and live the life of a brigand ever after, while his wife and children and relatives are being tortured to death by the authorities. It was this lamentable state of affairs that gave the Macedonian committee its ostensible *raison d'être*.

In January, 1899, this committee issued a memorial to the powers, recounting their grievances and demanding that Macedonia and the vilayet of Adrianople be made autonomous, as Crete is, and threatening that unless this was done the despairing population would resort to extreme measures. They closed by saying; "Since Europe takes no



BULGARIAN BRIGANDS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

interest in the fate of Christians in Turkey until they are exterminated *en masse*, it were better for them, instead of seeing their brothers murdered one by one, day after day, to give their ancient tyrants a pretext for a general massacre, so that they may quench their thirst for blood once for all. Perhaps

the Christian blood thus shed would move Christian Europe to pity."

However noble may have been the original motives of the committee (and it certainly has many sympathizers throughout the whole Balkan peninsula), it has latterly taken the form of brigandage on a large scale. Black-mail, under menace of assassination, has been levied upon wealthy people in Macedonia, in Bulgaria, and in Roumania, for in plots money is essential. Worse than all, under cover of this association, the desperadoes and cutthroats of all Southeastern Europe are carrying on their nefarious work, secure from all interference so long as they share *backsheesh* and keep on good terms with the Turkish officials. Thus clothed and protected in the garb of politics, wild Circassians, fierce Georgians, lawless Bashi-Bazouks, hardy Albanians, Bulgar renegades, wily Greeks, and savage Turks—all "fellows of the baser sort"—range and devastate these lands of Ottoman misrule.

And here, indeed, is the reason for the continuance of brigandage, in a nutshell. The whole account of Turkey is a sad story of ruin, desolation, poverty. Agriculture in a land whose policy is "take, take and never give," is impossible. Commerce, liable to so many risks—there can be none. All economic activity is paralyzed, for Turkey's policy in the management of what might be great industries is distinctly suicidal. Revenues out of all proportion to the holdings of the peasants are collected in the provinces and go to the sultan's treasury out of which he pays his spies and his provincial officials. The pay-days come but once or twice in the year, on the first day of Bairam (feast) which is celebrated at the end of the month of Ramazan (fast), and sometimes on the day of Courban Bairam (sacrificial feast). On these occasions the Constantinople papers burst into pæans of praise eulogizing the sultan, "whose kindly heart has been touched to bestow his benevolent fatherly care upon his servants by paying them their two months' arrears of salary," etc.

It is this delay in the payment of salaries that has been productive of untold evil

throughout the Ottoman Empire. It has produced a horde of conscienceless officials who realize that the government expects them to make their own salaries out of the very people whose interests they might be supposed to conserve. In levying and collecting the taxes the meanest form of extortion is employed.

Instead of making a just estimate of the value of property or produce (for every tree and field is assessed), a price is put upon it without any examination and always far above its value. Then, unless the officials are bribed in advance by the farmers, the tithe-collector will busy or hide himself until the crop, exposed to drenching rain and scorching sun, is spoiled. No one is permitted to harvest a field or pick the fruit of a tree until permission is granted by the Turkish official. Not long ago, a peasant in Adabazar was taxed double the amount called for by law. Daring to apply to the court for justice, the judge said: "Your nose is too big. You are rich enough to afford it."

Other methods of extortion whereby the officials are profited are the giving of false receipts, the road-tax, and the quartering of the soldiers in the rate-payers' houses. As the majority of the peasants cannot read or write, receipts that give smaller sums or earlier dates are frequently palmed off upon them. The road repair scheme comes under the head of road and labor tax. When in the imagination of the governor or pasha a road needs repair, he orders the Christians to work on the road for a number of days without any compensation. Meanwhile he reports to the Constantinople government that so much money has been spent for repairs. The amount received, he pockets it. Those who are behindhand with their taxes have soldiers sent to live in their homes, where they rummage everywhere, use everything as if it were their own personal property, even to the dishonoring of wife and daughters.

No appealed case is ever attended to in court unless the officials are bribed. No concession was given to the American Ice Company in Constantinople until the com-



A CROAD: EMPLOYED AS CARAS OR GUARD BY MEN OF WEALTH AND POSITION.



A NOTED BRIGAND CHIEF (TURKISH) WHO RETIRED FROM THE BUSINESS A FEW YEARS AGO AND NOW LIVES NEAR SMYRNA.



BULGARIAN COMMON SOLDIERS, WHO GUARD THE BORDER.



MIRODITES, ALBANIAN BRIGAND, WITH SERVANTS.

pany promised to provide the palace with ice for nothing. It cost the French company seventy-five thousand dollars before they could lay down the first railroad track between Jaffa and Jerusalem. "Back-



BASHI-BAZOUK.

sheesh!" is the demand of the beggar. "*Backsheesh!*" is the cry at the custom house. "*Backsheesh!*" is the command of the judge who sits on the bench. "*Backsheesh! backsheesh!*" everywhere and for everything! What wonder that so corrupt a government has turned loose a horde of robbers and brigands in the country and thieves in the cities? "*Baluk bashdan bokmush*" (the fish is spoiled from the head).

The immunity afforded brigands who share their loot with the officials is proverbial. Nearly always they have protectors in high places to help them escape the arm of the law which is a poor, weak arm at best. If a force of *soubaris* (mounted police) is sent in chase, the laxity with which their duty is discharged, the neglect of proper precautions to insure success, and their extreme unwillingness to expose themselves to hardship or danger make the futile termination of the expedition a foregone conclusion.

The only exception to the ordinarily per-

functory performance of duty is when the brigands have shown themselves so utterly lacking in discrimination as to hold up some rich Turkish official having influence with the Porte, or some influential European with a government behind him. When this happens the police force is augmented by armed *zaptiehs*, who push their quest with such vigor that a gruesome row of crucified brigands soon stands, a ghastly object lesson, in the nearest market-place.

For example, four years ago a French woman and her maid walking alone near Haidar Pasha, a suburb of Constantinople, were suddenly seized and taken to the mountains. A ransom of twenty-five hundred dollars was set, and the Turkish government compelled to advance the amount to the French ambassador (the French stand no nonsense in matters of this kind and the Porte understands it), who forwarded the money to the brigands. The women were at once released. The brigands were run to cover, and dead and living chained together and exposed in the market-place of Nicomedia for two days.

A few years ago some Turkish women on their way from the ancient baths at Cour les Bains, Yalora, were captured by brigands and kept until ransomed. Since then a body of soldiers has always been kept on guard to prevent a repetition of this mistake. An American woman, Mrs. Louise Park Richards, widow of the artist, Samuel Richards, writes from there that it is "quite an experience being escorted by soldiers armed to the teeth, when one is simply going to have rheumatism steamed out." This patrol visits eight or ten villages, covering some forty kilometers a day in all weathers.

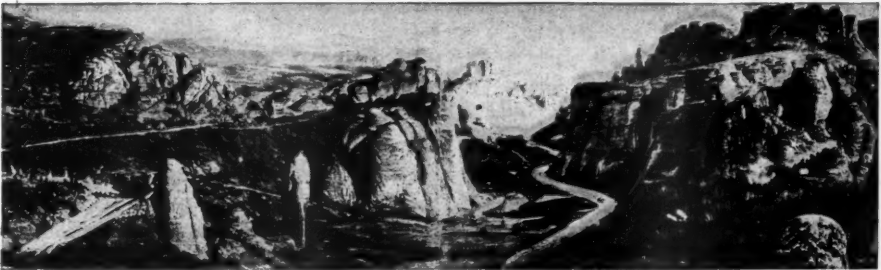
Constantinople itself is a veritable hornet's nest of thieves and robbers. The streets are still lighted with kerosene oil, more often than not speedily extinguished by the fresh breeze from the Black Sea. This adds to the protection of the robbers, and no one thinks of going out after dark without an armed guard. For years the police captains, not only in old Stamboul but in Galata and Pera in the European quarter, claimed

that it was an impossibility to catch the thieves. This because they knew that their salaries depended upon the higher officials, who in turn depended upon the thieves. At last the European residents made such vigorous complaints to the Turkish government, through their several ambassadors, that a rigid examination was instituted in their quarter, and the police captain himself found to be not only the protector of the thieves but the instigator as well.

The thieves in cities are usually Greeks or degenerate native-born Europeans, but the "brother in the mountains"—not a shameful confession by any means—is now an Albanian, now a Bulgar, now Greek, Kurd, Circassian, Georgian, Turk.

It frequently happens that these men—particularly the Circassians, Georgians, and Turks—have sisters or daughters who are

favorites in the palace. In this case they are immune from detection or punishment, no matter how flagrant their offense. If there is too great a hue and cry raised against their nefarious methods, a compromise is effected by appointing them to some lucrative government position. Such was the notorious Moussa Bey, who, after the Armenian massacres, was given a position of honor in the interior. A number of the officials in the palace have served their turn on the road, while Smyrna even more than Constantinople, is the center of a large polyglot settlement of ex-brigands, who, when no longer preying on the world at large, devour each other. Such is the anomaly of a government founded and maintained on organized brigandage, legalized murder. Again, "*Buluk bashdan, bokmush!*" The fish is spoiled from the head.



WHERE BRIGANDS THRIVE

EVERY-DAY JAPAN.

BY BEVERLEY BLAKE.



ON looking over my note-books and pictures, I find a large mass of facts about Japan which are rather hard to classify under one title. The familiar things of Japanese life are too often ignored altogether by foreign writers, or are touched upon so gingerly as scarcely to pique, and never to satisfy, the reader's interest.

If one deals only with common types and occupations to be studied there, one finds contrasts enough to our own, in all conscience. Victor Hugo once said that nothing is more certain to happen than the impossible; and in the Land of Topsy-Turvydom this seems especially true. But what after a long residence in Japan becomes familiar and therefore negligible, is on first view often curious or striking. Therefore in this paper I shall transcribe from my notes certain impressions which, though jotted down when I was a fresh arrival in the empire, I have no reason now to change. The illustrations, selected from my large private collection, here and there refresh my mind on some points not originally mentioned in the note-books; and to me, next to the pleasure of living in Japan, which I left after a five years' residence, in April of last year, is the pleasure of writing about it.

A COUNTRY CURIO SHOP.

By curios I mean old Japanese works of art, and these are fast disappearing from the stores and shops of the empire. In the old feudal days nearly all the works of art were in the temples and in the collections of nobles, except such pieces as were given to their retainers as rewards of faithful service.

When the present emperor, Mutsu Hito, came into power most of the temple lands and the estates of many of these lords were confiscated, and the nobles had to sell their treasures. Their retainers — the *samurai*

— were in even worse plight. They knew nothing about work, in the ordinary sense of the word. They had been a leisure class for centuries, except for their occasional military exploits. Food, clothes, and shelter had always been furnished them, and their education had been chiefly in the use of arms.

Suddenly they were called upon to support large families, and with the coming of the emperor into more direct and absolute sovereignty, all their warlike occupations were gone — the whole feudal system abolished. They were more helpless than the negroes of our own southern states after the close of the Civil War; for the negroes had worked with their hands and knew nothing else, while the *samurai* always had despised menial toil as far beneath their dignity. At this time priceless works of art were sold for a song. The time had come when caste must take a back seat and money was to step to the front. The impoverished *samurai*, who formerly had looked down in lofty disdain on the merchant and banker, no matter how rich, now bowed before him and humbly begged for food to keep him and his family from starving. Piece by piece he parted with his household treasures, till at last only his swords and the swords of his ancestors were left. He would not part with these, but his children, in many cases, have done so.

An old *samurai* from Owari came to visit me while I lived in Nagoya. He brought with him his six swords — one eight hundred years old. He was afraid that if he left them at home a fire might ruin them or that they might be stolen. When I took him to the club he carried his swords on his shoulder. He cleaned them fastidiously every morning. He slept with them beside him every night. You were requested not to speak or smoke while he was showing them. One of them was carried by the second in command of the famous Forty-seven Ronins.



A COUNTRY CURIO SHOP.

Just before they gave themselves up finally, they were fed at the house of my friend's ancestor, and in return for his hospitality he was presented with this sword. It should be added, in respect to the *samurai*, that they were given positions in the public service wherever possible, many of them becoming policemen.

Well, these relics of castles and baronial villas were either bought up by the government for national and city museums or by rich men for their own collections, or found their way into the hands of merchants, who bought them for speculation. Large shipments were sent to Europe, and in museums and private houses there many of these rare souvenirs may be seen. The time for such bargains is past, and curio dealers now have to sell contemporary products.

But no people are more clever than the Japanese in making the new look old. I have seen them take a piece of new porcelain, rub down the bottom and all the edges to make it look smooth, as if from the fric-

tion of long usage, boil it in tea for a day, so as to give it a dark color and crack the glazing, wrap it in silk, put it in an old lacquer-box bearing the crest of some noble family—and sell it to a tourist for more perhaps than the contents of the whole shop were worth. Even sharp-eyed connoisseurs are fooled in this way. As to valuable swords, you can tell those that are genuine. Certain signs or designs on the clay-tempered blade, as well as the maker's name on the end to which the handle is attached, give the clue to its merits.

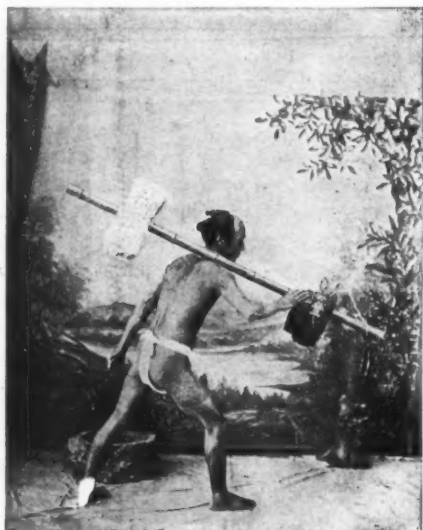
Many tourists, thinking they have bought a really fine old piece of *faïence* or carved ivory, would be sadly surprised to know that it is not hundreds of years old, but perhaps only a few weeks or days. As Mr. Osman Edwards says, in truthful rhyme,

“ There's silk-cut velvet, old brocade
And everything that's *joto*,¹
And ancient bronzes, newly-made
For dealers in Kyoto.”

¹ First-class.

One stands a much better chance of getting something good in the country shops than in those of the large cities. Our cut shows the interior of a lacquer and bamboo store. On the walls and floor are displayed various articles, but one must not think that these are all the store contains; for the best pieces are packed away in boxes made for them and are not shown until you have examined the poorer goods. The clerks will not rush forward to wait on you. They speak civilly, and expect you to indicate what you want. Usually they will offer you a cup of tea.

When you go into a shop and say good-day in English, or mispronounce the Japanese equivalent, the price of everything in the place jumps up twenty per cent, because it is inferred at once that you know little of values. The Japanese shopkeeper has a sliding scale of prices, for, in a way, he



THE COURIER OR POST-RUNNER.

understands human nature. He knows that if he charges one hundred dollars for a thing and allows the tourist to beat him down to fifty dollars, the tourist goes away with a better opinion of his own business ability than if the shopkeeper had made the price fifty dollars in the first place and adhered to it. The professional guides, who bring cus-

tomers to the Japanese merchant, get from ten to twenty per cent on his sales, and he feels obliged to put up his price so much the more. Thus, even at this late day, it is sometimes possible to find good things in country stores, because the guide does not deem it worth his while to show tourists into small curio shops, but conducts them to the big stores, in Kyoto, for instance.

The old man on the left, in the accompanying picture, is reading off a list of figures, and a small boy next to him is adding them up on a *soroban*, or calculating machine. The Japanese will add, subtract, multiply, and divide almost as fast as you can give them the figures on this ingenious little contrivance. The other boy is sitting before a writing-box. These boys are under sixteen, as may be seen by the pleat over the shoulders in their kimonos. Entering business as apprentices, they are often adopted by merchants whose names they assume and to whose property they become legitimate heirs.

THE POST-RUNNER.

It should not be inferred that at the present time Japan depends upon such primitive methods of carrying her mails as the accompanying picture shows. In the mountainous regions and in some of the northern islands these runners are still to be seen. But in other places, along the beaten tracks of travel, the railroad has superseded them, and the Japanese postal system is like our own; in fact, is modeled upon ours.

The courier presented in the cut is of the old type, as may be determined by the dressing of his hair. Thirty years ago, between the capital and all the large cities in the empire relays of couriers were stationed every twelve miles. At dawn the courier, stripped and ready for his long run, stood, we will say, at the gate of a castle. A message enclosed in a lacquer-box about the size of a glove-box and bearing the crest of the sender, was brought to him. He stamped a numbered receipt for it and gave it to the servant, then wrapped the package in oil paper, to protect it from the dust or rain, tied it to one end of a pole, placing his



CLAM-DIGGING IN YOKOHAMA.

folded kimono at the other end to balance it on his shoulder — and was off on his twelve-mile run.

If the roads were good he would make the journey in perhaps an hour and a half. As he neared the village where he was to be relieved, another runner stood waiting. The latter gave his receipt to the station-master for the package, and jogged off toward his destination. In this way the package, on an average, would travel about one hundred miles a day. If it contained something important or valuable, it was locked up in a post-station and guarded during the night. Most of these men were elaborately tattooed, as are the jinrikisha men and wrestlers of today.

CLAM-DIGGING IN YOKOHAMA.

Raw, cooked, and smoked fish, served in scores of ways, forms one of the chief articles of Japanese food. The seas that surround Japan and its many rivers and lakes all abound in fish. The photograph given

here was taken from the so-called Bund (the street fronting on the picturesque harbor) in Yokohama and shows the lower classes taking advantage of an exceptionally low tide to dig clams, which the tide constantly brings inshore. Some of the diggers are climbing the sea-wall, with their baskets full of clams, either to be peddled about the streets or taken to their own homes.

All the land on which the foreign concession and a large part of the native town is built is made land — that is, it was once marsh and bog. In this connection, a very sad story, said to be true, is told of a useless human sacrifice offered up to the Shinto gods of the sea and land. Many persons tried to convert the marsh into cultivable land — rice fields — but all failed, till there appeared on the scene a man named Yoshida Kambei, a dealer in lumber.

He planned a strong dyke, 21,300 feet in circumference, to enclose this noisome swamp, which he meant to fill with earth brought from the neighboring hills. Seven



THE BASKET-SELLER.

different times he failed, but he was not discouraged. Before making his eighth and last attempt, he called together his friends and employees and held a long consultation on the matter. Actuated in everything by superstition, they finally decided that the haughty spirits of the land and sea were wroth at the bold experiments of Kambei, and that, to appease them, it would be necessary to lay a *hitobashira* or human foundation — that is, a human being placed alive in an air-tight box or caisson — to be sunk deep in the marsh, with a post erected over it. Kambei avowed that he would be willing to offer himself for this purpose, if he were sure that some one competent to carry on the work after he was gone could be found. That, of course, was pretence on his part.

At last a servant of his, who was present at the consultation, came forward and offered herself as a willing sacrifice. She was eighteen years old and had been in his family all her life. He had taken her when she was a

baby from the arms of her dying mother, to be brought up as his servant. Her name was O San. She said that as he had saved her life it was his to use. How could she better dedicate it than to this great enterprise of her master's? Kambei himself reflected that if this last attempt failed he would be ruined, and he was desperate. So O San gave up her life — the human foundation was laid — and from that time, says a Japanese chronicler, "the sea was gentle and the earth obedient."

The work of filling in this swampy area was completed in 1657. A shrine was erected in honor of O San by Kambei, that her memory might be perpetuated in the minds of future generations; and festivals are still given every year, in the month of September, to commemorate her tragic death. The original port was called Kana-gawa — Yokohama being founded many years later. By the way, last Fourth of July the Japanese unveiled a fine monument — devised



RICE-POUNDING.

and sculptured by native artists—to Commodore Perry, in recognition of his notable services in securing a treaty between them and the United States in 1854—which threw open their ports to foreign trade and was the first stepping-stone to their present civilization.

RICE-POUNDING.

There are now many steam rice mills throughout Japan, and some of the milling is done on boats in the rivers. But there is hardly a street that does not have a little rice store, in the rear of which one or more men are pounding rice from morning till night.

Instead of seeing in the moon what we liken to a man, the Japanese think they descry in that fickle luminary two rabbits pounding rice. The old mill, which is still used in many parts of the country, has a long beam working on a pivot in the center, a heavy stone fastened on the top at one end and just beneath it a round block which

fits snugly in the mortar. On the other end the operator places his foot, and by throwing the entire weight of his body on it, the stone is raised several feet and when it falls the block crushes and grinds the rice in the stone or wood mortar.

In summer, and even during the cold season, the coolies who work this crude device wear little or nothing—usually only a loin cloth of white cotton. Three of the men in the illustration have on short workingmen's kimonos—always blue—with the name of the rice store's owner stamped on the lapels in white. They get from ten to twenty cents a day. Like our own millers, they are covered with white powder when at work.

THE BASKET-SELLER.

Japan is a great country for all kinds of peddlers. Almost everything, from live goldfish and cut flowers to modern American lamps and cheap watches from Connecticut, is hawked through the streets and country lanes. The basket-sellers are seen every-



THE MUSICAL MENDICANT.

where—their two stands piled high with baskets, brooms, bamboo sieves and dust-pans. These two stands are fastened to the ends of a pole about six feet long, and are balanced in the center on the left shoulder. The venders go on a kind of dog-trot, so that the elasticity of the pole takes the weight, or some of it, off their shoulders.

They will cover from fifteen to twenty miles a day, stopping at numerous houses and continually crying their wares. Their daily profits amount, in our money, to from ten to twenty cents.

THE MUSICAL MENDICANT.

No hour is too early or too late for these fearless strollers, nor is any thin-walled Japanese house secure from their strident noises. Everywhere they are to be heard, singly or in pairs or trios, singing and strumming their *samisens*. There is little music about it, at least to an American ear. Cold or heat, rain or shine, does not drive them to cover.

The surest way to get rid of them is to give them a few *rins*; but even then they move only on to the next house. The woman in our illustration has her kimono tucked up under her *obi* or sash—the better to walk.



THE BLIND SHAMPOOER.

Her under kimono, usually of a bright red, hangs down to protect her limbs. Her coarse, black hair is shielded from the dust by a white cloth, and on her back is tied a paper umbrella, in case of rain. The master of almost every Japanese house usually leaves with his gatekeeper or servant a little money to protect his quiet against their prolonged intrusion. They are no more vicious than itinerant musicians in other countries, but are generally regarded as nuisances.

THE SHAMPOOER.

Japan is the only country in the world's history that has given blind men and women a profession by themselves. They are not confined to cities only, but wander through the whole empire, and there are literally tens of thousands of them.

In olden times, the shampooers were much more of a feature of every-day life than they are today. In many towns and rural sections they were the only doctors, as at one period were the barbers in Europe. They were wonderfully quick to locate and diagnose disease simply by their highly-trained sense of touch. Today nearly all the shampooers and *masseurs*, or *ammass*, as they are called, are leagued together for mutual protection

in a sort of labor guild, and so divide up their territory as to enable all to earn a livelihood.

There are really two classes of these blind men. The better class own houses and their patients go to them for treatment. They have office hours for consultation, like our Western physicians. Those belonging to a less lucky or inferior order, walk through the streets, blowing on bamboo whistles, or shrilly crying, "*Amma, amma,*" and feeling their way forward with a long stick. The true courtesy of the Japanese is shown in no better way than in their kind treatment of these poor unfortunates. I have often seen rich men and men of high station stop on a crowded street and help an *amma* over a bad place in the road or guide him into some house he was looking for. The jinrikisha man will always turn out, or, if the road be too narrow, will lead the sightless wayfarer to the side—there to stand till the man with his vehicle can pass.

Often after a long horseback ride in the country I have returned home tired and stiff. On these occasions it became my invariable rule first to take a bath, then don a thin cotton kimono and have my servant call in one of these blind men. It is remarkable the way they can banish or relieve an ache or pain, and take the stiffness out of the joints and muscles in a short time. Not less than scientific is the fact that a man who feels lame and stiff will get relief by being rubbed in the shoulder and neck muscles, where his greatest strength lies and where walking or riding seems to bring

the main strain. Massage, or at least improvements in it, are ascribed to the Swedes; but long before the Swedes ever had a commonwealth, massage was practised among the Japanese, and some of their kneading movements of the flesh are still generally unknown to our operators. They have also different kinds of treatment which we do not follow. One is sticking silver needles in the flesh (without drawing blood, as they avoid veins and arteries) to get up a counter-irritation, say for rheumatism. Another is burning the flesh with a certain chemical mixture, known as *moza*. Lumps of sticky dough made of this substance are placed on the backs or legs of sufferers from lumbago, paralysis or other ills. These cones, touched with a lighted match, burn and hiss and give intense agony to those who undergo the treatment. It leaves scars, which are often seen on the bare backs and legs of coolies. Not alone is this terrific searing given by the blind *masseurs*, but by Minē priests among whom it originated and to whom alone is the secret of the composition of this *moza* dough now known. The priests sell it to the blind men.

These *masseurs* will work over you for hours for paltry pay—a few cents. As before stated, I have often tried them and never once did one fail to designate me as a foreigner—not always alone by feeling my hair, which of course, is finer in texture than that of the Japanese, and which would have afforded him a clue, but merely by touching my flesh.



THE BROWNING'S IN FLORENCE.

BY LILLIAN V. LAMBERT.



N either side of the Arno, nestling among the hills, with spurs of the Apennines to the north, and lower mountains to the south, lies Florence, a city that has played an active part in the history of the world for over three thousand years; a city rich in palaces and cathedrals, in libraries and museums, and in works of art of world-wide renown; a city which has been the home of noted statesmen, artists, and poets, and which, by its wealth of architecture and painting, has ever attracted to itself the lovers of the beautiful. Here lived and worked the artists Giotto, Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, and Michaelangelo, the poets Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; here was the beautiful home of the rich and powerful Medici; and here lived and toiled and died the great patriot priest, Savonarola.

To this city with all its historic memories, came in 1846 a pale, slender woman "with large, tender eyes richly fringed with dark eyelashes, and a mass of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face." With her was a man of strong, powerful physique, gray eyes, and light brown hair. These people came from England, where for years this frail woman had lived a secluded life with her devoted parents, and a large family of brothers and sisters. Mr. Barrett, with the clear, discerning eyes of love, soon perceived that his daughter Elizabeth, while yet but a child, showed an unusual ability for expressing her thoughts in rhyme. Everything that devotion and money could suggest was done to encourage the little poet, who, at the age of eleven, ambitiously wrote an epic on the "Battle of Marathon." The proud father had fifty copies of this youthful production printed and distributed among friends.

The advancing years brought to the father a firmer conviction that this daughter was

destined to be immortal, but as she approached womanhood, the shadow of ill health surrounding her deepened until at length she was forced to be satisfied with her couch in a darkened room, brightened however by the presence of many books, and the occasional entrance of a few friends. But the fertile brain and the glowing imagination were busy, and many poems of rich beauty came forth from this quiet room.

Among the few friends privileged to visit the invalid was Mr. Kenyon, a man of ample means and literary taste, who spent his time in "entertaining and being entertained by the makers of pictures and poems." He was distantly related to Miss Barrett, and so had frequent access to her home. He was accustomed to take to her all the best new books, and to introduce her, so far as her health would permit, to their authors. Among the few thus invited to meet her was a poet of rare genius, Robert Browning, a man whose tender heart and genial personality endears him to us even more than his immortal poems. He was in every way the opposite of this flower-like woman. So full of health and vigor was he that his handshake was said to be like an electric shock. This large-souled man joyously expressed his religion in the words of Pippa:

"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world."

In the lives of these two people we have repeated the old, old story. O, the wondrous magic of love! especially such a love as Robert Browning could give. It came to her in her thirty-eighth year, and took from her the gloom of ill health to give to her instead the strength of life and happy love. Who can express its subtle influence more wonderfully than she herself has done:

"I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turn had flung

A shadow 'cross me. Straightway I was 'ware
 So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
 Guess now who holds thee? Death! I said. But
 there

The silver answer rang, Not Death, but Love."

— *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

To Robert Browning love was life, it was the ethereal essence of all that is beautiful and good, it was God. He has given to it a moral significance, a power above all others to lift man upon a plain compatible with his own worth. Thus he speaks:

"There is no good in life but love — but love!

What else looks good is some shade flung from love,
 Love gilds it, gives it worth."

— *In a Balcony.*

And so were joined the poet minds and poet hearts — worth wed to worth. When we consider how sorrow and disappointment, clothed in their dark habiliments of gloom, have sat at the fireside of so many English writers, throwing their chill over all about them, we turn with gladness to this ideal union. The correspondence between these two poet-lovers, recently published, seems to me far too sacred ever to have been given to the curious eyes of the world. There is in the life of each, even the poorest and most humble, a holy of holies within which none should dare to tread. So we will turn from this most delightful part of their life, saying only that on account of the violent opposition offered by the bride's father, they were married quietly at St. Pancras church, on the 12th of September, 1846, and left almost immediately after for Italy, by way of Paris. When William Wordsworth heard the news he remarked: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together! Well, I hope they may understand each other — nobody else could." Mrs. Jameson and her niece chanced to meet them in Paris, and accompanied them to Italy. From Paris, Mrs. Jameson humorously wrote that she had with her a poet and a poetess — two celebrities who ran away and married under circumstances peculiarly interesting and such as rendered imprudence the height of prudence. "Both excellent," she added,

"but God help them! for I know not how two poet heads and poet hearts will get along in this prosaic world."

We are glad to know that these two poet heads and hearts did get along most admirably, and that genius is not an incompatible foe to common sense, but that they can co-exist within the same mind.

From Paris they went to Pisa and after staying there a few months they finally settled at Florence in a romantic old palace known as Casa Guidi. With Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor, let us take a peep into their home. First we will enter the little dining-room covered with tapestry, where hang medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning; then we will pass into the long room, filled with plaster casts and studies, which is Robert Browning's retreat; and last of all we come to the drawing-room where she always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the iron-gray church of Santa Felice. There is something about this room that seems to make it an especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light give it a dreamy look, which is enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and the old pictures of saints that look out sadly from the carved frames of black wood. Large book-cases, constructed from specimens of Florentine carving selected by Mr. Browning, are brimming over with wise-looking books. Dante's profile, a cast of Keats's face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, and the genial face of John Kenyon — all attract the eye in turn. A quaint mirror, easy chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings that always add an indescribable charm, are all massed in this room. But the glory of it all, and that which sanctifies it all, is seated in a small armchair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing material, books, and newspapers is always near her.

Thus the woman in the "small armchair" speaks of the city which they had chosen as their home: "Florence is beautiful, as I have said before and must say again and again, most beautiful. The river rushes

through the midst of its palaces like a crystal arrow, and it is hard to tell when you see all by the clear sunset, whether those churches, and houses, and windows, and bridges, and people walking, in the water or out of the water, are the real walls, and windows, and bridges, and people, and churches. The only difference is that, down below, there is a double movement; the movement of the stream besides the movement of life. For the rest the distinctness of the eye is as great in one as in the other.

"In the meanwhile I have seen the Venus, I have seen the divine Raphaels, I have stood by Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce. I have looked at the wonderful Duomo. This cathedral! . . . The mountainous marble masses overcome us as we look up—we feel the weight of them on the soul. Tessellated marbles (the green threading its elaborate pattern though the dim yellow, which seems the general hue of the structure) climb against the sky, self-crowned with that prodigy of marble domes. . . . It seemed to carry its theology out with it; it signified more than a mere building."

Vallombrosa, of which the poetess also speaks, brings to our mind Milton's description of Satan in all the dignity of his huge greatness, standing on the shore of the infernal lake and calling to his companions in sin who lay unconscious upon the surface:

" On the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th'Etrurian shades
High overarched imbower."

To this same Vallombrosa, Mr. and Mrs. Browning went to pass their first summer in Italy; but after spending five delightful days in the monastery there, they were ignominiously expelled because "the lord abbot was given to sanctity, and had set his face against women." But these five days seem fully to have repaid this beauty-loving woman for their rather laborious trip there. These are her words taken from letters to friends: "From Peloga (to Vallombrosa) we traveled five miles through the most roman-

tic scenery. Oh such mountains! as if the whole world were alive with mountains,—such ravines, black in spite of flashing waters in them—such woods and rocks. We were four hours doing the five miles, so you can imagine what rough work it was. Whether I was most tired or charmed was a tug between body and soul. How we enjoyed the great, silent, ink-black woods, supernaturally silent with the ground black as ink; such chestnut and beech forests hanging from the mountains; such rocks and torrents, such chasms and ravines!"

In telling of their disappointment at their short sojourn in this beautiful forest, she remarks rather humorously: "It is said that Milton took his description of Paradise from Vallombrosa, so driven out of Eden we were, literally."

The Brownings numbered among their friends many people of note—Lord Alfred Tennyson, William Wordsworth, William Makepeace Thackeray, the Trollopes, Lord Lytton, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, R. H. Horne, John Kenyon, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Gaskell, George Sand, Charles Lever, and many others. A correspondence was carried on with many of these during their residence in Florence. We are pleased to see occasionally the human side of a poet's character as shown us by Mrs. Browning's words in regard to Tennyson: "Mr. Tennyson has a little son (Sept. 2nd, 1852.) and wrote me three such happy notes on the occasion that I never liked him so well before. I do like men who are not ashamed to be happy beside a cradle."

In Florence they knew intimately the American sculptors Hiram Powers, W. W. Story, and Harriet Hosmer. Mrs. Browning speaks of Miss Hosmer as "a great pet of hers and Robert's." Then she tells with admiration of the young artist's simplicity of manners and her freedom of life in this city of art.

Here, too, they formed a strong friendship with Nathaniel Hawthorne and his family, with Harriet Beecher Stowe, and with Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Mrs. Browning speaks of Mrs. Stowe as being "very simple and

gentle, with a sweet voice, undesirous of shining." Then she adds, "Her books are not so much to me, I confess, as the fact is that she above all women (yes, and men of her age) has moved the world—and for good." Margaret Fuller Ossoli spent at the Browning home a portion of her last evening in Florence. The news of her death at sea was a great shock to Mrs. Browning's sensitive nature. Thus she speaks: "'Deep called unto deep,' indeed. Now she is where there is 'no more deep and no more sea;' and none of the restless in this world, none of the shipwrecked in heart ever seemed to me to want peace more than she did. . . . High and pure aspirations she had—yes, and a tender woman's heart, and we honored the truth and courage in her, rare in woman or in man."

Among their acquaintances in Florence we must not forget the great English essayist, Walter Savage Landor, who for years resided in the old palace of the Medici, but who finally left his family when over eighty years old and came to the Brownings for sympathy and help. They generously befriended him, locating him in a cottage near, under the care of "Wilson," who for years had been Mrs. Browning's maid. Mr. Browning became his guardian, as they laughingly expressed it, and provided for him with money furnished by his relatives in England.

The time spent in this sunny clime was not passed idly. The pens of both poets continued to be busy. From here came the material for the "Ring and the Book," Browning's most ambitious work and by many considered his masterpiece. It has its origin in an old Roman murder case, an account of which he found in a second-hand book-store in Florence. The same story is told ten times, on each occasion from the standpoint of him who narrates it. A critic has said that Shakespeare's method is "to depict a soul in action, with all the pertinent play of circumstances," while Browning's is "to portray the process of its mental and spiritual development." As he himself has said, "little else is worth study." How admirably he

has done this, in this intensely dramatic work of art!

Here also were written his "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day;" and his two volumes of poems known as "Men and Women." The latter is dedicated to his wife.

"Here they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me, the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.
* * * * *
This to you, yourself the moon of poets."

Here, too, were written poems which bear directly upon Florence and her past life,—
"Old Pictures in Florence," "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "Andrea del Sarto."

Much as Robert and Elizabeth Browning loved Florence, they were never completely weaned from their native land. A strain of homesickness creeps into the former's "Home Thoughts from Abroad,"

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's here,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest bough and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!"

After the third year of their residence in Italy, those who visited Casa Guidi saw the mistress of the home—this woman with the marvelously bright eyes shining out from her bower of dark curls, bore in her arms a tiny form with blue eyes, and a mass of yellow ringlets covering his fair baby head. A very sweet, attractive boy little Robert Wiedeman Barrett Browning proved to be, who, very early in his child life was proud of the fact that he was a Florentine. And now something besides poetry and books demanded the mother's attention, something far more precious—a "living poem," as Longfellow expresses it, while all the rest are dead. Never for one moment was this "living poem" neglected, but the mother found time to write by far her longest work, "Aurora Leigh," and her patriotic poems, "Casa Guidi Windows," and "Poems before Congress." With all the ardor of her poetic

soul she sympathized with the Italians in their struggle for liberty. What Italian soldier could fail to feel a patriotic inspiration from such lines as these:

"Each man stands with his face in the light
Of his own drawn sword.
Ready to do what a hero can,
Wall to ass, or river to ford,
Cannon to front or foe to pursue—
Still ready to do, and sworn to be true,
As a man and a patriot can."

—*Napoleon III. in Italy.*

Neither did she forget those who gave their fathers and brothers and sons that Italy might be free. Through her, a heart-broken mother who had sacrificed both her sons upon her country's altar, asks the question which is common to every loving mother's heart:

"But when Italy's free, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?
When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white,
green, and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)
What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your
bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
Above the stars pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair."

—*Mother and Poet.*

Mrs. Browning with her strong, heroic soul in that frail, flower-like body, gave expression to every feeling from encouragement and hope, to indignation and curses upon those who stood idly by to see lives sacrificed in vain, and women suffer as did this mother. We are glad to know that Italia, at length proudly free, recognized her great debt to this patriotic woman, and discharged it as best she could, in coin of the very highest value—purest gold of devotion and gratitude.

After fifteen years of happiness as wife and mother, and of loving labor for the struggling Italians whom she had adopted as her countrymen, the Angel of Death stood at the bedside of this sweet singer, and gently breathed upon her face. Lying in the arms of her devoted husband she whispered, "It is beautiful." Then the brown

eyes closed to open in the realms of celestial song. She lies buried in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. The municipality of the city placed a white marble slab upon Casa Guidi, and thereon, inscribed in letters of gold, is an Italian inscription written by Tammaseo. Translated into English it reads: "Here wrote and died, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in her woman's heart united the wisdom of the sage and the eloquence of the poet; with her golden verse linking Italy to England."

Critics have given to both Mr. and Mrs. Browning a high place in the world of literary art, but to Robert Browning, without doubt, the higher. Yet such was not his opinion. These are his words in regard to his wife: "I am only a painstaking fellow. Can't you imagine a clever sort of an angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, then carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and while this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine." (Mrs. Orr's "Life of Robert Browning.")

After his wife's death, Robert Browning and his little son returned to London, and Florence could no longer claim them as her own. Though he made an effort always to be cheerful for his son's sake, he never ceased to mourn for his beautiful, sweet-tempered wife. What was death to him now that she was on the other shore!

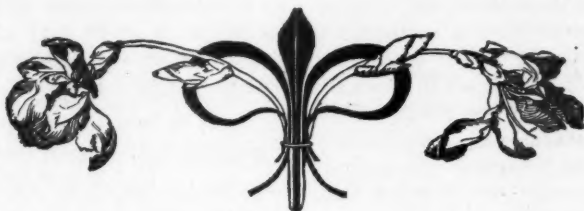
"Fear death? . . .
No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
And the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again
And with God be the rest."

—*Prospice.*

On Thursday, the 12th of December, 1889,

the poet pair were reunited. It is a great thing to write a beautiful poem; it is a much greater thing to live a beautiful life. Of each of them might we say what Wordsworth said of Milton:

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart,
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."



IN OLD BALLAD DAYS.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

Inscribed to All the Lovers of Nature.



ACH form of literature has its own beauty and its own use. The ballad is a distinct form, and, as such, should be understood. It is the lyric of Nature, or better, the lyric of that heart which, companioning with Nature, reflects her secret meanings to the world. There is no form more generally neglected nor more commonly misunderstood; the homely phraseology often veiling, for the casual reader, the intrinsic worth and beauty of the verse.

Not long since, at a public reading, the arranger of the program was surprised and pained to find the audience, composed largely of men and women who read, stolidly unappreciative of the delicacies of expression in the beautiful ballad of "Binnorie." The comments proved the listeners to be totally without understanding of that branch of versification known, by form, as the ballad. The musical repetition in the refrain, of which Helen Hunt Jackson says:

"Of all the songs which poets sing,
The ones which are most sweet,
Are those which at close intervals
A low refrain repeat;

Some tender word, some syllable,
Over and over, ever and ever,
While the song lasts
Altering never."

—was made the subject of derision; and the grace and picturesque beauty of the whole production was lost. Why? Because the close relation of the moods of Nature to the phases of human experience had been misunderstood; and the great Mother is not kind to those who will not understand.

The ballad is that of "The Cruel Sister," taken from Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It was transcribed from the story of an old woman, who remembered it from her youth, and the spirit is the spirit, sunshine, and shadow of the bonny milldams of Binnorie—love, unrest, and tragedy.

There were two sisters sat in a bower;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

We hear the water plashing in its silvery
thud, thud, thud; and see the faces of the

sisters smiling at the casement as he comes.
But:

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abuse a' thing;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A shadow creeps across the casement and
the waters whisper of coming storm.

The eldest she was vexéd sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The shadows deepen and the waters moan.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and push'd her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And now the music of the waters is one long
moan across the strand.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drowned woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he look'd that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sound would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

* * * * *
But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Whatever the origin of the ballad form —
and with its history we are not here especially concerned — it was the outgrowth of a free and untrammelled life. Always around and about it is the music and sounding of waters, the whisper of leaves, the mysterious silences of shadowy forests. Moonlight escapades and hand-to-hand encounters, greenwood trysts, and long day revelries — these are the spirit of the old ballad days as they waxed and waned in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. What an indescribable charm in the rhythmic beat of the lines:

In summer when the shawes be sheen,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowles song.
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hilles hee,
And shadow them in the leaves green,
Under the greenwood tree.

And again, would you have your heart beat fast, your blood tingle, your breath come quick and short! Then:

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.
As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.
The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain
And chanted a roundelay.

This is the meeting of Robin Hood and

Allan-a-Dale. And to what lover of ballad lore is Robin Hood a stranger? Or Little John or Friar Tuck or Maid Marian? Often in Sherwood Forest and the fields of Nottingham does the reader of the old ballad wander — through the deep coolness of the woods, through breezy fields, with twanging of bow and whizzing of arrow, among green lanes and hidden silences. In odorous and mossy solitudes, with ripple of waters and music of winds and the rustle of leaves about us, do we companion with Robin Hood and his merry men.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Instinctively the human heart goes longing out after the ideal — the month of May, a cloudless sky, an untrammelled life. Once within the mystic circle, how the world is changed! How the sun seems always to shine, how cool and deep the shadows are, and, if it chance to be morning, how the dew glistens and the birds sing! Yet who can give us surety that it never rained in those old ballad days? Sharp storms and many of them, and many a ride to greenwood haunt, drenched by the pelting rain, had our bold Robin Hood, no doubt; and many a rough experience at the hand of man and the hand of nature. But he met them bravely every one, and the sunshine came as he took it. To the lover of nature, Robin Hood is a hero. Hush! as we read, we hear the sounding of horns and the twanging of bows, and the deep-mouthed music of hounds in the forest. All through the day, frolic and song and the merry bouts of the archers, and at evening — what expeditions planned, what twilight meetings, what tales of adventure! Oh, healthful, breezy, out-of-door life! The breath of the ballad is the breath of the woods and the fields and the limitless scope of the heavens. Fresh air and deep breathing, and the health of England and of Scotland — fresh, bracing airs, building, in times of peace, the sinew for time of war.

And many a tale of conflict do we have in

these old chronicles; for men were brave and men were strong in the old ballad days. And women were fair, and love was love, and life was life, and death might come when it would! "Chevy Chase," and the ballads of Arthur, the King, and all the songs of the border minstrels! All day long the clash and clang of battle, the thud of iron, the clash of steel, the trample of horses in combat! Never have the tales of warfare been more vividly portrayed than in the chronicles of the old ballad days.

Here are a few stanzas of that famous "Chevy Chase," of which Addison so enthusiastically wrote in his *Spectator*, and over which the martial blood of Sidney thrilled. This version is the original one as it appears in the "Reliques" of Bishop Percy.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In maugre¹ of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let² that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty meany;³
With fifteen hundred archers bold of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

Then began, on a Monday at morn, a hunting
which the child unborn must rue.

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne;
His armour glitter'd as did a glede,⁴
A bolder baron was never born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot Chase in spite of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and thee."

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."

¹ In spite of. ² Prevent. ³ Company. ⁴ A live coal.

"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
 "Therefore the one of us shall dee this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
 Unto the Lord Percy;

"To kill all these guiltless men,
 Alas! it were great pitie.

"But Percy, thou art a lord of land,
 I am an earl call'd within my country:
 Let all our men upon a parti stand,
 And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord
 Percy,

"Whosoever thereto says nay,
 By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
 "Thou shalt never see that day:"

Then comes the wage of war, and doughty
 as our men may be —

Word is come to Edinborough,
 To Jamie, the Scottish king,
 That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands he did wail and wring,
 He said, "Alas! and woe is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within,"
 He said, "I' faith shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
 Till to the Fourth Harry our king,
 That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul!" said King Harry,
 "Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
 I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
 "As good as ever was he;
 But Percy, an I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit shall be."

* * * * *

This was the hunting of the Cheviot;
 That tear began this spurn;⁵

Old men that knowen the ground well enough
 Call it the battle of Otterburn.

Technically, the origin of the ballad is lost in obscurity. Like the old-time fairy tale — "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty" — the folk-song has no local habitation, but is known and loved wherever human passion is, and the experiences of life. The word is from the Old French *baller*, and means to dance, the metre being that of the rhythmic beat of the foot to the sound of the voice in singing.

⁵ Percy says the meaning of this line is: "That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick."

In England and Scotland — and it is with these countries we are here concerned — the ballad reached the height of expression in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The wanderer, singing his songs from the immemorial ages, the blind crowder and the court minstrel, became the Homers of the time, recording great and glorious deeds. After the establishment of printing, these songs, gathered from the lips of fireside crones and of men burdened with years and memories, were reduced to form and scattered as literature among the people.

For the ballad, as we are acquainted with it, we are indebted to Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen" and "Tea Table Miscellany," and to Percy's "Reliques." An inestimable service, also, to the lovers of literature of all generations, was rendered by Sir Walter Scott in his characteristic preservation of the ballads of "Liddesdale" and "The Forest."

The rhythm of this form is commonly iambic, and consisted originally of lines of twelve or fourteen syllables, or, to be more accurate, of seven accents. In ordinary use the cæsural pause divides the long lines into two, one of four accents and the other of three — as in the "Ballad of Chevy Chase," modern version:

God prósper lóng our nóble kíng, our líves and sáfeties áll!

A wóeful húnting ónce there díd in Chévy Cháse befall.

Here is the ordinary arrangement, dividing the long lines at the cæsural pause:

God prósper lóng our nóble kíng,

Our líves and sáfeties áll!

A wóeful húnting ónce there díd

In Chévy Cháse befall.

It will be seen from this example that the metre of the ballad descended from the Latin form used in church hymns, called the "septenary," and consisting of seven accents and fourteen syllables. French influence is also shown in the verse as well as in the derivation of the name — "ballad."

One more example will suffice, and for this we will take the second stanza of that well known ballad, attributed by Dr. Chambers to Lady Wardlaw, "Sir Patrick Spens:"

O úp and spáke an éldern knight,
 Sat át the kíng's right knée,—
 "Sir Pátrick Spéns is the bést sailór
 That éver sailed the séa."

These lines are used to bring to notice the forced accents which are characteristic of ballad metre, and widely used in modern imitation of the form. Note Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus."

In modern English versification the influence of the old ballad metre is most strongly shown by Coleridge and Wordsworth. The refrain, as previously noted in "Binnorie," is a striking characteristic of this class of literature, and has been used with effect in such poems as Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," Poe's "Raven," and others. This is a repetition of one or more words or lines with each stanza, constituting much of the tone-color and rhythmic beauty of the production. For instance, read carefully, aloud, the ballad of "The Cruel Sister," and note the change of tone-color in the waters of the bonny milldams of Binnorie with the varying experiences of the actors in the drama.

In study of the ballad, the writer of this article would commend the following reading: "Chevy Chase" (original and modern versions), "Sir Patrick Spens," and "The Battle of Otterbourne" for martial movement and simple majesty of diction; "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell" and "Burd Helen" for the beautiful record of woman's love and constancy; the ballads of "Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale," of "Robin Hood and the Widow's Sons," and others innumerable, for the breezy, joyous life of the fields and the streams and the forests.

There is an indescribable charm in the fresh and joyous life these tales depict. There is health and strength in the air, with its sound of laughter and twanging of bows — health for the brain and for the heart. There is fresh impulse in the very thought of living, with the green boughs rustling above us and the wealth and tenderness of summer over the land.

And now, with all the gladness of these rhythmic songs in our hearts, let us shout together — Long live, in memory, the old ballad days!

ON THE CONEWANGO.*

BY JAMES T. EDWARDS.

While countless shadows round us play,
 Upon this matchless autumn day,
 We float adown the opal stream
 As in some lovely, restful dream.

Bright-tinted leaves are drifting past,
 The summer flowers are fading fast,
 But goldenrod and gentians rare
 Adorn the banks still green and fair.

So clear the stream reflects the shore,
 We touch its image with our oar,
 And as we gaze, with wond'ring eyes,
 A phantom boat beneath us lies.

High, arching elms and cloudless sky,
 Gay flowers and birds seem floating by;
 The shifting colors blending meet
 In the fair world beneath our feet.

Dark crimson oaks, and birches white,
 Rich scarlet maples flecked with light,
 Tall golden aspens, all are seen,
 Mingled with pines and hemlocks green.

O "Winding River," fitting name!
 Fair, magic mirror, still the same
 As when, with grace, the Indian's boat
 Shot past the bends, round which we float.

*The Conewango receives the waters of Chautauqua Lake through "the outlet."

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

BY C. WILLIAM FEEBE.



AMONG insects, sounds are produced in many ways and for various reasons. A species of ant which makes its nest on the under side of bamboo leaves, produces a noise by striking the leaf with its head in a series of spasmodic taps, and another ant, a Sumatran species, is very interesting as regards its sound-producing habit. Individuals of this species are sometimes spread over a surface of two square yards, many out of sight of the others; yet the tapping is set up at the same moment, continued exactly the same space of time, and stopped at the same instant. After the lapse of a few seconds, all recommence at the same time. The interval is always about the same duration, and each ant does not beat synchronously with every other ant, but only like those in the same group, so the independent tappings play a sort of tune, each group alike in time, but the tapping of the whole mass beginning and ending exactly at the same instant. This is doubtless a means of communication.

The organ of hearing in insects is still to be discovered in many forms, but in beetles it is situated along the sides of the abdomen, in butterflies on the sides of the thorax, while the tip of the horns or antennæ of many insects is considered to be the seat of this function. In all it is little more than a cavity over which a skin is stretched like a drum-head, which thus reacts to the vibrations. This seems to be very often "tuned," as it were, to the sounds made by the particular species in which it is found. A cricket will at times be unaffected by any sound, however loud, near it, while at the slightest "screak" or chirp of its own species, no matter how faint, it will start its little tune in all excitement.

The songs of cicadas are noted all over the world. Darwin heard them while anchored half a mile off the South American coast,

and a giant species in that country is said to produce a noise as loud as the whistle of a locomotive. The Greeks enjoyed their music, the Latins detested it. Only the males sing, the females are dumb, and this has given rise to the well-known Grecian couplet:

"Happy the cicadas' lives,
For they all have voiceless wives."

Any person who has entered a wood where myriads of the seventeen-year cicadas were hatching has never forgotten it. A threshing-machine, or a gigantic frog-pond is a fair comparison, and when a branch loaded with these insects is shaken, the sound rises to a shrill screech or scream. This noise is supposed—in fact is definitely known to attract the female insect, and though there may be some tender notes in it which we fail to distinguish, yet let us hope that the absence of any highly-organized auditory organ may result in reducing the effect of a steam-engine whistle to an agreeable whisper. It is thought that the vibrations are felt rather than heard in the sense that we use the word "hear," and if one has ever had a cicada "zizz" in one's hand, the electrical shocks which seem to go up the arm help the belief in this idea. To many of us the song of the cicada—softened by distance—will ever be agreeable on account of associations. When one attempts to picture a hot August day in a hay-field or along a dusty road, the drowsy "z-ing" of this insect, growing louder and more accelerated and then as gradually dying away, is a focus for the mind's eye, around which the other details instantly group themselves.

The apparatus for producing this sound is one of the most complex in all the animal kingdom. In brief, it consists of two external doors, capable of being partly opened, and three internal membranes, to one of which is attached a vibrating muscle, which,

put in motion, sets all the others vibrating in unison.

We attach a great deal of importance to the fact of being educated to the appreciation of the highest class of music. We applaud our Paderewski, and year after year are awed and delighted with wonderful operatic music, yet seldom is the *limitation* of human perception of musical sounds thought of.

If we wish to appreciate the limits within which the human ear is capable of distinguishing sounds, we should sit down in a meadow, some hot midsummer day, and listen to the subdued, running murmur of the myriads of insects. Many are very distinct to our ears and we have little trouble in tracing them to their source. Such are crickets and grasshoppers, which fiddle and rasp their roughened hind legs against their wings. Some butterflies have the power of making a sharp crackling sound by means of hooks on the wings. The katydid, so annoying to some in its persistent ditty, so full of reminiscences to others of us, is a large, green, fiddling grasshopper.

Another sound which is typical of summer is the hum of insect wings, sometimes, as near a beehive, rising to a subdued roar. The higher, thinner song of the mosquito's wing is familiar to us, and we must remember that the varying tone of the hum of each species may be of the greatest importance to it, as a means of recognition. Many beetles have a projecting horn on the under side of the body which they can snap against another projection, and by this means call their lady-loves, literally "playing the bones," as a minstrel.

Although we can readily distinguish the sounds which these insects produce, yet there are hundreds of small creatures, and even large ones, which are provided with organs of hearing, but whose language is too fine for our coarse perceptions. The vibrations—chirps, hums, and clicks—can be recorded on delicate instruments, but, just as there are shades and colors at both ends of the spectrum which our eyes cannot perceive, so there are tones running we know

not how far beyond the scale limits which affect our ears. Some creatures utter noises so shrill, so sharp, that it pains our ears to listen to them, and these are probably on the borderland of our sound-world.

Leaving the insects and coming to the higher animals, we can take only a glance at some of the more important. Throughout all the depths of the sea, silence, as well as absolute darkness, prevails. The sun penetrates only a short distance below the surface, at most a few hundred feet, and all disturbance from storms ceases far above that depth. Where the pressure is a ton or more to the square inch, it is very evident that no sound vibration can exist. Near the surface it is otherwise. The majority of fishes have no lungs and of course no vocal chords, but certain species, such as the drum-fish, are able to distend certain sacs with gas or air, or in other ways produce sounds and "grunt." One variety succeeds in producing a variety of sounds by gritting the teeth, and when the male fish is attempting to charm the female by dashing around her, spreading his fins to display his brilliant colors, this gritting of the teeth holds a prominent place in the performance, although whether the fair finny one makes her choice because she prefers a high-toned grit instead of a lower can only be imagined! But vibrations, whether of sound or only of water pressure, are easily carried near the surface, and fishes are provided with organs to receive and record them. One class of such organs has little in common with ears, as we speak of them; they are merely points on the head and body susceptible to the watery vibrations. These points are minute cavities, surrounded with tiny *cilia* or hairs, which connect with the ends of the nerves.

The ears of frogs and all higher animals are, like the tongue-bone and the lower jaw, derived originally from portions of gills, which the aquatic ancestors of living animals used to draw oxygen from the water. This is one of the most wonderful and interesting changes which the study of evolution has unfolded to our knowledge.

The disproportionate voices are produced

by means of an extra amount of skin on the throat which is distensible, and acts as a drum to increase the volume of sound. In certain bull-frogs which grow to be as large as the head of a man, the bellowing power is deafening and is audible for miles. In Chili a small species of frog, measuring only about an inch in length, has two internal vocal sacs which are put to a unique use. Water is very scarce where these frogs live and the polywogs have no chance to live and develop in pools as is ordinarily the case. So when the eggs are laid, they are immediately taken by the male frog and placed in these capacious sacs, which serve as nurseries for them all through their hatching and growing period of life. Although there is no water in these chambers, yet their gills grow out and are reabsorbed, just as in many ordinary tadpoles. When their legs are fully developed, they clamber up to their father's broad mouth and get their first glimpse of the great world from his lower lip. When fifteen partly developed polywogs are found in the pouches of one little frog, he looks as if he had gorged himself to bursting with tadpoles. To such curious uses may vocal organs be put.

Turtles are voiceless except at the period of laying eggs, when they acquire a voice, which even in the largest is very tiny and piping, like some very small insect rather than a two-hundred-pound tortoise. Some of the lizards utter shrill, insect-like squeaks.

A species of *gecko*, a small brilliantly-colored lizard, has the back of its tail armed with plates. These it has a habit of rubbing together, and by this means produces a shrill chirruping sound, which actually attracts crickets and grasshoppers toward the noise so that they become an easy prey to this ingenious trapper. So in color, sound, motion, and many other ways, animals act and react upon each other, a useful and necessary habit being perverted by an enemy, so that the death of the creature results. Yet it would never be claimed that the lizard thought out this mimicking. It probably found that certain actions resulted in the

approach of good dinners, and in its offspring this action might be partly inherited, and each generation would perpetuate it. If it had been an intentional act, other nearly related species of lizards would imitate it, as soon as they perceived the success which attended it.

That all animals have a kind of language is nowadays admitted to be a truism, but this is more evident among mammals and birds, and, reviewing the classes of the former, we find a more or less defined ascending complexity and increased number of varying sounds as we pass from the lower forms, kangaroos, moles, etc., to the higher herb-and-flesh-eaters, and particularly monkeys.

Squeaks and grunts constitute the vocabulary, if we dignify it by that name, of the lower mammals. The sloths, those curious animals whose entire life is spent clinging to the under side of branches on whose leaves they feed, are unable to utter a sound. Even when being torn to pieces by some wild-cat, they offer no resistance, and emit no sound, but fold their claws around their body and submit to the inevitable.

Great fear of death will often cause an animal to utter sounds which are different from those produced under any other conditions. When an elephant is angry or excited his trumpeting is terribly loud and shrill, but when a mother elephant is talking to her child, while the same sonorous, metallic quality is present, yet it is wonderfully softened and modulated. A horse is a good example of what the fear of death will do. The ordinary neigh of a horse is very familiar, but in battle when mortally wounded or having lost its master and being terribly frightened, a horse will scream, and those who have heard it say it is more awful than the cries of pain of a human being.

Deer and elk often surprise one by the peculiar sounds which they produce. An elk can bellow loudly, especially when fighting, but when members of a herd call to each other, or when surprised by some unusual appearance, they whistle—a sudden, sharp whistle, like the tin mouthpieces with

revolving disks, which were so much in evidence some time ago.

The growl of a bear differs greatly under varying circumstances. There is the playful growl, uttered when two individuals are wrestling, and the terrible "sound"—no word expresses it—to which a bear, cornered and driven to the last extremity, gives utterance—fear, hate, dread, and awful passion mixed and expressed in sound. One can realize the fearful terror which this inspires only when one has stood up to a mad bear, repelling charge after charge with only an iron pike between himself and those fangs and claws. The long-drawn moan of a polar bear on a frosty night is another phase, this, too, expressive, but only of those wonderful arctic scenes, where night and day are as one to this great seal-hunter.

The dog has made man his god—giving up his life for his master would be but part of his way of showing his love if he had it in his power to do more. So, too, the dog has attempted to adapt his speech to his master's, and the result is a bark. No wild coyotes or wolves bark, but when bands of dogs that have descended from domesticated animals run wild, their howls are modulated and a certain barking-quality imparted which is unmistakable. The drawn out howl of a great gray wolf is an impressive sound, and once heard is never forgotten. The sounds which the cats, great and small, produce are wonderfully varied. Nothing can be more awful and intimidating than the roar of a lion, or more demoniacal than the arguments which our house-pets carry on at night on garden fences.

What use the sounds peculiar to sea-lions subserve in their life on the great ocean or their visits to shore, can only be imagined, but surely such laudable perseverance, day after day, to out-utter (it is the only word I dare use) each other, must be for some good.

Volumes have been written concerning the voices of the two remaining classes of animals,—monkeys and birds. In the great family of the four-handed folk more varieties of sounds are produced than would be thought possible. Some of the large baboons are

awful in their vocalizations. Terrible agony or remorse is all their moans suggest to us, no matter what frame of mind induces them. Of all vertebrates the tiny marmosets reproduce most exactly the chirps of crickets and like insects, and to watch one of these little human faces, see its mouth open, and instead of, as seems inevitable, words issuing forth, to hear these shrill squeaks, is most surprising. Young ourang-outangs in their "talk" as well as in actions are counterparts of human infants. The scream of frantic rage when a banana is offered and then jerked away, the wheedling tone when the animal wishes to be comforted by the keeper, on account of pain or bruise, and the sound of perfect contentment and happiness when petted by the keeper whom it learns to love well—all are indistinguishable from like utterances of a human child.

It is among birds that we find music, in all of its definitions, reaching its greatest development. Occasionally, among other groups of animals, sounds are produced which are very expressive, as the moan of the polar bear, but birds seem to be in perfect tune with their surroundings in nature, most in sympathy with the moods which physical phenomena cause to come and go. Where one or two examples of expressive sounds are found in other classes, here they can be counted by scores. The few which will be mentioned are familiar to many and the experiences of every lover of nature will add others.

On a spruce-encircled northern lake, when one side of the heavens is black with gathering storm-clouds, there is always a lull—a quarter-hour of breathless waiting. The water is not only perfectly still, it seems leaden, as if it pressed with a heavier weight than usual on its bed. Not a leaf stirs, all the customary noises are still and at this time more than at any other, in my experience, the song of the white-throated sparrow is sure to be heard. A half-dozen sad, sweet notes, lowly audible in a descending cadence, then another, farther away, and another and another. It is so sweet, so suited to the moment, that when finished the song seems

not to have broken the silence, and one wonders if one had not imagined instead of heard it. Then in a few moments the antithesis comes,—driving, stinging rain, lashing up the waves, bending the spruces and birches far over, and howling through every leaf and needle. Suddenly, more loud than any noise of the gale, sounds the loon's wild laughter, seeming only some new phenomenon of the storm, and the great bird passes with a rush overhead, steadily through the gale, and dashes down into the water, soon to reappear and shake another guffaw—a lunatic's mirth—from its long, dripping beak. This is not a piece of imagination, but actual, occurring again and again. The bird seeming a very spirit of the storm, and the little sparrow filling the interval before, are the dominant chords, the *foci* around which the memory naturally centers, in repicturing the scene.

To those of us who know the hermit-thrush, the wood-thrush, and vesper-sparrow it is not necessary to bring to mind the coolness of an early summer evening, its calmness after the noise and heat of the day—a time when a loud, energetic, or even a drowsy song would be out of place. This is the time which these birds select to perch on some favorite spot and sing their serene, liquid melodies. Later in the evening the whippoorwill starts its weird, tri-syllabled notes, and how very soon this, like the regular beat of waves on the shore, ceases to annoy, and because of its very unbrokenness merges into our slumber. The owl comes latest of all and if ever a sound had color, it is the solemn, long-drawn, somber “hoo-o-hoo-o-o!” of a barred-owl,—it is black—black—black!

At midday in August when the air fairly palpitates with the heat, nearly all bird-voices are hushed. But there are two pronounced exceptions. In the cooler depths of the woods the plaintive, drowsy cry of the wood-pewee breaks the silence, and along the roads and orchards the sleepy drawl of the red-eyed vireo is the only bird voice. The scream of gulls is generally associated with dashing waves and the howl of winds.

There is no science in all this, and there are many exceptions, as, for instance, who can see anything appropriate in the loud rattle of a kingfisher along a stream? But it is certainly the fact that birds are the most high-strung and sensitive of creatures, and it is this, probably, which makes it seem sometimes as if they fitted their songs intentionally to the particular mood which their environment reflects.

Instrumental music of a high order exists among birds, as the drumming of the ruffed-grouse; where the rolling, reverberating sound is caused by the bird's beating its wings rapidly against its sides as it stands on a log or stone. Another example is the hammering of woodpeckers on resonant tree-trunks. There are not a few instances where the notes of birds carry out the impression which their general appearance gives. Doves—how soft their colors, generally cream or mauve—and their notes correspond. On the other hand there is the snake-bird or darter, a bird of the Florida swamps, of most fiendish temper, and most uncomfortable looking. A mechanism in its neck for allowing it to dart suddenly forward, gives the appearance of a large bone stuck in its throat; it has no head so far as differing in size from its neck is concerned; it is a bird of angles and edges, and its voice is like a slate-pencil dragged upright down a slate,—one's spine wriggles at the sound. Should a sweet song proceed from such a throat it would be an anomaly indeed. Compensation, as in everything else, comes in where voice is concerned, and the rule is: fine feathers, no song, and *vice versa*. The mocking-bird is one of the plainest of gray and white birds, and the nightingale is clad in the simplest earthy colors, and yet when the silver notes and trills begin to bubble forth, now soft, now clear and piercing, all lack of brilliant plumage is forgotten. The power of mocking and imitating strange sounds is developed to a wonderful degree in some birds, and the delicate vocal chords must be elaborate for this to be possible.

The note of the bluebird with all its associations of spring is a fine example of color.

effect. Burroughs, I think, has called it the "violet of sound," and the simile is perfect. Even the humming-bird has a song, principally heard at nesting time, and as tiny in volume as the size of its producer. A melody, one of the notes of which might be likened to an insect's chirp, gives an idea of this fairy song. The common house-sparrow, who could not utter a sweet note if he tried, when he is evidently bursting with happiness, sits and wrestles with a few connected chirps, which come out as easily as if they were so many bones dislodging one by one from his throat. One of the ways in which birds demonstrate their appreciation of music is shown by the *Fandango Manakin* of South America. One individual will take up a position and put his whole energy into his little song, repeated over and over again, while his companions jig up and down and dance as long as the song continues.

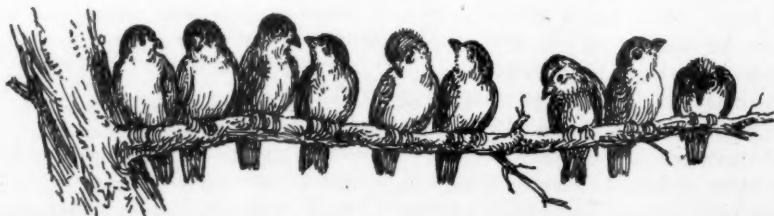
Every bird's song has a definite object, and although more often used to call to each other in emulation or to win favor with a female bird, yet the voice in these creatures subserves scores of other uses.

The quality of the voice in certain species is surprising. The trumpeter-swan is not, unlike many others, undeserving of its name, as it really trumpets, the tone being as clear as that from a French horn, and little wonder, for it *has* a horn, or something better, in its own body. The trachea, or windpipe, instead of going direct to the lungs, makes an elaborate double twist, in the interior of the breast-bone, which is hollowed out for that purpose, and thus the sonorous quality is imparted to the voice. In the South American forests are weird sounds and music,

and many are from the throats of strange birds. Not the least remarkable is the note of the bell-bird, clear and melodious as a chapel-bell, which is said to be audible for a distance of three miles, and has led many travelers a weary chase, they mistaking it for the sound of a real bell in some village.

If any one wishes a new field for investigation, material for thought or word, let him spend a day in some deep forest, and record and analyze the sounds which come to him, and he will soon realize how meagre is our knowledge of the natural world around us. One of the most solemn things is to be listening and have all else still, when a great tree falls far away—a dull crash, echoing and reëchoing through the woods, soon dying out. Of course I do not refer to one felled by human instruments. It is hard to put into words what one feels at this last death-sound of a giant of the forest, which sprouted perhaps years before Columbus discovered America, brought to earth by a power which it had resisted for so many years. And if this is impressive, what must be the resounding roar of one of the giants of California! For some of these were many feet in girth when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. We should surely not be ashamed to feel a sentiment of sadness to hear the death-knell of such a patriarch.

And thus we find ourselves half-way between organic and inorganic forces. And may the hints of the few bars of the great world symphony which have been sounded, lead us to seek out deeper harmonies more in tune with the eternal than are the jangle and noise of our cities.



THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

BY M. R. SILSBY.

"The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud,
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be,"



WRITES Longfellow, in his "Birds of Killingworth"; and this is an honor shared by only twenty-five other birds of the more than five thousand known species. As with Homer and the early classic writers, more frequent mention is made of the large birds like the eagle, owl, and raven.

These are the birds referred to in the Bible: the bittern, cormorant, crane, cuckoo, dove, eagle, hawk, heron, kite, ostrich, owl, partridge, peacock, pelican, pigeon (usually called dove), quail, raven, sparrow, stork, swallow, swan, turtle-dove, and vulture (including glede, ossifrage, and other species).

Symbols are borrowed from the birds by the writers of the Old and New Testaments, just as the poet draws upon them to adorn his verses. The eagle, which is mentioned more than thirty times, is used as a symbol for strength and swiftness.

"The way of an eagle in the air is too wonderful for me," says Solomon; and such expressions as "as swift as the eagle flieth" and "swifter than the eagles of the heaven" are frequent. These two pictures show an intimate acquaintance with the bird and its habits. Illustrating God's mercy and care: "as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him"; and the following verses from Job: "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off."

Eagles of several kinds are referred to: "Make thee bald; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle," refers to a species which is used as a commonplace comparison.

The raven is named eleven times and has been especially honored, having been selected

by Heaven to feed the prophet Elijah when he fled from the rage of Ahab; and the Psalmist speaks of God's providence in giving food "to the young ravens which cry;" and Solomon's picture of "locks as black as a raven" has become a proverbial description.

Ravens were sacred to Apollo, the great patron of augurs in Greece and Italy, and were considered the most prophetic of inspired birds. The augurs were so called from *avis*, a bird. Many superstitions have clustered about the raven; his croaking was looked upon as ominous, and "the boding raven" was listened to. Shakespeare ventures to transfer to the raven one of the attributes of the robin, when he says that "ravens foster forlorn children"; but the beautiful account of their care for Elijah has called forth respect for them.

Observation of the flight or the voice of birds was used for discovering the purposes of the gods, in the childhood of the world. The eagle and vulture were thought the most important of these messengers of the gods when flight was observed; and the raven and owl were those whose voices told the will of the gods. These were the oldest and most valued modes of augury.

The Biblical allusions to birds are ornithologically accurate; even in the slightest descriptive touches is shown how close was the observation of natural objects. Job's account of the ostrich instances this fidelity to nature —

"Gavest thou wings and feathers unto the ostrich?"

"Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust,

"And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.

"She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers.

"Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

"What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

Again it is referred to in this passage:

"become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness."

The bittern is employed as a symbol of desolation. Isaiah when prophesying the ruin which should befall Babylon, says, "I will make it a possession for the bittern," and Zephaniah, foretelling the doom of Nineveh, declares that "Both the cormorant and bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows."

The dove, which is mentioned thirty times, is used as an emblem of innocence and gentleness. She was chosen to send forth from the ark, and the olive leaf was most appropriate for her to bear. "As harmless as doves," and "the spirit of God descended like a dove," and "lead her as with the voice of doves," are among the many gentle references; and the Psalmist exclaims, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away, and be at rest."

The stork is honored with frequent notice,

and her choice of a nesting-place is noted:

"As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." The swallow "observes the time of her coming"; and her voice is described "like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter."

The sparrow, her dwelling, "alone upon the house-top," may well feel proud for the watchful care and tenderness accorded her.

The owl is noted sixteen times; and there are several species: the great and the little owl, the desert, and the screech owl.

The word 'bird' is mentioned more than forty times: "A bird of the air shall carry the voice."

There are several passages which may aptly be quoted in support of the work of the societies for bird protection. By the Mosaic law it was forbidden to kill a bird sitting upon eggs or young; and the Psalmist rejoices that "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler," showing his pleasure at its deliverance.

TO A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Seek knowledge in the earth and sky,
The grass and flowers, the rocks and trees,
The sod and dust, the dewdrop, aye,
The mold, and all the mysteries
Hid in decay. Seek knowledge in
Those twinship orbs of light — the sun
And moon — and their unnumbered kin,
The silent, throbbing stars, each one
World we long to fathom! Oh,
Seek knowledge everywhere, in all
That is, and, yet, be wise, and know
The larger wealth, by far, that shall
Be thine is found, — if thou shalt seek, —
In the sweet, simple faith in One
Whose rare existence, lo! doth speak
In each and all things, who is none,
None else than very Wisdom, — who
Alone is Goodness, Love, and Truth,
Knowledge in whom is *Peace* unto
Him seeking, and *Immortal Youth*!

THE CASE OF LYULPH HARCOURT BERESFORD.

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

(Letter from Mrs. James Messiter of South Willapa, Washington, to a friend in the East.)



THE postmark of this letter arouse faint reminiscences, as of something known in — say the paleolithic age — or are you still ejaculating, “Now who?” in unalloyed suspense? I confess to needing an introduction, or at least a “Foreword to the Gentle Reader,” but prefaces are out of date; wherefore I conclude mine. Won’t you just please read in a page or two of repentance — anything that seems effective — and let me pass on to something easier?

The simple fact is, my dear, that I no longer write letters. When I became of the West the habit renounced me. It is a sad fact that one cannot lead two lives at once or belong to differing civilizations at the same time; if one is in and of the West one has to give up the East. Not that I mean to give up you. I don’t. I merely state a psychological fact, and at worst my practise is better than my theory; for I still, at long and uncertain intervals, have relapses — “One day still fierce mid many a day struck calm.” It’s never safe to count me definitely out of your correspondence list, for just when you are basking in fancied security I’m liable to turn up — as you see.

You ask about this place; or, rather, you did, so long ago that you are to be forgiven if your interest has quite ebbed. My dear, I do not find it at all as the cowboy found Boston — “a place where respectability stalks unchecked.” It is what is called a “wide-open” town. The gambling houses and saloons run without intermission, and the footpad exacts his nightly tribute from the unwary. But James tells me this is a very gratifying sign of healthy activity, and that it is a phenomenon which comes to all new towns in the West if they have any life. He promises to show me within two years a town as safe, if not as innocent, as a New England village.

Perhaps he may, but at present it is the strangest community. The oddest things happen without disturbing the serenity of my fellow citizens. I suppose they have not time to waste themselves on superfluous emotion. They might lose a minute from the business of their lives, which is, if you please, the booming of this blessed burg. I do not need to go farther back than last night to illustrate my point. Fancy seeing the man with whom one is dancing the cotillion taken to — but I anticipate. I am resolved to tell this story in order, as it should be told.

The cotillion! I can see you open your eyes at the word, and I promise you shall open them wider before you are through. There may be no roads yet built through the great forests to the surrounding country; we may have to pay our afternoon calls to our neighbors in boats, à la Venice; but we have the latest improvements, or we want to know the reason why. We fairly bulge with the overdone, extravagant, uncivilized civilization of the West. The electric light and the cotillion are existing facts in South Willapa, even if we have to use condensed milk at times in our coffee. Some of our First Families may still be living in tents, but the appointments at the club are perfect and the gentleman of color who presides over the refreshment department would do credit to Beacon Street.

I despair of making the situation at all clear to you. One must see to appreciate. It is the most inconsistent place, but its inconsistencies are delightful. We hold our dances in a flimsy board hall ornamented with the usual hideous false front of this section. The building is square and unadorned, quite guiltless of plaster or wall-paper inside and undecorated save for the flags of many nations which deck the otherwise bare walls. The British flag used to

hang side by side with ours, but, in deference to a lately aroused public sentiment, has now been relegated to an inconspicuous place behind the piano. But if our surroundings are crude we ourselves are the pink of convention. Evening dress prevails exclusively at the assembly, and the social line is drawn very distinctly, and, on the whole, very wisely. We are a new community and doubtless mistakes have been made, but in time I suppose we shall arrive at the survival of the fittest by the sifting process. Meanwhile it happens that the young man who led the cotillion with me last night has a checkered past behind him and (forgive the pun!) a checked future before him.

Many of the men at the assembly are not at all the kind one has been used to meet in a social way. They are for the most part self-made men and do not give the impression of having been ground all out of the same machine. Their individuality is insistent and at times a bit awkward, despite the conventional evening wear. They have not all the instinct for saying the right thing any more than their Eastern brothers. Shades of reserve are quite thrown away on many of them. Their view of life appears to be the primitive Garden-of-Eden idea that we are all one happy family, which, however is not inclusive of our rival town, Inverness. They brush aside with large-hearted generosity all barriers of family, of education, and of social differences; or, to speak nearer truth, they do not recognize their existence. I, for one, have not the heart to awaken them.

Some are of quite another stamp, and well enough acquainted with that life in the East out of which they have dropped for the present. They are frankly and cheerfully aware of the inconsistencies and rawnesses here; if they regret what they have left, they hide it remarkably well. But my young man (as James insists on calling Mr. Harcourt, though I will show you soon that my claim to him is a very subordinate one) is unique among them all. He is an educated young fellow and really appeared very worth while—the kind of man that women like

in spite of themselves. He possesses that combination of respect and audacity that goes so well in a handsome young man. There was something of reticence and unfathomed mystery about him that challenged interest. If he was a favorite of our sex it was not because he put himself out to win liking. He was more than a little distant and aloof in his manner to most people, although he treated women with a politeness quite religious. Upon two of us he deigned to cast a kinder regard. Your esteemed and delinquent friend was one of the favored two. The other deserves a paragraph to herself.

My dear, she is a charming Scotch girl, quite sincere and unspoiled. Her father was a Glasgow merchant, who went down with the Baring Brothers at the time of the Argentine smash and was not able to pull himself together again financially. He thought it would be easier to begin again in a new land than among the people he had always known, and came to South Willapa because, of course, it is going to be a great city in the near future and the gateway between Asia and America, not to speak of a great many other certainties it would be treason to doubt. There is a good bit of the granite in Robert Lindsay, and I expect to see him forge to the front yet. In the meantime they are very poor, and Jessie aids the family treasury by playing at our dances the violin, for which she has a decided talent. She has many reserves (which I am industriously bent on thawing), but I can find none of *our* subtleties. She gives the impression of being unworldly without being unsophisticated. She is simple and straightforward as a man; for instance, one can see that she approves her father's rectitude in turning over all his property to the last dollar to his creditors. I quite tremble to think what her judgment of us must be in a town where every third man is doing business in his wife's name to avoid his creditors.

She is so very unlike us that she stimulates my interest—as well as Mr. Harcourt's. She has none of our indirectness and sinuous mental windings. Now, I think

I do know the American girl spite of her indirections; I am one myself. But this is a new type of which I have before had but a passing glimpse. Of course, knowing me of old as you do, it is needless to tell you that she has entirely won my heart. I am her devoted slave. Why the men do not all fall in love with her I cannot conceive. She has the sweetest face, with delicate shadows in the curves about her eyes that bespeak a capacity for sadness. Evidently she is one to take life seriously, if not a bit austere. She dresses very simply, but with a good deal of natural taste. I should judge her one not to condone a lapse of honor in the man she loves. James says she is a girl to "tie to," and it would appear that Lyulph Harcourt is of the same mind, literally.

If I remember aright, you were among the rest of my friends who thought, but politely refrained from saying so to me, that I was coming out here to be buried alive. Believe me, you do not need to sympathize with me in the least on that score. I have never before been so fearfully alive, so close to things that happen, as I have since coming here. Of course, I knew that men committed crimes and went to prison for it, but I had never expected to be brought face to face in a social way with men of that kind. I thought they somehow belonged to a different world from us. After all this introduction I know you are dying to know what *did* happen. Having stimulated your curiosity to the proper edge, I now proceed to satisfy it.

Mr. Harcourt is a good dancer, but I do not flatter myself unduly because he often made his way to me. I knew he would much rather be dancing with another, were she not engaged in making the music for us. He was rather somber company, and his eyes were wont to dwell more often than is polite to his partner on her who queened it among the musicians. I was gratified to see that he was punished for his negligence, for she never recognized his existence. However, his absent-mindedness gave me a chance to study him unobserved. He has a strong, bold face with restless, daring eyes over

which are apt to fall, especially in repose, a dogged moodiness—one might almost call it a bitter sadness. But when he looks at Jessie Lindsay his face lights up almost as if he were another and a better man. She appears to have a wonderful influence over him, and I think she knows it. He is quite frankly in love with her, and when he came to attention after his lapses he took me into his confidence with a shame-faced little laugh that went straight to the heart. The understanding between us was tacit and informal, but the fact that it was there emboldened him to ask of me the audacious thing he did a few minutes later.

I had been dancing a two-step with Mr. Harcourt, and, as the room was insufferably hot, we moved out to the piazza that had been built on the side facing the river. When he saw us come out, a man started quickly out of the shadow. He was lean and brown and resolute, the kind of man who has learnt all he knows in the rough school of life that holds session twelve months of the year in the New West. He was in the prime of life, long-limbed and broad of shoulder, and wore a great Stetson hat. Though his eyes were keen and hard, there were about them the humorous wrinkles one often finds in the true Westerner.

"You Mr. Harcourt?" he asked, abruptly.

The young man made a motion of assent. "May I see you a moment—alone?"

Lyulph Harcourt excused himself and stepped aside carelessly with the stranger. Carelessly, I have written, he followed the man, but at the first word of the other he came to a sudden alertness. I saw him grip the railing of the verandah for support. In the full light of the moon the young man showed deathly white.

Presently I heard him say in a low, distinct voice:

"I don't know how you tracked me, but you've come to the right man. I shot Soapy Doyle. I would have stayed to see it out, but I knew his gambler friends owned the town and I would not have had a fair chance. You needn't worry about my making you

any trouble. I'm sick of skulking about under a false name, and I'll go back and take my medicine gladly. I've got just one favor to ask of you. Keep your confounded irons off me for one hour while I say good-bye to a friend. I give you my word, if you care for it, to turn myself over to you at the end of that time to do with as you please."

The sheriff looked at him admiringly.

"You've got the devil's own nerve to stand there and ask such a thing of me," he told the young man.

"I know I have," answered Harcourt, doggedly; "but it is to your interest as well as mine. You may have heard that I am not a man to be driven. Let me have this hour and I'll come as quiet as a lamb. Otherwise—"

"You'll come just the same, Mr. Lyulph Harcourt Beresford. The reward reads 'dead or alive,'" concluded the sheriff, grimly. "I'm not a man to be driven any more than you are."

The eyes of the two men met like the flash of rapiers. The younger man was the first to speak.

"You're taking the same way with me that Doyle took," he said slowly, his face all hot with anger.

"Is that a threat?" asked the sheriff, calmly.

"No, it isn't. You're safe enough. There's another way out of the whole black business," answered Harcourt, darkly.

The sheriff shot a swift, keen look at him.

"Well, we won't go into that. I don't mind telling you that I'm here on a matter of business rather than a pleasure jaunt, Mr. Beresford. I don't care anything about Soapy Doyle. The state is a whole lot better off without him. I shouldn't go in mourning if somebody wiped out the whole outfit of them. But I've sworn to execute the law and I propose to do it. At the same time I don't want to be harder on you than I need to be. Now about this good-bye proposition. Who is it you want to see?"

"I don't know that we need go into names," answered the other, stiffly. "We'll

say there is something I have got to say to a friend before I go—something I have got to explain."

"Oh, I see. Want to say good-bye to your girl, eh?"

Harcourt winced visibly at the man's well-meant words, at the unconscious familiarity he dared not resent. He had to put a curb on his tongue, but he could not keep a touch of frost out of his voice. "You can call it what you will, so only you let me have an hour to myself."

"I'm not going to let you out of my sight, if that's what you mean," retorted the sheriff bluntly. "You may as well understand that first as last. I've had a hard time to find you, and I'd look all sorts of a fool sneaking back alone now." Then, noting the disappointment which swept across his prisoner's face, he added: "But I'll tell you what I'll do. You bring her down to the launch and I'll take you out for a spin. I'll extinguish myself as much as I can."

When Lyulph Harcourt and I reëntered the hall the dancing was over for the time and supper was being served. The young man made straight across to Jessie Lindsay and preferred his request. She looked surprised and shook her head, appearing to demur; but he beat down her scruples in a low-voiced torrent of protest. She fixed him a moment with those true, gray eyes of hers, divined it to be a matter of importance, and tossed aside the conventions so far as to agree providing he could get me to go along. The engaging young homicide bore down on me like a frigate in action, as they say in books.

His audacity overwhelmed me. Knowing that I must have heard what I had heard, he yet fronted me with the same cool assurance as of old. I could not bear to disappoint such sublime confidence. It is needless to say what I ought to have done, my dear; I know better than you can tell me that I should have declined to assist this reckless young criminal with the winning eyes so full of impending trouble. But I thought of another young man, at present away in

Seattle on business, who is not handsome and yet has winning eyes, and I knew I could not tell him when he got home that I had refused to help this young fellow in his time of need. Besides, I may as well admit that I was moved to a great sympathy for the boy who had spoiled his life so madly. In short, I weakly consented to play chaperon, conciliating my better judgment with the incontrovertible but impertinent fact that after all the West is very different from the East.

The night was perfect, as moonlight nights on the water usually are. Not a breath stirred, and the lapping of the water of the outrunning tide against the wharf piles was plain to be heard. Alternate shine and shadow marked the course of the river save when scudding banks of clouds drifted across the moon. The launch puffed its way down the river till nothing of the town showed but scattering lights on the hillside gleaming out like stars. In front of us the bay stretched away on either side black and sinister.

Lyulph Harcourt was slow to avail himself of the chance he had made. He leaned back against the upright post which supported the roof of the launch, his unabashed gaze fixed intently on the face of Jessie Lindsay till the splendor of color that is her natal heritage came and went beneath his hungry eyes of fire. If his heart was bitter at thought of the expiation which lay before him, I believed that not the least reason was because he must give up her whom he had set his heart upon. I was in no position to judge how much this young man had done of evil, but I did know that no matter how he had sinned there were in him dormant possibilities of goodness doomed to no fruition by the past which had risen to mock him and to cast him forth from among his kind.

When he spoke at last he wasted no time in indirection, nor did he let our presence interfere with him in the least. We two outsiders might have been chorus to the play for all the difference we appeared to make to him. He *did* condescend to lower his voice, but so far as I was concerned it was a

mere form; I could not help but hear. The sheriff stuck to his engine and paid no attention to what passed. He had swept the launch round in a long curve and was headed for home again.

"I have been playing a coward's part during the past months," began the young man abruptly. "I came here a skulker from justice, and I have passed myself off for an honest man. I am like the gambler who plays with marked cards."

"A skulker from justice!" she repeated, with white face. "What do you mean?" There was that in her voice and in her eyes that told me there was one who would suffer more than Lyulph Harcourt himself in his disgrace.

"What can I say that will not lose me all that I have gained? What say that will make me aught but one who has crept into your friendship like a thief in the night?" he cried, and beat his hand unheeding against the coiled iron chain by his side till the blood sprang from his finger tips. "I knew I had no right to take what you offered; I told myself I must 'dree my weird' alone, and that last of all I must bring her whom I loved into touch with my vile lot. All this I told myself, but I could not bring myself to bear the burden of my sins alone."

She looked at him out of pleading eyes that winced in a divination of impending calamity, but demanded the truth unflinchingly; eyes in which he read that his dishonor was her shame too, and in that knowledge suffered joy and agony unspeakable.

"You have not told me yet," she murmured.

"How can I tell you?" Then hopelessly he gulped it out. "I am a murderer tracked to earth. I start tonight for Snohomish under the custody of this man to expiate my crime. I shall be herded with robbers and cutthroats, branded with a number instead of a name, and loaded with ignominy. The good name of my fathers will be trampled in the dust. If ever I come out again I must slink past as a marked felon, a thing not to be spoken to by such as you. But that is in the distant future. For the present I must

be a shaven convict in a striped suit, one among many whom the commonwealth has found not worthy to be at large."

"Will you tell me about it?"

He looked at her, so dainty and so pure, with the fine reserved face and speaking eyes, and groaned as might one in hell who views the angels in heaven and all that he has missed.

"There is nothing to be said that will explain away the hideous fact. I came west to one of the boom towns on the Sound, and I fell among thieves who drugged me with bad liquor and tried to rob me. I was sober enough to know what they were about and I fought them off. One of them—to intimidate me, I suppose—drew a revolver. I snatched it from him and shot him dead. In the night I escaped and made my way here, dropping my surname that I might not be known."

The launch steadily churned its way through the darkness and the lights of the town grew larger. Black masses of buildings rose up dimly before us.

"I met you, and found in the peace and simplicity of your home balm to my wounded soul. I came in time to love you and to believe that I might atone for the past by a better future. I see now how futile was my hope. It was inevitable that some day my folly must leap to life to strike down my hopes. My heart cries out in protest now at leaving you. I am not man enough to go away in silence without a word of cheer. In three minutes we shall be at the wharf and I shall be the prisoner of that man."

He waited, but she did not speak—only shivered in the moonlight.

"I see," he said, bitterly. "I have put myself beyond the pale. There is no longer anything in common between us. What have you to do with me and such as me! It will spare you shame that I am going to that living hell which yawns for me, where I can never blot your sight again."

"Oh, no—no!" she cried. "There are

things worse than passion. What you have done is sin, but it is not shame. Cowardice and meanness and dishonor are the things not to be forgiven. I will be your friend if you will let me."

The launch shivered into the landing and Harcourt helped us ashore.

"God keep you, dear, for those words, if it is not blasphemy for such as I to say it," he told her, humbly and reverently, and stooped to kiss her hand.

Five minutes later the launch with the two men in it was again dropping down to the bay with the tide.

(Extract from a letter written two months later.)

My dear, we have met the enemy and they are ours. James Messiter's concluding speech to the jury for the defense was a triumph, if I do say it. When he sat down the judge had to pound with his gavel for silence five minutes by the clock. I felt so proud of him (James, I mean, not the judge), and when I got him home at last and told him all the nice things I had been saving, the Honorable James Messiter blushed like a schoolboy. The jury was out just fifteen minutes, and when the foreman said "Not guilty" there was another ovation.

They were married (neither James nor the judge this time, but Lyulph Harcourt Beresford and Jessie Lindsay) at the home of the bride the evening after the trial. If he is not good to her he deserves to be sent to prison for the remainder of his life, for she stood by him like a trump. But he will be. He thinks she is an angel from heaven and wants all his friends to marvel with him at his good luck. I was silly enough to shed tears when he talked about her. Of course Harcourt isn't good enough for her. I told James so, but he said he had looked the statutes up on that point before he married me, and that it was no legal bar to a union. Wasn't he silly?

FOUR NEW CHAUTAUQUA BOOKS.

BY MARY E. MERINGTON.



THE C. L. S. C. Course of 1902 offers "four attractive books to its subscribers; namely, "Literary Leaders of Modern England," by W. J. Dawson; "Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century," by James Richard Joy; "A Survey of Russian Literature," by Isabel F. Hapgood, and "The Great World's Farm," by Selina Gayo. The little volumes are good specimens of book-making; the covers are tasteful, the print is clear, and neither in matter nor in size are they of a weight to discourage the reader.

THE UNKNOWN FIELD OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Coming out when Muscovy and her future are topics of present interest Miss Hapgood's "Survey of Russian Literature" is a timely and welcome book. It covers the history of Russian literature from 988 A. D. through the writers of today and gives selections from authors who are as yet known only to those few who understand the Russian language. On the whole it is the most interesting of the tetralogy assigned to this year's readers, and will be eagerly read by the general public as well as by members of Chautauqua circles.

In the chapter which deals with the Ancient Period there is an immense amount of interesting matter concerning the games, ceremonies, and superstitions of the Slav, the solstitial sun-festival being, as in many other nations, one of the greatest events of the year. They that are curious can ascertain why Russians eat pigs'-trotters at New Year's tide, why the peasant will not cut cabbages on the twenty-ninth of August, and why there is a hollow in the sole of every man's foot; and they who care for historic beginnings may find them in the folk-tales and songs cited by Miss Hapgood. Russia, it seems, is rich in epic, religious, and ceremonial songs, the ancient religious ballads having no rhyme, the epic a regular tonic versification. The titles are as quaint as those of the productions of medieval Germany, "The Dove Book," "The Alleluia Woman," "The Monument-Not-Made-With-Hands to the Tzar Liberator," and "The Wanderings of the All-Holy Birth-giver of God," being among the most striking.

Turgéneff and Tolstoi are known to the literate Saxon and Pushkin's verses have been made immortal by Rubinstein who has married them to the music of his songs, but behind these authors lies a terra incognita which offers delightful explorations.

REAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH ENGLISH AUTHORS.

It is a strange fact that the average person finds it difficult to state wherein one writer differs from another, to denote peculiarities of style in authors, or

to sum up the philosophy that dominates a man's works. The glib student states authoritatively that Wordsworth created a new era in poetry, but when it comes to saying just what this means he finds it hard to explain. Which is the people's poet, and why? What is the respective attitude of each toward Nature? toward Woman? toward Humanity? toward Love? Wherein does Browning's attitude toward the World differ from that of the other two men? What is the trend of their religious views? Define the philosophy of their poems. Why were Wordsworth and Tennyson (or, more hard to answer, why was Alfred Austin) crowned laureate to the exclusion of other poets? Such questions as these would pose hundreds of intelligent men and women who are well acquainted with Wordsworth and Tennyson and who are on speaking terms with Browning.

In five short essays that treat of these three great bards and of their contemporaries Carlyle, and Ruskin, Mr. Dawson sets the reader thinking out answers to a host of critical queries. He is necessarily dogmatic, but after laying down the proposition that Wordsworth is the high-priest of Nature he proceeds to make his point clear with an extract from "Tintern Abbey." He says that Tennyson has proved himself the greater artist, Browning has proved himself the greater mind, and shows cause for his judgment. The intelligent reader, following his cue, will look for other passages to strengthen the same points, or if need be will dispute Mr. Dawson's dictum and prove his case with apposite selections.

The book is excellently planned and should be of great assistance not only to candidates for the seven seals, but to all students of literature. At the head of each essay is a three to twelve-line synopsis of the principal events in each man's life, giving in small type the dates of his birth and death and of the publication of his principal works, an excellent device for saving time and for impressing the memory. At the close of each chapter a few suggestive questions on the text are appended, also the names of standard works for collateral reading. It may be remarked, by the way, that this helpful plan is followed in all four of the 1902 books.

MASTER BUILDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

In line with these five leaders of modern English thought stand the ten Englishmen whom Professor Joy has chosen as being the master-builders of the great British Empire. Of these the Duke of Wellington and Gladstone are probably the best-known to the transatlantic public, but to readers of *Punch* "Little

Johnny" Russell, "Pam," and "Dizy" are household names and figures, and it is suggested that C. L. S. C. circles will do well to look up old files of *Punch* and make themselves familiar with the cartoons in which Tenniel immortalizes these great statesmen. "Gone from the helm," where Britannia drifts about the wide sea in the boat from which Palmerston has just been taken by death; "All full," says Johnny who is conductor on the Parliamentary 'bus; "Old lamps for new," that shows Dizy in the guise of a Jew peddler with three old hats on his head trading the crown of Imperial India with Queen Victoria who bestows on his the coronet of an earl; "H'm, flippant!" "Ha, prosy!" exclaim Gladstone and Disraeli in a two-panel picture which portrays them as buying and looking into each other's newly published book.

The Introduction to "Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century," is an excellent résumé of a tremendous period in England's history, summing up in twenty-five pages of well-displayed paragraphs some of the biggest questions that ever agitated the country: The struggle with Napoleon, Catholic Emancipation, Railways, Parliamentary Reform, the Abolition of Slavery, Chartism, and the Corn Laws being among the topics that are treated. Then, in order to set forth the facts more fully, the medium of biography is chosen, and Wellington, Canning, George Stephenson, Lord John Russell, Cobden, Peel, Shaftesbury, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Beaconsfield, the great makers of modern England, are shown in their relation to the development of the nation.

The Iron Duke figures as the conqueror of Napoleon; Canning advocated Irish union, Abolition of Slavery, and Catholic Emancipation,—but resisted Parliamentary Reform; to Stephenson is due the glory of England's development through the invention of the steam-railway; Lord John Russell identified himself with liberty and reform; Cobden upheld Free Trade; Peel invented the modern policeman or "Peeler"; Shaftesbury, born with the century, was the champion of the working-classes; Palmerston made England's power felt abroad; Gladstone fought for Home Rule, and Disraeli made Queen Victoria Empress of India.

In the appendix Canning's well-known "Needy Knife-grinder" and Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" are given; also verses by Moore, Lord Lytton, Ebenezer Elliott, and Mrs. Browning, germane to the lives or the events touched on in "Ten Englishmen." It will be remembered that Wellington is honored in Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports." Those who can get hold of it should read Bret Harte's parody of "Lothair," which, as the writer remembers it, is a clever take-off of Disraeli's oriental love of sumptuousness and display.

On page 53 of "Ten Englishmen" reference is made to Canning's witty contribution to *The Microcosm*.

This small periodical was published by the embryo statesman and three Eton schoolfellows. The Westminster boys, emulating their efforts, commenced *The Trifler*, prefixing to their first number a caricature that represented the light Etonians as projected upwards in a balance while they of Westminster were borne to the ground by their superior weight.

Young Canning retaliated with this interpretation of the symbol:

"What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits—of Eton jealous—
But that we soar aloft in air,
And ye are heavy fellows."

NATURE AT WORK.

In order to round out the minds of the circles, the fourth book of the series is totally different from those already noticed. Within a small compass Miss Gaye compresses a large amount of useful and delightfully interesting information on soil, water, climate, flowers, seeds, and insects, told in the simple fashion set by Canon Kingsley in his fascinating works on elementary science and the observation of nature. Miss Gaye follows his easy, conversational style which teaches without being didactic.

To be perfect, her book, "The Great World's Farm," needs more and better illustrations, but their insertion would of course enlarge the volume beyond its present handy size. In connection with the chapter on "Seed Scattering," Thoreau's "Succession of Wild Forest Trees" comes in appropriately as collateral reading, and somewhere among the files of the *Popular Science Monthly* is an article that tells of winged seeds that lose their pinions on small islands swept by winds that would carry them out to the groundless sea.

With the four required books and THE CHAUTAUQUAN in his hands, it will be the reader's own fault if he does not end the year 1902 wiser and more critical than he began it.

A Survey of Russian Literature. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Price	\$1.00
Literary Leaders of Modern England. By W. J. Dawson. Price	1.00
Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century. By James Richard Joy. Price	1.00
The Great World's Farm. By Selina Gaye. Price	1.00
Membership Book of C. L. S. C. Helps and Hints	.50
THE CHAUTAUQUAN, an illustrated monthly magazine. Price	2.00
Total	\$6.50
Price, when ordered together, of the magazine, the four books, and membership	\$5.00
Chautauqua, New York. The Chautauqua Press.	

Talk about Books

EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

"The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" is a reprint of two addresses delivered before state normal schools at Greensboro, North Carolina, and Athens, Georgia, and an article contributed to a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Walter H. Page. The essays are an analysis of educational methods, past and present, in the South. From the author's point of view—and he speaks as one having authority—it was slavery that retarded the intellectual development of the South. "The negro, at once the beneficiary and the victim of slavery, yet holds the white man, who was its victim and not its beneficiary, in economic bondage." The South, that is to say, not individuals but the common people, is from forty to eighty years behind the times, and the problem of the South is to develop this "forgotten man." The old-time idea of education, that it is a luxury for the few and of no necessity or utility to the masses, and the system of sectarian institutions, have both failed as popular educators. The necessity for, and the development toward, the coordinate training of head and hand, is traced, and already apparent results are pointed out.

The facts are clearly stated and the conclusions well drawn, and the perusal will well repay the student of economic, as well as educational history and development in the South. S. B. S.

[The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths. By Walter H. Page. Price \$1.00 net. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

Dr. Gladden's voice is always gladly heard for the unflinching faithfulness with which he points the way to wider service, to the needs of the present age, and for the sincerity with which he walks therein himself. His latest book is made up of lectures addressed to students of the divinity school, Yale College, but the remedies he suggests for social ills are such as require whole-hearted coöperation on the part of the laity. "If Society were articulate," he says, "its cry would be, 'What must I do to be saved?'" He offers an answer to this question by stating in his lectures what share the Church has with the State in caring for the poor, in looking after the unemployed and the criminal, in dealing with the insistent social vices, and with matters of education and city government. A valuable reference list of collateral works is offered in connection with the topic of each of the seven chapters. A. E. H.

[Social Salvation. By Washington Gladden. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

The reader who has likewise had his dreams of idealized social conditions become true, of a complex material civilization grown humanized and spiritualized, will feel himself justified, as he finishes his first reading of "Education and the Larger Life," in a happy hope that the Golden Age of his dreams is nearing,—is at hand. With a serenity that may be called classic and an earnestness that is in the true sense religious, the aims and methods of the education best fitted to achieve the true social purpose and thus bring in "the larger life" for all people are here resolved into their immediate and ultimate elements and discussed with a candor, a clearness, and a compelling persuasiveness that make the message of the book sound like herald music before the vision of a new heaven and a new earth rising upon man's intellectual world. The field traversed in the discussion extends from the kindergarten to a university whose doors are open not only to the youth sent up from the preparatory school, but also to the man and woman who need its beneficent service even more than does the well-trained youth. The reader referred to in the first sentence will wish that hereafter a test of fitness in educators for all the grades that connect and include kindergarten and university might consist in sympathetic understanding of the spirit and ideals of Mr. Henderson's notable volume, even if concessions must be made as to the time when some of those ideals become a part of the social process. A. E. H.

[Education and the Larger Life. By C. Hanford Henderson. \$1.30. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

A series of books for home study, the object of which is indicated by the title "Self-Educator," must of necessity pre-suppose a capable mind and a zeal warranted not to falter. The volumes thus far issued in this series are "Latin," "German," "Chemistry," and "French." The greatest possible care has been taken by their editor, who is rector of the Free Church Training College, Glasgow, to furnish explicit directions for finding a direct path to such knowledge as may be attained in these specified subjects by the isolated student. Most teachers would also find suggestive help of value to themselves and their pupils in the saving of time by a perusal of these directions and an observation of the methods pursued in the instructions offered. A definite plan that involves both simplicity and comprehensiveness may be discerned in the preparation of these volumes. They will scarcely qualify their student for special examinations, but, followed according to

directions, they would enable him to enjoy an intelligent interest in subjects of general study and help him to be ready for more rapid progress if wider opportunities open before him.

A. E. H.

[Latin. German. Chemistry. French. Self-Educator Series. Edited by John Adams, M. A., B. Sc. Ea. .75. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.]

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL.

Certain hymns are favorites with each of us, whether they have made history for others or not. When one finds that his favorite hymn is historically famous as well, there is double pleasure. Titles in the collection of hymn stories now given to the public by Colonel Nicholas Smith indicate the human interest of the book. The "Te Deum Laudamus." "Art Thou Weary?" "Veni Creator Spiritus." The "Dies Irae." "A Mighty Fortress is our God." The great "Doxology." "Isaac Watts, the Founder of our Hymnology," and the story of his great Crucifixion hymn, "O Happy Day that Fixed my Choice." Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," including the striking experiences which inspired other of his great hymns. Anne Steele's popular Resignation Hymn, "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss." The story of Cowper's "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and the origin of several of his finer hymns, together with an interesting account of the life of his companion at Olney, John Newton, and the story of the famous Olney hymns, "Blest be the Tie that Binds." "Rock of Ages." "How Firm a Foundation." "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." "Son of my Soul, Thou Savior Dear." "Lead, Kindly Light." "Just as I am, Without one Plea." "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide." "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "My Faith Looks up to Thee." "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." The clarion gospel song "Stand up for Jesus." "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Spofford's pathetic hymn "It is Well with my Soul." Miss Havergal's notable consecration hymn "Take my Life and Let it Be." "Five Distinguished Lay Hymn-Writers." "Woman's Songs in Evangelism." A chapter full of peculiar interest. "Moody and Sankey Songs," giving many thrilling incidents illustrating the wonderful power of gospel hymns.

F. C. B.

[Hymns Historically Famous. By Colonel Nicholas Smith. \$1.25 postpaid. Chicago: Advance Publishing Company.]

These are days when individual criticism is freely used, not to strengthen the foundations of faith in what have been for centuries accepted as truths of the Christian religion, but to eliminate as apocryphal or dissipate into thin air as purely imaginative one detail after another given in the New Testament record. Questions as to the authenticity and credibility of the gospels have been discussed and settled so many times pro and con, according to the convictions or prepossessions of investigators, that one shrinks a little on reading in the preface to a "History of the Christian Religion to

the Year Two Hundred," that its author has arrived at conclusions "which had never before been fully made known." These conclusions, as also his belief that the volume presents "the most complete record of events connected with the Christian religion during the first two centuries that has ever been presented to the public," seem to depend upon researches made in the Biblical Literature of the Congressional Library. The contention of the volume is that the Four Gospels were not written until late in the second century of the Christian era, and that before they were written there was no doctrine of the immaculate conception, the miracles, or the material resurrection of Jesus the Christ. The author admits that he differs in some important opinions from eminent German scholars, also destructive in their criticisms, but finds comfort in the fact "that they nearly all differ from each other." This fact has a cheerful significance also for those who more than half suspect that the zeal of the theological critic and iconoclast is not always in accord with exact knowledge or with the preliminary to the attainment of such knowledge,—the fair and open mind. The "will to believe" is as appropriate and indispensable in things of the spirit as in affairs of friendship or of business.

A. E. H.

[History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred. Fifth Edition. By Charles B. Waite, A. M. Chicago: C. V. Waite & Co.]

"The Story of a Young Man" originally appeared in serial form in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It is the life of Christ merely from the human standpoint, and to those who have learned to love that life from the narrative in the Four Gospels even the most gifted biographies of modern times fail to inspire similar interest and admiration. The only way to study Christ's life from an historical, literary, human, or divine standard is to search the Scriptures. "The Story of a Young Man" as a purely literary effort is smoothly written, though lacking in force and vigor of style.

G. M. B.

[The Story of a Young Man (A Life of Christ). By Clifford Howard. Drawings by W. L. Taylor and T. Guernsey Moore. \$2.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.]

Mr. Lathbury's essays on the Beatitudes are anything but doctrinal, and voice that passionate cry after the Christian ideal in all things which many are uttering almost inarticulately. Mr. Lathbury shows in his last book a growing power to use delicately poetical prose which, if occasionally rough, is seldom highly colored or obtrusive, and never self-conscious. The passion and the rapture of his words ring true. So epigrammatic is his style that almost any sentence can be read apart from its connection with pleasure and profit. Occasionally the staccato note is prolonged,—but there is more hope for glowing than for dull expression. The message of the "Code" is "Joy,"—that thing so sorely needed in this world, even among

professing Christians. "The Ten Requisites of Perfected Manhood" are arranged in chapter-titles as follows: The Doctrine of Joy, the Threshold of Joy. *Beatitudes of the Within*: The Joy of Grief, the Joy of the Gentle, the Joy of the Earnest. *Beatitudes of the Without*: The Joy of the Righteous Love, the Joy of Vision, the Joy of Repose. *The Celebration*: The Joy of the Shining Mark, the Joy of the Immune, the Rapture. *An Aftergleam*: The Joys of the Redeemer. A few sentences, chosen almost at random, will show the spirit of this Henry Vaughn of prose: "The most surprising thing to angels must be those anomalous gatherings to inquire if there be a God and Heaven." . . . "The power of noble habit! It cannot be overestimated; too much importance cannot be placed upon it. It becomes much easier of performance than bad habit, because it belongs to human nature, is a part of our being." "We are as fresh from God as the unblushing stars that shone over us last evening. There are fine and delicate things in human nature because human nature is divine nature." "Happiness is not in a change in circumstances, as so many fancy, but in a change in one's self. It is not in position but in disposition." "The joy must flow from within, outward, making a joyful environment." "We should cease preparing to live, and begin at once to live. To have joy today is to live today in the atmosphere of these Beatitudes. Do not wait for joy; do not wait to live, but enter this moment the life of heaven." "Self-sufficiency is suicide." "'Mourning' is connected with the birth of the soul out of darkness. It is pain that arises from the struggle to be divine." "God wipes tears from eyes wet with the sense of spiritual incompleteness, from eyes misty with failure to realize their finer visions." "There is the spurious peace of veiled conditions, narcotics that still the warning nerves." Humility "is not a morbid self-depreciation, but a healthy aspiration." "All life, then, is simply this: a series of desires, and their fulfilment; desire on the part of man, fulfilment on the part of God." "The glad unsatisfied. . . ." "He takes the soul with all its paucity, and all its prayers, and pours it ineffably full of Himself."

V. Van M. B.

[The Code of Joy. By Clarence Lathbury, author of "God Winning Us" and "A Little Lower than the Angels." With prefatory verses and cover design by Mary A. Lathbury. 40 cents. Germantown, Pennsylvania: The Swedenborg Publishing Association.]

We are so continually having held above us high ideals that are too high or too ideal, that it is encouraging at last to come face to face with ideals as high as any, but yet well within our homely, every-day lives—ideals that sit with us by the fire, or go with us to our daily work, that for mother and wife, father and husband, brother and sister and child serve as fellow strivers for the perfect life. "Practical ideals," forsooth—the kind that help. So we lay down the second series of "Home Thoughts" by "C" (Mrs.

James Farley Cox) with a resolve, not with a sigh. These clear, gentle little essays of the home (thirty-two of them) appeared originally in the New York *Evening Post*, and are now collected into book form under the general divisions of "Two Spring Thoughts," "Of Parents and Children," "Of Husbands and Wives," "Chiefly of Women," and "Of the Year's End." If at times they disillusion, if at times they seem to aim too low, yet in the end we know that it is better to see clearly, and that the aim is highest of all that combines with unselfishness, love, and lofty purpose a calm reason and broadness of view. And we know that, after all, the little things are the big things.

A. S. H.

[Home Thoughts. Second Series. By C. \$1.20 net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.]

"Bread and Wine" is the simple story of the Swiss peasant, Christian Valär, and of his wife Ursula; of the trustful, happy love that glorified daily toil and humble home; of the misunderstanding that came between them with its sequence of pain and sorrow, and of the dull Christian's slow awakening to the truth that love is the heart of life and that the common bread and wine of daily living may be as sacramental as the bread and wine of the Holy Communion. It is a simple story sweetly told, and its effect upon the mind is that of a devotional nusing or of a favorite hymn heard out of a sunny distance. It is pleasant to know that its writer is connected with a hand-weaving industry in Haslemere, Surrey, where women and girls are employed under happy conditions in making beautiful materials.

A. E. H.

[Bread and Wine. By Maude Egerton King. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

WAR TOPICS.

"The War in South Africa, Its Cause and Conduct," by A. Conan Doyle, is a valuable addition to the history of the Boer War. Dr. Doyle has attempted to collect all the Blue Books, tracts, pamphlets, etc., furnishing authoritative information, into one small volume. He is extremely frank, and much fairer in his statements than any Englishman could be expected to be. A single sentence from the preface epitomizes both the purpose and the conclusions reached: "In view of the persistent slanders to which our politicians and our soldiers have been equally exposed, it becomes a duty which we owe to our national honor to lay the facts before the world. No unprejudiced man can read the facts without acknowledging that the British government has done its best to avoid war, and the British army to wage it with humanity."

After a discussion of the Boer people and their history, the writer takes up the causes of the quarrel and the negotiations connected with it. The matter of farm-burning is very freely and frankly gone over, as are also the concentration camps and certain of the more serious charges against the soldiers.

In the chapter on "The Other Side of the Question" the author quotes an opinion, stated in his "Great Boer

War," that the Boers were the victims of a great deal of slander in the press, and speaks in very laudatory terms of their soldier-like qualities and conduct on the field. The conclusions of his present investigation may be well summed up in the following paragraph:

"It is a painful fact, but the words could not possibly be written today. Had the war only ended when it should have ended, the combatants might have separated each with a chivalrous feeling of respect for a knightly antagonist. But the Boers, having appealed to the God of Battles and heard the judgment, appealed once more against it. Hence came the long, bitter, and fruitless struggle which has cost so many lives, so much suffering, and a lowering of the whole character of the war." S. B. S.

[The War in South Africa, its Cause and Conduct. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.]

"Naval Heroes of Holland," by J. A. Metz, contains a large part of the history of the rise of Holland to the position of the strongest naval force in the world, in the biography of four of her greatest admirals, with two introductory chapters on "The Beginnings of a Navy" — which is traced to the herring fisheries — and the "Beggars of the Sea." &c. Anything concerning wonderful little Holland is interesting, and the history of her naval heroes reads like a fairy tale. Overwhelming odds not only seemed, but actually were, as nothing to those old sea "Beggars." The book is as interesting as a novel, and the reading of the deeds of heroism and patriotism will bring a thrill to the dullest heart.

Additional local interest is given to the book by reason of the fact that in the principal parts of the exploits of the Dutch as against the Spaniards they began what America has just finished, the elimination of Spain as a world-power, and by the recurrence of some of the names in our own recent war. S. B. S.

[Naval Heroes of Holland. By J. A. Metz. \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.]

Captain Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers," supplementary to his "Influence of Sea Power upon History" and his "Life of Nelson," presents in narrative form the professional lives of six great English admirals, laying stress upon incidents illustrative of the personal characteristics that made them what they are — permanent types of the naval commander, and, so, lessons in the fundamentals of naval organization and strategy. The contents make clear the plan of treatment:

- I. Introductory.—Conditions of Naval Warfare at the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century.
- II. Progress of Naval Warfare During the Eighteenth Century. Hawke: The Spirit.
- III. Rodney: The Form.
- IV. Howe: The General Officer, as Tactician.
- V. Jervis: The General Officer, as Disciplinarian and Strategist.
- VI. Saumarez: The Fleet Officer and Division Commander.

VII. Pellew: The Frigate Captain and Partisan Officer.

These six admirals had many points of contact with the history of our own country — the older men, indeed, being our fellow countrymen during the colonial period, while Saumarez and Pellew bore arms against us in the Revolution. All of them were prominent factors in the long struggle that began in 1739 over the rights of British ships in the Spanish waters of the New World, gradually involved all Europe, and ended in the expulsion of France from North America and the ultimate independence of the Thirteen Colonies. Hawke and Rodney, as types of their period, stand for the evolution of naval warfare in the eighteenth century and represent the element of change; the four others are the more conservative types of permanent forces and abiding features in the perfect naval organization. Nelson, as an individual genius rather than a type, is not included in the scheme.

The work is characterized by the same clearness and broadness of vision, the same impartiality and thorough technical knowledge that have marked the preceding productions of this eminent authority. A. S. H.

[Types of Naval Officers. Drawn from the History of the British Navy, with Some Account of the Conditions of Naval Warfare at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century and of its Subsequent Development during the Sail Period. By A. T. Mahan, D. C. L., LL. D., Captain U. S. N. \$2.50 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.]

FICTION.

If we were fascinated by Mr. Stoker's "Dracula," we shall be equally interested in his less gruesome but exciting and romantic "Mystery of the Sea." It is hardly fair to the author to say that in the first chapter the hero finds himself gifted with "second sight," that the story centers around a mysterious Spanish treasure lost on the coast of England from one of the ships of the Armada, and sought by generation after generation of Escobans, to whom it had been entrusted, until they clash with the quest of Gormala, woman seer, the English hero, and the American heroine. All this sounds crudely wild and improbable, but under the writer's skilful hand it becomes almost a matter of course, and we follow him breathless, but in sympathy. The character drawing is perhaps the weak spot of the book and we should dislike to think of the American heiress as typical, but we can forgive much to one who gives us so readable a story. A. S. H.

[The Mystery of the Sea. By Bram Stoker. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.]

Mr. Brady enters a new field and gives us in "Hohenzollern" a romance of the days of Frederick Barbarossa. After choosing his fictitious characters he discovered that their prototypes actually existed in the old days of the German Empire, so it chances that we follow the adventures of Count Conrad von Hohenzollern, Countess Mathilda of Vohburg, Frederick of Hohenstauffen, and Henry Welf, the Lion of Saxony.

From Conrad and the Duke of Saxony spring the present reigning houses of Germany and England. Despite this "historical flavor" and the taste of the spirit of the day the writer disclaims the writing of an historical tale.

The action centers about Conrad von Hohenzollern, who, against all the world, follows true love until the higher call of duty raises him to an heroic renunciation. Knight, outlaw, king-maker and hero, brave, frank and loyal, his final reward and happiness are well-earned. In *Barbarossa* we behold a similar struggle between honor and a love less noble than that of Conrad—a struggle more bitter with no material guerdon. But if there is pathos in this strong emperor's ultimate generosity and we leave him only a man with the joy gone from his heart, yet we leave him victor over himself and ready for his future victories over others.

The carefully preserved unities of time, place, subject and action suggest the author's having written with eyes not unshut to the possibility of dramatization. Indeed, the narrative waxes almost too melodramatic in places. But the fact remains that Mr. Brady offers us a clean-cut, charming little romance, which, if it is lacking in subtlety, is strong in its straightforward unfolding of a good plot and in its clear presentation of characters.

A. S. H.

[*Hohenzollern: A Story of the Time of Frederick Barbarossa*. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. With Illustrations by Will Crawford and Decorations by Milla Thompson. \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.]

Mr. Sibley tells us a tale of the Indian Mutiny, in which the hero, an English officer, wins the love of Zanee Kooran, daughter of a rich and powerful rajah and a woman of Greece. She warns him and a few others of the impending uprising and, when the storm breaks, becomes *deus ex machina* in several exciting situations. The action centers upon the massacre at Cawnpore, the siege of Culpeedah, and the famous relief march of Havelock's column to Lucknow. No new light is thrown upon historical features and, outside of proper names, local color is decidedly wanting. The characters all lack individuality and the plot has none but chronological development. The style is primitive and stereotyped.

A. S. H.

[*Zanee Kooran: A Romance of India in the Time of the Great Sepoy Rebellion*. By Frederick O. Sibley. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Company.]

That of a man she loves and a man she loathes, the latter may prove the better husband to a woman, is shown in this romance of the Huguenot massacre. To save her Huguenot lover, Tignonville, and her household, Mademoiselle de Vrillac marries Count Hannibal, a noble high in royal favor, and of elastic faith. Instead of the misery which she has expected, the conduct of the man continually perplexes her,—one moment magnanimous, the next harsh and cruel. Plainly, the self-centered Tignonville is not intended for her, and interest soon falls on the count. The gradual evolution

of the wife's attitude toward her husband is both well argued and rational. First fearing him, she hates, loathes, tolerates, in time approves, and, at the supreme test, when, for the delivery of the count, her old lover is offered her by the infuriated priesthood—the proposition being emphasized by a gaunt gibbet,—she ends by resigning her lover to his fate, and turning to her husband, Count Hannibal.

The handling of the historical material of the tale is a noticeable improvement over Mr. Weyman's first treatment of the St. Bartholomew massacre. It is pictured in awesome colors, without once becoming revolting. He is especially happy in the handling of a mob; his mob is churlish, savage, and always domitable. Strewn through the book are many choice bits of crisp word-painting, and the tale shows a growing tendency to keen analyses of motive which do not appear in his earlier works.

J. L. P.

[*Count Hannibal*. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

In giving to his latest novel the title "*The History of Sir Richard Calmady*," Lucas Malet suggests the serious fullness of her purpose, inviting a little of the patience that one must bring to Thackeray, for instance, or to any of the older writers whose fashion it is to start their heroes in infancy and carry them, for the reader, through the formative portion of their lives. Patience, however, in the case of Sir Richard Calmady is hardly conscious of itself, so quickly does it yield to an absorbing interest in the history and development of this child upon whom Fortune has lavished all gifts but one—the normal stature of a man. We watch him meet, one by one, the trials from which wealth and rank, love and care, are powerless to protect the sensitive spirit that animated a body cruelly deformed; we see the great soul of the man triumph in the end over the misery, hopelessness, and evil that a life of inevitable disillusion brings to him, finding his place of usefulness in the scheme of the world and winning a love and happiness that could never have been his without the struggle. The story, which in general setting and color reminds one of George Meredith's romances of contemporary English country life, is told with convincing truth and vigor, and deserves a high place among the works of fiction of today.

M. D. J.

[*The History of Richard Calmady*. A romance. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.]

"*The Rescue*," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is one of the best stories of the year, without question. The art of the story teller is well known to the author, and the framework of the tale is so constructed as to lead the reader along from a very unpretentious sort of beginning, at a steadily increasing pace of interest as the plot progresses, up to a very fury of climax. If one reads half way into the book, he is almost certain to go the rest of the way before putting the book down.

As for the story, the hero is of course wealthy, is thirty years old and, as he thinks, a settled and con-

firmed bachelor. But he loses his heart—and head and everything else that could be lost—to an old photograph of a beautiful girl. The girl, when finally materialized, proves to be a widow, still handsome, with a pitiful past and a daughter old enough to furnish complications for at least two men, if not more. The force of heredity, developing in the daughter strong, if not altogether desirable, traits of the father whom she never saw, is made to furnish the motive power for the plot. And the “rescue” saves from the abyss—well, all four of the principal characters in considerable degree.

The story, merely as a story, is a good one; but the striking feature of the book is the analysis of motive. This is wonderfully well done, for we can prove from our own experience the truth of it at every point.

S. B. S.

[The Rescue. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.]

“Lepidus the Centurion: A Roman of Today,” is the title of a weird, fascinating story by Edwin Lester Arnold. Contrary to the expectation aroused by the title, the story does not deal with old Roman days, except incidentally; but it concerns present-day English life. The peg on which the story is hung, the awakening of a member of an ancient civilization into the perplexing changes of today, is by no means a new one. But the author deftly introduces a complication that adds to the tangle of the plot materially beyond the mere physical development of the later age. Louis Allanby, the narrator of the story, is instrumental in awakening from his thousand-year sleep Lepidus, the Centurion, with the discovery that his own soul is the reincarnated spirit of Lepidus; and the working out of this situation to its dramatic ending is prolific of humor, satire, and dramatic effect.

S. B. S.

[Lepidus the Centurion: A Roman of Today. By Edwin Lester Arnold. \$1.50. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.]

POETRY.

“At the Sign of the Ginger Jar” is the quaint title of a collection of verses by Ray Clark Rose, a Chicago newspaper man, which are delightfully fresh and thoroughly enjoyable. The subjects are most diversified, embracing poems of sentiment and reflection, verses playful and humorous, ballads, rondeaus, and sonnets.

It is a wonder that any person who has ever felt the grind of the necessity for so much “copy” daily, muse or no muse, could have any poetry left in his make-up. But there is plenty of “ginger” in the “jar,” and a few tastes will but whet the appetite for more.

WHEN ONE IS OLD.

When one is old one may forget
The ills that sear the heart and fret
The soul; old age may reconcile
Griefs that exalt, joys that defile,
And love that leaves the eyelids wet.
Along life's backward track are set
Gray crossway signals marked “Regret,”

At which dim eyes may gaze and smile,
When one is old!

How base will seem the quest we let
Consume the years! The minaret
Of fame's white temple, afterwards,
Will crown a lonely burial pile;
And thus success and dust are met
When one is old.

Or taste the following:

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

O, Santa Claus! I ask no toys
Such as suffice for grown-up boys;
No rings or smoking-jackets fine;
No presents of cigars or wine;
No pillows of unique design.
I do not ask for bonds or stocks;
For chased and gilded mantle clocks,
Nor even fine embroidered socks.
I only ask that you will send
The gracious presence of a friend. S. B. S.

[At the Sign of the Ginger Jar, Some Verses, Grave and Gay. By Ray Clarke Rose. \$1.00 net. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.]

“A man of mere cleverness,” said Sidney Lanier, “can reach a certain point of progressive technique; but after that it is only moral nature which can carry him further forward, which can teach him anything.”

That Robert Underwood Johnson is a man of far more than technical cleverness, is evidenced by his book of verse just issued by the Century Company. If it is the art of the poet to invest familiar things with new and ever renewed interest, then this man may, without question, lay claim to the gift. Mr. Johnson is a poet in the sense which means much to the literary trend of our opening century toward both truth and beauty. In his “Winter Hour,” how he has vitalized to the soul's ear the sounds of earth—the mother's voice, the bed-time call, the half waking dream-music of our childhood!

“O silent hour that sacred is
To our sincerest reveries!—

* * * * *
The summer bedtime, when the sky—
The boy's first wonder—gathers nigh,
And cows are lowing at the bars,
And fireflies mock the early stars
That seem to hang just out of reach—
Like a bright thought that lacks of speech.”

The power thus sympathetically to transmit personal experiences, delicately to delineate Nature in her tenderest and most human moods, is the gift of only the essentially poetic nature.

Mr. Johnson is wonderfully felicitous in expression, and the reader is often surprised at the compassing of thought. Notice the two lines on Milton in the “Winter Hour”:

“Milton's massive lines that pour
Like waves upon a windward shore,”

or again on Wordsworth:

"Wordsworth's refuge from the crowd—
The peace of noondays poised aloud,"

or once more on Browning:

"Browning, Knight of Song,—so made
By Nature's royal accolade,—
Whose lines, as life-blood full and warm
Search for the soul within the form."

The book is lyric in impulse; but a wide range of form and meter is represented, from the ode-like "Italian Rhapsody," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for March of this year, to the ballad on "Dewey at Manila." Some of the most notable among the lyrics are: "Love the Conqueror Came to Me," "An English Mother," "The Flower of Fame," and "The Dread Before Great Joy."

From time to time there comes before the reading public a name which holds within itself the prophecy of better things for the versification of the day. Among such names should be reckoned that of Robert Underwood Johnson.

G. A. P.

[Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. \$1.20 net. New York: The Century Company.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

The delightful people of the Norse mythology, from Odin and Balder down to the wonder-working dwarfs, seldom visit us in so friendly and familiar a fashion as in Abbie Farwell Brown's new book, "In the Days of Giants." Sixteen stories of their doings are here retold with an archness and grace that will help the younger reader to understand why it is that the Beginning of Things as recorded by the elder Northern folk is a treasure-store of poetic dreams and of music themes that roll a mighty magic across the years. A. E. H.

[In the Days of Giants. By Abbie Farwell Brown. \$1.10. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

Penelope under any other name is just as charming as when she began her triumphal Progress into our affections. We who have followed her with enthusiasm from England to Scotland and Ireland, are glad to return with her to the vicinity of London and assist at her holiday masquerade as a Goose Girl at Thornycroft Farm, Barbury Green. We are rewarded for our persistent friendship by being admitted with her to "the pathos of a poultry farm" and to the delicate intimacies of its delights as well. The vibrations of a suppressed but irrepressible love affair seem to make the poultry farm more enchanting than it would otherwise have been.

A. E. H.

[The Diary of a Goose Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

"The Merry-Go-Round" is a delightful collection of jingles by Carolyn Wells, and will be an attractive addition to holiday literature. The rhymes of Miss Wells,

which she frequently contributes to current magazines, are such a distinct type of humor that a collection of them in book form is cordially welcomed. The humor is sometimes a little subtle for children, but nowadays the jingle-maker must entertain the old as well as the young, and the public seems to demand that the simplest rhymes must reveal the hand of genius. "The Merry-Go-Round" will bring amusement to any one from six to sixty—maybe more. The illustrations by Peter Newell add much to the effectiveness of the rhymes.

G. M. B.

[The Merry-Go-Round. By Carolyn Wells. Drawings by Peter Newell. \$1.00. New York: R. H. Russell.]

People who feel that they lack time to study with proper deliberation the writings of Herbert Spencer—and there are many such people—will find in the volume "Spencer and His Critics" an account of the distinctive teachings of that philosopher with citations from the arguments or rejoinders of his most notable critics. It is an example of that unusual aid to the busy reader, the one volume that offers the selected values of several.

[Spencer and His Critics. By Charles B. Waite, A. M. Chicago: C. V. Waite & Co.]

Mr. Dixon has produced a book with which few readers will agree unreservedly, and with which few will fail to agree on some of the main issues. The tale, divided into three books, is such that it is difficult for a reviewer to lay hold of any thread that embraces completely the action of the story. Beginning in the second book is the love theme—the struggle of a young politician, representing the ideals of the New South, for the daughter of a prejudiced, but noble old Confederate general, whose ideals represent the spirit of the Old South. Throughout the remainder of the book this contest alternates with the fiercer political strife. Among the subordinate characters, the strongest is Tom Camp, the broken soldier and poor white, who has suffered all his life from the negro. The North is well and justly rebuked in Susan Walker, reformer, and the Honorable Everett Lowell, who granted George Harris, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, "equality with a reservation." The expedient of resurrecting Simon Legree, though the point made is undoubtedly good, is hazardous. The negro, and his place in the republic is, of course, the issue, and the two things Mr. Dixon continually places before us are that "One drop of negro blood makes a negro," and that "You cannot build in a Democracy a nation inside a nation of two antagonistic races. The future American must be an Anglo-Saxon or a Mulatto." In most cases he has treated the negro with justice, and, if he has shown his worst types, he has also given us his best. In form, the book is more of a dramatic essay, with a woof of love story, and is plainly, both by the frequent introduction of oratory, and the striving after oratorical effects, the work of a public speaker. Perhaps the tale will be best heard when dramatic readers begin to use it.

J. L. P.

[The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.

- Life of Napoleon I. Including New Materials from the British Official Records. By John Holland Rose, M. A. In two volumes. Each $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$4.00.
- The American Federal State. A Text-Book in Civics for High Schools and Academies. By Roscoe Lewis Ashley, M. A. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
- A History of Political Theories. Ancient and Medieval. By William Archibald Dunning, Ph. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.50.
- The Elements of Physical Chemistry. By Harry C. Jones. 6×9 . \$4.00.
- An Elementary Book on Electricity and Magnetism and their Applications. By Dugald C. Jackson, C. E., and John Price Jackson, M. E. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.40.
- Principles of Western Civilization. By Benjamin Kidd. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.00.
- Ulysses. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
- The Level of Social Motion. An Inquiry into the Future Conditions of Human Society. By Michael A. Lane. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.00.
- The Child Life Fifth Reader. By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .45.
- The Italian Renaissance in England. Studies by Lewis Einstein. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.
- A Short History of Germany. From 9 A. D. to 1871 A. D. By Ernest F. Henderson. In two volumes. Each 6×9 . \$4.00 net.
- The Mastery of the Pacific. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. With special maps, frontispiece, and more than one hundred illustrations from original sketches and photographs. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$4.00 net.
- The Sermon on the Mount: Its Literary Structure and Didactic Purpose. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D. D. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.
- A University Text-book of Botany. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph. D. Illustrated. 6×9 . \$4.00.
- The Care of Destitute, Neglected, and Delinquent Children. By Homer Folke. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. \$1.00.
- A Primer of the Christian Religion. Based on the Teaching of Jesus, its Founder and Living Lord. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.
- A Text-Book of Applied English Grammar. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. .35.
- A Laboratory Manual of Physics. For use in High Schools. By Henry Crew, Ph. D., and Robert R. Tatnall, Ph. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .90.
- The Public School Arithmetic for Grammar Grades. Based on McLellan and Dewey's "Psychology of Number." By J. A. McLellan, M. A., LL. D., and A. F. Ames, A. B. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .60.
- Lessons from Greek Pottery. To which is added A Bibliography of Greek Ceramics. By John Homer Huddleston, A. B., Ph. D. With illustrations. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.

- The English Chronicle Play. A Study in the Popular Historical Literature Environing Shakespeare. By Felix E. Schelling. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.00.
- The Theory of Prosperity. By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
- The Elements of Greek. A First Book with Grammar, Exercises and Vocabularies. By Francis Kingsley Ball, Ph. D. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.
- Physics: A Text-Book for Secondary Schools. By Frederick Slate. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.
- Principles of Class Teaching. By J. J. Findlay, M. A. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. \$1.25.
- Athalie: Tragédie Tirée de L'Écriture Sainte. Par Jean Racine. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. C. De Sumichrast. 5×7 . .60.
- Historical Sources in Schools: Report to the New England History Teachers' Association. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .60.
- A Complete Geography. By Ralph S. Tarr, B. S., F. G. S. A., and Frank M. McMurry, Ph. D. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

- Twelfth Night; or, What You Will. By William Shakespeare. From the Riverside Edition edited by Richard Grant White, with additional notes by Helen Gray Cone. Paper cover, 15 cents.
- A Dog of Flanders; and The Nurnberg Stove. By Louise De La Ramée ("Ouida"). With introductory sketch and notes. Paper cover, 15 cents.
- Daniel Webster. By Samuel W. McCall. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .80 net.
- An American at Oxford. By John Corbin. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.
- Van Dyck. A Collection of Fifteen Pictures and a Portrait of the Painter, with Introduction and Interpretation. By Estelle M. Hurl. Riverside Art Series. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Paper, .35; cloth, .50 net.
- Tuscan Sculpture of the Fifteenth Century. (The Riverside Art Series.) By Estelle M. Hurl. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. .50.
- Roman Biznet. By Georgia Wood Pangborn. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.
- Jackanapes and The Brownies. (The Riverside Literature Series.) By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Edited with introduction and notes by Henry W. Boynton, M. A. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. .15.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK.

- The Hand of God in American History. A Study of National Politics. By Robert Ellis Thompson, S. T. D. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00 net.
- Verba Crucis. By Rev. T. Calvin McClelland. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. .50 net.
- Irrigation in the United States. By Frederick Haynes Newell. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.00 net.
- The Silent Pioneer. By Lucy Cleaver McElroy. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. \$1.50.
- Shaksperian Synopses. Outlines of Arguments of the

- Plays of Shakspeare. By J. Walker McSpadden. 4½ x 6. .45 net.
- Angelot. A Story of the First Empire. By Eleanor C. Price. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- Mary Garvin. The Story of a New Hampshire Summer. By Fred Lewis Pattee. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- A Comprehensive Guide-book to Natural, Hygienic, and Humane Diet. By Sidney H. Beard. 5 x 7½. \$1.00.
- William McKinley. Memorial Address by John Hay. Delivered in the Capitol, February 27, 1902, by invitation of Congress. 5 x 7½. .28 net.
- What is Religion? And Other New Articles and Letters. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by V. Tchertkoff and A. C. Fifield. 5 x 7½. .60 net.

THE ABBEY PRESS, NEW YORK.

- Behind the Grill. Some Experiences of a Country Bank Cashier. By Duncan Francis Young. 4½ x 7½. .50.
- The King of Andorra. By Henry E. Harris. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- Josephine Grahame: A Romance. And Other Stories. By Jeannette Wheeler. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- Visions of Life. By Martha Shepard Lippincott. 5½ x 7½. \$1.25.
- A Golden Way. Being Notes and Impressions on a Journey Through Ireland, Scotland, and England. By Albert Leroy Bartlett. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- The Phantom Caravan. By Cordelia Powell Odenheimer. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- "Har Lampkins": A Narrative of Mountain Life on the Borders of the Two Virginias. By Abel Patton. 5½ x 7½. \$1.00.
- Castles in Spain; and Other Sketches in Rhyme. By Winifred Sackville-Stoner. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- The Silver Cord and The Golden Bowl. By Grace Adele Pierce. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Unrequited Love. By Otto Stechhan. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Where the Magnolias Bloom. A Tale of Southern Life. By Frederic Bacon Cullens. 4½ x 7½. .50.
- Fairview's Mystery. By George H. Marquis. 4½ x 7½. .75.
- Whither are We Drifting? By Otto Stechhan. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Songs Not Set to Music. By Kate Mills Fargo. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Golden Fluff. By Mrs. James Edwin Morris. 5½ x 8. .50.
- The Improprieties of Noah; And Other Stories. By H. V. Smedberg. 4½ x 7½. .50.
- Bobtail Dixie. By Abbie N. Smith. Fully Illustrated. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- The Blue Diamond. By Roswell W. Keene. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- How to Treat the Trusts and How to Win in 1904. By John Haggerty. 4½ x 7½. Cloth .25.
- Three Years on the Blockade: A Naval Experience. By I. E. Vail. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- Kuttner's German Conversation Course: A Graded Series of Object Lessons, Dialogues, and Grammar. By Bernhard Kuttner. (Section I. and II.) 5½ x 8.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

- Four-Place Logarithmic Tables. Containing the Logarithms of Numbers and of the Trigonometric Functions. Arranged for use in the entrance examinations of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. 5½ x 8½.
- History of the Roman People. By Charles Seignobos, of the University of Paris. Translation edited by William Fairley, Ph. D. 5½ x 7½. \$1.25 net.
- Political History of the United States: With Special Reference to the Growth of Political Parties. By J. P. Gordy, Ph. D. In Four Volumes. Volume II. 5½ x 7½. \$1.75 net.

C. C. BIRCHARD & CO., BOSTON.

- Gleanings from Nature. By Eva M. Carter. Illustrated by the author. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Songs of the Sakhohnagas. By Hugh Deveron. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- Guided and Guarded: or, Some Incidents in the Life of a Minister-Soldier. By Joseph S. Malone. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- That Old Kitchen Stove. By David Harold Judd. 5 x 7½. .50.
- Aaron Crane. By Henry Tate. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- What Think Ye of Christ. By ex-Judge J. L. Eldridge. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Constance Hamilton. By Lucy May Lindsey Wyatt. 5½ x 8. .50.
- Liquid from the Sun's Rays. By Sue Greenleaf. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- Glenwood. By Cathmer Kensington. 5½ x 8½.
- A Movable Quartette. By Eleanor Guyse. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Modern Association and Railroadng. By A. L. Goodknight. 4½ x 7½. .50.
- The Chiefs of Cambria. By Morgan P. Jones. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- Infans Amoris. By T. Everett Harry. 5½ x 8. \$1.50.
- A Silken Snare. By William Leroy. 5½ x 8. .50.
- The Life Worth Living: or, Guides and Guards to Holiness and Heaven. By Wilbur C. Newell. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- The Tale of a Cat. By Margaret Kern. 4½ x 7½. .50.
- Christopher. By "The Princess," Mary F. Lockett. 5½ x 8. \$1.25.
- Cub's Career. By Harriet Wheeler. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- My Lord Farquhar. By Thomas Emmet Moore. 5½ x 8. .50.
- When Bards Sing out of Tune. By A. Clark. 5½ x 8. .50.
- Fortune's Wheel. By Martha Gray. 5½ x 8. \$1.00.
- Lyrics. By John Vance Cheney. 5½ x 8.

D. C. HEATH & CO., NEW YORK.

- Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par Ernest Renan. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Irving Babbitt. 5 x 7½.
- German Composition. With Notes and Vocabulary. By E. C. Wesselhoeft, M. A. (Modern Language Series.) 5 x 7½.

(Continued on page 626.)

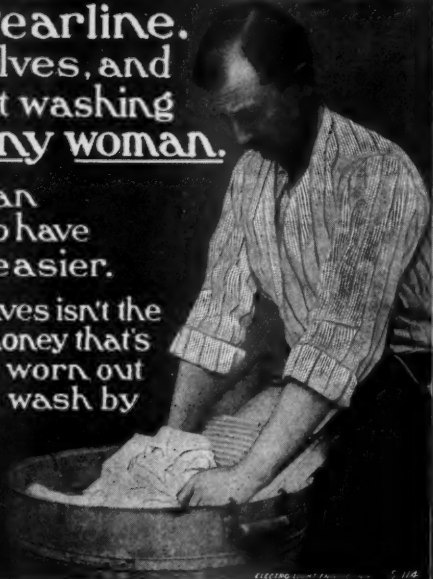
Let the Men Wash

if they won't get you Pearline.
Let them try it for themselves, and
see if they don't say that washing
with soap is too hard for any woman.

Where is the man
who wouldn't want to have
the washing made easier.

This hard work that Pearline saves isn't the
whole matter; it saves money, too—money that's
thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out
and rubbed to pieces when you wash by
main strength in the old way.

Pearline's Way
is Modern way.



THE BURDEN OF ERROR

From Darkness to Light

Habit is strong; the mind is stronger. An awakening intellect makes the will that breaks an unnatural habit, and in the choice of food brings us from darkness to light. To be mentally and physically sound we must eat natural food. In the Whole Wheat nature has provided such a food; that is, food that **CONTAINS all the PROPERTIES in CORRECT PROPORTION NECESSARY to NOURISH EVERY ELEMENT of the HUMAN ORGANISM.**

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is Wheat, whole wheat and nothing but the wheat, made palatable and digestible for man's use.
You will live in the light of natural conditions if you use it.
Sold by All Grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" cook book (free).

Address
THE NATURAL FOOD CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE TRIUMPH OF FOOD WISDOM

An English-German Conversation Book. By Gustave Krüger, Ph. D., and C. Alphonso Smith, Ph. D. (Modern Language Series.) 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Les Malheurs de Sophie. Par Madame la Comtesse de Ségur. Edited by Elizabeth M. White. (Modern Language Series.) 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .45.

Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers. Par Jules Verne. Abridged and edited by C. Fontaine, B. L., L. D. (Modern Language Series.) 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Das Edle Blut. By Ernst von Wildenbruch. Edited by Charles A. Eggert. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .30.

Complete Geography. By H. Justin Roddy, M. S. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.

Elementary Geography. By H. Justin Roddy, M. S. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. .50.

A Grammar of Attic and Ionic Greek. By Frank Cole Babbitt, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

Policeman Flynn. By Elliott Flower. With Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

The Little Brother. A Story of Tramp Life. By Josiah Flynt. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. By Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated by Albert Levering. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK.

Crime in its Relation to Social Progress. By Arthur Cleveland Hall, Ph. D. 6 x 9.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A List of Books (with references to periodicals) Relating to Trusts. By A. P. C. Griffin, Chief of Division of Bibliography. Second edition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor. 1901. Strikes and Lockouts. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Seventeenth Report of the United States Civil Service Commission. July 1, 1899, to June 30, 1900. 6 x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Bulletin of the Department of Labor. No. 39. March, 1902.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA.

History of Education. (Lippincott Educational Series.) By E. L. Kemp, M. A. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Through Science to Faith. By Newman Smyth. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

Philosophy of Conduct. A Treatise of the Facts, Principles, and Ideals of Ethics. By George Trumbull Ladd. 6 x 9. \$3.50.

THE DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.

Arbor and Bird Day Annual for Wisconsin Schools. Issued by L. D. Harvey, State Superintendent.

FWLER & COLWELL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

A Plain Guide to Landscape Painting and Sketching from Nature in Water Color. With Helpful Hints

for Viewing Nature and Art. By Professor J. Ivey. Paper, 50 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK.

The Hinderers: A Story of the Present Time. By Edna Lyall. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.

The Teaching of History and Civics in the Elementary and the Secondary School. By Henry E. Bourne, B. A., B. D. (American Teachers Series.) 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK.

A History of Russia. From the Birth of Peter the Great to Nicholas II. By W. R. Morfill, M. A. With twelve maps and plans. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.75 net.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Broader Bible Study. Illustrated by Diagrams. The Pentateuch. By Rev. Alexander Patterson. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .75 net.

GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Future of War in Its Technical, Economic, and Political Relations. By I. S. Bloch. Translated by R. C. Long. With a Conversation with the Author by W. T. Stead, and an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. .60.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Father Marquette. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00 net.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Civil Government of Ohio (The Nation and the State). By Frank H. H. Roberts, M. A. Introduction by Grace Raymond Hebard, Ph. D.

THE CHRONICLE COMPANY, MARION, INDIANA.

The New Harmony Communities. By George Brown- ing Lockwood. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., NEW YORK.

The Leopard's Spots. A Romance of the White Man's Burden—1865-1900. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

The Battle-Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated by W. J. Baer and W. Granville Smith. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

In the Country God Forgot. By Frances Charles. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.50.

HORACE MARKLEY, NEW YORK.

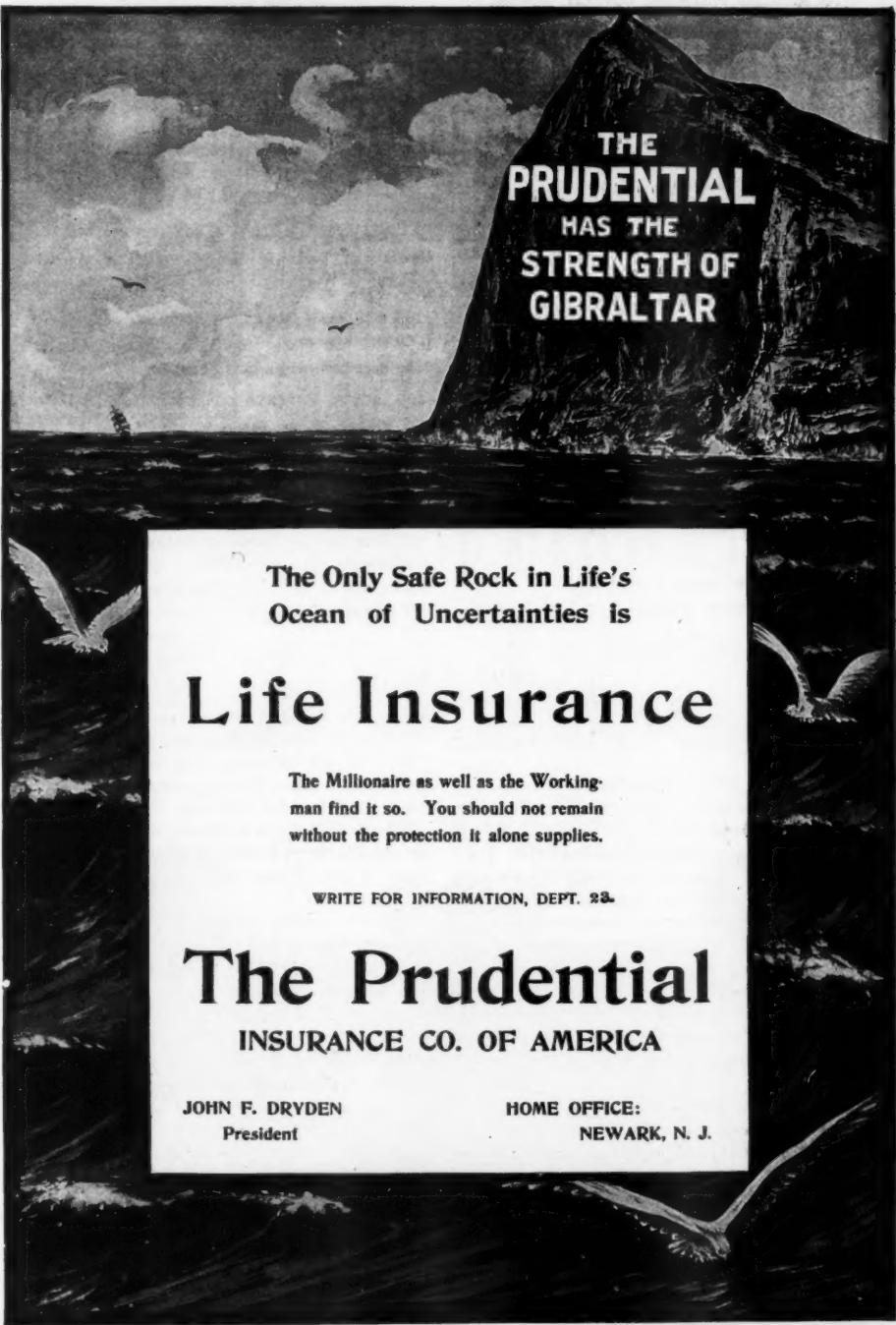
The Americanization of the World: or, The Trend of the Twentieth Century. By W. T. Stead. With several interesting maps. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

NEW ENGLAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Child Study of the Classics. Tales from Mythology, Flower Tales, Star Tales, Sea Tales. By Grace Adele Pierce. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

The Young Man in Modern Life. By Beverley Warner, D. D. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .85 net.



THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

The Only Safe Rock in Life's
Ocean of Uncertainties is

Life Insurance

The Millionaire as well as the Working-
man find it so. You should not remain
without the protection it alone supplies.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION, DEPT. 23.

The Prudential
INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE:
NEWARK, N. J.

C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Hester Blair. The Romance of a Country Girl. By William Henry Carson. With Illustrations by Charles H. Stephens. 5½ x 7½.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO.

Does Science Need Secrecy? By Albert Leffingwell, M. D. With Statement Concerning Vivisection by Professor W. T. Porter. Pamphlet.

Opinions Concerning Vivisection and Dissection in Schools. Leaflet.

Facts about Vivisection which cannot be denied. Leaflet.

Is Vivisection Painful? Leaflet.

Confessions of a Vivisector. Leaflet.

Abstract of The Report on Vivisection adopted by the American Human Association, September 26, 1895. Leaflet.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Good Cheer Nuggets. Compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington. 8½ x 5½. .45.

THE HOMER M. HILL PUBLISHING CO., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Eastern Peru and Bolivia. By William C. Agle. Pamphlet. .50.

A. W. ELSON & CO., BOSTON.

Greek Art. By T. W. Heermance, Ph. D. 4½ x 6½.

HINDS & NOBLE, NEW YORK.

The Foundations of Education. By Levi Seeley, Ph. D. 5½ x 7½.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Rockhaven. By Charles Clark Munn. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 5½ x 7½. \$1.50.

The Correspondent's Manual. A Praxis for Stenographers, Typewriters, Operators, and Clerks. By William E. Hickox. 4½ x 6½. .50.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO.

Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. 5½ x 8½. \$2.50.

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO.

In White and Black. By W. W. Pinson. Illustrated by Bert Ball. 5½ x 7½. \$1.50.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK.

The Sin of Jasper Standish. By "Rita." 5 x 7½. \$1.25.

When Love is King. By W. Dudley Mabry. 5 x 7½. \$1.50.

Mistress Dorothy of Haddon Hall: Being the True Love Story of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Henry Hastings. 5½ x 7½. \$1.00.

Destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique. By J. Herbert Welch and H. E. Taylor. 5 x 7½. .50.

NEWS SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

July 7.—Nine thousand Chicago freight-handlers go on a strike.

8.—The plan for a national fund in aid of striking miners is approved by President Mitchell. Harry Tracey, the escaped Oregon convict is still at large with a posse of several hundred men in pursuit.

9.—Secretary Hay secures promises from the allied powers to vacate Tien-Tsin. Negotiations for a Panama canal are begun at the state department.

11.—One hundred and twenty-five miners are reported killed in a mine explosion near Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Secretary Root receives the Vatican's note on the Philippine friars, but will consult the president before replying. General Davis turns over to General Sumner the command of the American troops in Mindanao.

12.—Secretary Root refutes the charges of proselytizing made against teachers in the Philippines.

14.—The Peary relief expedition sails from New York. The president reprimands and retires General Jacob H. Smith on account of the "kill and burn" order given to Major Waller in the Samar campaign. Nearly eleven thousand deaths from cholera are reported in the Philippines. Forty miners are killed by a powder explosion at Park City, Utah.

16.—Governor Taft delivers the American reply at Rome.

17.—At the United Mine Workers' convention in

Indianapolis, President Mitchell speaks against a general strike order for the bituminous coal miners.

19.—The convention decides against a general strike and adopts President Mitchell's suggestion in regard to raising funds for miners now out.

20.—A wind-storm in Baltimore inflicts much damage and kills eleven people. The pursuit of the outlaw, Harry Tracey, is abandoned after a cost of \$10,000 and several lives.

21.—The cholera epidemic is decreasing in Manila and the provinces.

22.—Major Edwin F. Glenn is found guilty of administering the water-cure to Filipinos and is sentenced to one month's suspension from duty and a fine of fifty dollars. Governor Nash, of Ohio, calls a special session of the legislature for August 25 to provide for the government of municipalities (the supreme court having set aside existing laws) and to repeal the Royer act which almost wholly deprived the supreme court of jurisdiction. Twenty-three thousand acres of the Siletz Indian reservation in Oregon are opened to settlement.

23.—The president's retirement of General Jacob H. Smith is held strictly legal by the war department.

26.—President Roosevelt approves the court-martial sentences of Major Glenn and Lieutenant Ganjot for cruelty to Filipinos, and disapproves the acquittal of Lieutenant Cook.

27.—Professor Alcée Fortier, professor of romance languages at Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisi-

PETTIJOHN'S FOR SCHOOL-CHILDREN :

With clear brains and sound, well-nourished bodies their study is easier, they remember better and answer better — they “Work while they work and play while they play” — and that's just what you want your child to do.

PETTIJOHN'S FLAKED BREAKFAST FOOD

The right food for school children; not only this first month of school, bear in mind, but every month of school, every month of the year.

Each Pettijohn's Flake is an entire grain of wheat, not altered in an attempt to improve on nature—easily digested. The strength that it gives is true strength.

Sold by All Grocers.



ana, since 1880, and a Chautauqua lecturer, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

30.—Three policemen are seriously injured in a clash with anthracite miners in Shenandoah, and two regiments and a cavalry troop are ordered to the scene. New York and Iowa declare for Roosevelt for president in 1904.

31.—Federal Court Judge Keller yesterday, in Charleston, West Virginia, at the instance of the Chesapeake and Ohio Coal Agency Company, enjoined President John Mitchell and one hundred and fifty other members of the United Mine Workers from interfering with the operating of the company's mines by menaces, threats, or intimidation of employees. Several California towns are damaged by earthquakes.

August 3.—The eighth regiment, N. G. P., is attacked by strikers and one soldier injured by a stone. Commissioner-General Sargent issues a circular stating that residents and natives of Porto Rico and the Philippines must undergo the same examination as other alien immigrants.

FOREIGN.

July 5.—King Edward gives dinners to six hundred thousand people in London.

7.—Venezuelan rebels win another victory.

8.—Rain breaks the drought in India. Barcelona is partly in the hands of the Venezuelan revolutionists.

10.—Cholera is spreading among the Chinese in Pekin. A fresh eruption of Mt. Pelée is reported.

12.—The Marquis of Salisbury resigns the premiership of Great Britain, and Arthur J. Balfour is appointed to succeed him.

13.—Liang Chen Tung is appointed Chinese minister at Washington to succeed Wu Ting Fang.

14.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, British chancellor of the exchequer, resigns. The king's condition improves. The Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice falls in ruins. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy arrives in St. Petersburg on a visit to the czar.

15.—An American company is given permission by China to build a railroad from Hankow to Canton.

16.—The king is removed to the royal yacht bound for the Isle of Wight. Fears are expressed for his recovery. Sir Arthur Lawley, governor of Western Australia, accepts the lieutenant-governorship of Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

17.—The Chinese foreign office accepts the terms of the withdrawal of foreign troops from Pekin.

18.—The coronation is officially set for August 9. The resignation of Earl Cadogan, lord lieutenant of Ireland, is announced. The Cuban republic has been formally recognized by the United States, Great Britain, France, Spain, Switzerland, Haiti, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Guatemala.

21.—It is reported from Panama that the revolutionary leader, Herrara, is willing to accept terms of peace. The pope receives Governor Taft and discusses the friar question. The disturbed condition in Haiti grows worse. It is said Emperor William proposes to

decorate three hundred Americans for courtesies extended during Prince Henry's visit. The steamship *Primus*, of Hamburg, is sunk by a tug on the River Elbe and fifty are supposed to have perished. The Italian minister of fine arts considers it desirable that the Campanile be rebuilt solely by Italian subscriptions, and that the foreign donations be used for a temple of human fraternity.

23.—The United States gunboat *Marietta* is ordered to the mouth of the Orinoco river to protect American shipping interests. The closing of primary schools kept by religious societies causes riots in Paris.

24.—President Castro returns to La Guayra from Barcelona, preparatory to attacking the insurgents at Valencia. The king's health is reported improving, but there is still danger.

25.—President Loubet signs a decree for closing the additional unauthorized church schools in Paris, and public excitement continues. England and Japan agree to maintain the independence of Korea in return for concessions.

26.—President Castro retreats to Caracas. Diplomatic relations between Switzerland and Italy are resumed.

27.—Insurgents under General Mendoza defeat reinforcements on their way to Castro. Despite warnings against anarchy Emperor William intends to visit Posen, Prussian Poland, for the army maneuvers in September.

29.—Secretary Chamberlain makes his first appearance since his cab accident. The king of Italy will visit the emperor of Germany, August 22.

30.—The pope approves the policy of Cardinal Rampolla, papal secretary of state, in not interfering in the religious disturbances in France. The revolutionary feeling is growing in Macedonia and Albania. Cholera is increasing in Cairo.

August 1.—The conference of colonial premiers in London considers the tariff and shipping questions.

OBITUARY.

July 8.—Edmund J. Cleaveland, genealogist, dies in Hartford, Connecticut.

10.—General Calvin H. Frederick, aged seventy-four, dies in Omaha.

12.—Mrs. Alexander Hector, novelist, dies in London.

15.—Privy Councillor Emmanuel Hermann, said to be the originator of post-cards, dies in Vienna.

16.—Reverend John S. Brown, aged ninety-six, dies in Lawrence, Kansas. He was one of the few survivors of the famous Brook Farm experimenters, probably the oldest Unitarian minister, and the oldest member of Phi Beta Kappa in the United States.

17.—General Charles H. Smith, U. S. A., retired, dies in Washington of apoplexy, aged seventy-five.

20.—John W. Mackay, financier, dies in London.

24.—Right Reverend Robert W. Barnwell, Episcopal bishop of Alabama, dies in Selma, of appendicitis.

25.—Reverend T. C. Reed, president of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, dies at the age of seventy-six.

CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER FIRST

DAILY FIRST CLASS LIMITED TRAINS BETWEEN

“CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES”

San Francisco, and the principal California tourist points will be placed in service by the

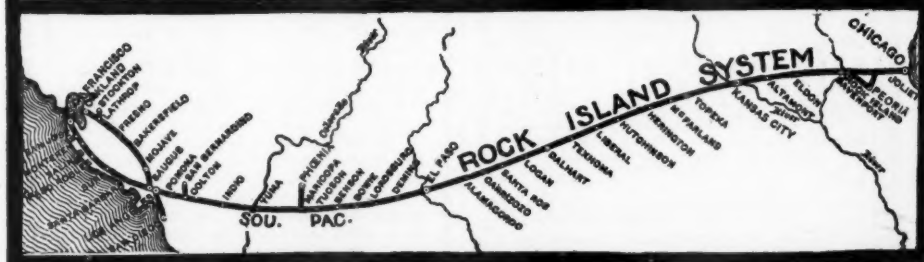
ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC

These trains will be exclusively first class. No other line will make quicker time to California. Lowest grades. No high altitudes. Direct route via

THE EL PASO SHORT LINE

Finest and newest trans-continental trains. Entire equipment will be of the highest type; Compartment and Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining, Observation, and Buffet-Library Cars, with Barber and Bath; Electric Lighted. Reservations can be made now; apply to

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago





AT THE ZOO.

LITTLE GIRL (after seeing many queer beasts).—"But there aren't really such animals, nurse, are there?"

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM

TRADE MARK

THIS FACE ON EVERY BOX

TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.
Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for FRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUN-BURN, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and sweaty feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

CHILDREN
TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Bears
the
Signature
of

Dr. H. Fletcher
The
Kind
You Have
Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Government ON CEREALS.

In the Government reports upon cereal foods, a note of warning is sounded to those who persist in believing that a breakfast food can be properly cooked in "3 minutes." When wheat is so finely ground and separated that 3 minutes suffices to cook it, the mineral matter and phosphates have been so far removed that it is practically a starchy mass, tasteless and hard to digest.

The perfect wheat food is rare, so rare that experiments are dangerous and, besides, old friends are best.

The perfect wheat food should contain "all the wheat but the overcoat." The granulated or powdered forms of breakfast foods are illogical and undesirable. Really the only perfect wheat food today is that old reliable full-flaked Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.

CALIFORNIA

Is delightful in September. Reduced rate round-trip Excursion Tickets on sale daily. Liberal return limits; diversity of routes; varied scenery.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Most Luxurious Train in the World

Leaves Chicago at 8.00 p. m. daily; less than three days en route. Two other fast trains at 10.00 a. m. and 11.30 p. m., daily, via

**CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, UNION PACIFIC
AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.**

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

Compartment Cars, Observation Cars, Dining Cars, Buffet-Library Cars
(with barber and bath); electric lighted throughout.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THIS ROUTE.



THE REMINGTON LEADS THE WORLD

*A first-class
Typewriter in-
sures confidence,
and indicates a good
business, conducted in
the right way.*

WICKOFF, SEAMANS & BENNETT
REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

SPENCERIAN

SCHOOL PENS -
and
3 other Standard Brands

PERRY & CO. ECLECTIC
Williams and Rogers.

*different prices according
to quality of metal
and workmanship
samples and prices
to School Teachers -*

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York.

American Success Series



Hon. J. H. BROMWELL

Congressman from Ohio, on Committee of Post Offices and Post Roads, formerly wrote and taught stenography.

"Improvement the order of the age"
A rigid test of every part is the best guarantee of the whole great

**Success,
The Smith Premier Typewriter**



American Success Series in Book Form.—At the end of this year, the Smith Premier Typewriter Company will publish a handsome booklet containing pictures and brief biographies of twelve successful Americans who have profited by their use of stenography or typewriting. These books will be mailed free only to persons who send us their names and addresses, with request for same.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.,

Syracuse
N. Y., U. S. A.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 50,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feversish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

[Mention this magazine]

I Can Sell Your Farm

no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. Est. '96. Highest references. Offices in 24 cities. W. M. Cstrander, 1667 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia

CASTORIA.

Bears the
Signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

\$7.50 for 5-SHOT SOUVENIR MAUSER RIFLE

5-SHOT MAUSER Captured at Santiago; rifle only; parts missing. \$10.00 for serviceable gun with box eigs. \$12.50 for gun like new with sporting model stock and box eigs. Mausers are the best high-power rifle made. Range 3 miles, penetration through 3/4 inch iron. Send \$2.50; gun sent C.O.D. for balance and express; examination allowed. 5,000,000 Cartridges, \$25. per 1,000. Discount for Export Orders. F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York.

Longhand IS A POOR HAND IN THE GAME OF BUSINESS.



Longhand business letters are out of date. **THE BUSINESS LETTERS OF LIVE BUSINESS MEN ARE TYPEWRITTEN.**

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

1 1/2 Barclay St., New York.
38 Bromfield St., Boston.
124 La Salle St., Chicago.

317 Wyandotte St., Kansas City.
208 North Ninth St., St. Louis.
536 California St., San Francisco.

Send for samples of writing, with prices, etc. Largest and most complete stock of second-hand Typewriters of any house in the trade. Machines shipped, privilege of inspection. **TITLE TO EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED.**

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI



BBETTER preserve a good, clear, natural complexion than risk injury in attempts to improve upon it with harmful cosmetics.

Ivory Soap is the scientists' formula for cleansing; it is an aseptic solvent for the impurities of the body which have reached the surface through the pores. It preserves nature's handiwork by removing that which would destroy its beauty.

Chautauqua

An Institution for Popular Education

Founded by LEWIS MILLER and JOHN H. VINCENT.

WILSON M. DAY,
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

J. C. NEVILLE,
CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE BOARD.

JOHN H. VINCENT,
CHANCELLOR.

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION.

GEORGE E. VINCENT, Principal.

DIVISION OF HOME READING.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor.

Contents for September, 1902.

Cover Design.

King Edward VII. in Coronation Robes.	Frontispiece.
Highways and Byways.	531-543
Reconstruction in British Cabinet. The Miners' Strike and the Public. The Vatican and the Philippines. Punishing Torture and Inhumanity. Our Foreign Trade for 1902. A Blow to Special Legislation. Lynchings and the Federal Power. No Right to "Privacy." The Bible in the Schools. Stephen L. Baldwin. Who Buy the Books. (By John Habberton). With portraits, cartoons and other illustrations.	
"King of the Kings of Ethiopia."	Edwin A. Start. 544
Illustrated.	
Glimpses of School Life in Italy.	Mary Sifton Pepper. 548
Memories of Italy — Moonlight in Milan. Verse.	Clinton Scollard. 552
Taking a Degree in a German University.	Wm. Wallace Whitelock. 553
The Privateers of 1812.	Edwin L. Sabin. 557
A Forgotten Exploration of the Dead Sea.	John R. Spears. 562
A Tale from the Annals of the Old Navy. Illustrated.	
The Sage. Verse.	E. Carl Litsey. 567
Irrigation and the American Frontier.	Edwin Erle Sparks. 568
Illustrated.	
Why Brigands Thrive in Turkey.	Emma Paddock Telford. 573
Illustrated.	
Every-Day Japan.	F. E. Peabody. 582
Illustrated.	
The Brownings in Florence.	Lillian V. Lambert. 590
In Old Ballad Days.	Grace Adele Pierce. 595
On the Conewango. Verse.	James T. Edwards. 599
The Music of Nature.	C. William Beebe. 600
The Birds of the Bible.	M. R. Silsby. 606
To a Seeker After Knowledge. Verse.	Geo. Newell Lovejoy. 607
The Case of Lyulph Harcourt Beresford.	Wm. McLeod Raine. 608
A Short Story.	
Four New Chautauqua Books.	Mary E. Merington. 614
Talk About Books. 616
Books Received. 623
News Summary. 628

CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION:

WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director of Publications.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, September, 1899, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

MASSACHUSETTS.

**KINDERGARTEN
MUSIC-BUILDING.****The Science
of Music
for Children.**

Teachers', Students', Mothers' and Correspondence Courses. Also, "Music-Building at the Piano-forte." Special Courses, including Piano-forte Lessons for young students preparing to be teachers. Highly endorsed and universally recommended. For particulars, write

N. K. DARLINGTON,

Care of New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., or, STUDIO, 1085 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHAUTAUQUAN ADVERTISING RATES FOR

SCHOOLS. THE CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine offers a special educational rate to schools, seminaries and colleges as follows: One full inch, \$5.50 each insertion; one-half inch, \$2.75 each insertion.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

THE BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL.

20th year. 8 years' course, classes limited to 15. No subordinate teachers; pupils continuously under head teacher in each department. Exceptional facilities for fitting for Harvard. Illustrated catalogue.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

DR. SARGENT'S NORMAL SCHOOL IN PHYSICAL

Training and Sanatory Gymnasium for Women and Children. Established in 1881. Send for circular.

D. A. SARGENT.

Isaac Rich Hall, Ashburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL.

Opens October 1, 1902.

SAMUEL C. BENNETT, Dean.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

THE WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

EDMUND A. ENGLER, Ph. D., LL. D., President. Courses of study in Mechanical, Civil, Electrical Engineering, Chemistry, and General Science. Extensive laboratories in Engineering, Electricity, Physics, General and Industrial Chemistry. Special facilities in Steam and Hydraulics. Catalogue, showing positions filled by graduates, mailed free. Address

J. K. MARSHALL, Registrar, Worcester, Mass.

Lowell, Massachusetts.

LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL.

Science applied to practical problems. Fits for positions in all branches of the textile industry, including designing, spinning, weaving, chemistry, dyeing and decorative art. New buildings, increased equipment. Catalogue free. WILLIAM W. CROSBY, B. S., Principal.

**ROCK
RIDGE**

**A SCHOOL
FOR BOYS**
at Wellesley Hills,
Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS.

**New England
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC**

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director.

Our new buildings, costing nearly \$1,000,000 to erect and equip, are now finished. We offer greater facilities, master teachers and more thorough instruction, than elsewhere to be had, here or abroad.

Our present enlarged facilities and magnificent resources should lead you to send for our year-book, which we mail free.

FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

Wollaston, Massachusetts.

QUINCY MANSION SCHOOL.

Home School for Girls. Limited to 50. Experienced teachers; large grounds and buildings. Regular and special courses. Library-hall, laboratory, art-room, gymnasium, music-rooms.

HORACE MANN WILLARD, Sc. D.

**MORE POSITIONS open to graduates
of the
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION**

than can be filled. "AID FOR ALL," and Catalogue free. S. S. CURRY, Ph. D., Copley Square, Boston.

Barre, Massachusetts.

ELM HILL.

A Private School and Home for Feeble-Minded Youth. Exceptional advantages for this class. Four cottages. 200 acres. Send for circular.

GEORGE A. BROWN, M. D., Superintendent.

Andover, Massachusetts.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

A high grade school for girls. Fine situation. Complete modern equipment. Fine buildings. Ample provision for outdoor exercise. Personal attention of teachers. Address

THE PRINCIPAL.

324 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Massachusetts.

THE COMMONWEALTH AVENUE SCHOOL.

A Home and Day School for Girls. Advanced and College Preparatory Courses.

THE MISSES GILMAN, Principals.

Address MISS FANNY C. GUILD, Acting Principal.

18 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

Perry Kindergarten Normal School.

MRS. ANNIE MOSELEY PERRY,

Principal.

NEW YORK.

CORNELL'S LARGEST FITTING SCHOOL.

"My acquaintance with the preparatory schools of the United States leads me to believe that the Ithaca High School stands in the very front rank."

J. G. SCHURMAN, President Cornell University.

Gets students from England, Russia, Italy, Ireland, Brazil, Cuba, Canada, Porto Rico, Mexico, 31 states, and from 24 countries in New York state. Has won 61 state and 12 university scholarships in 7 years. Sent 76 students to 10 different colleges last fall. Holds interscholastic championship in foot ball and base ball; gymnasium, baths, 7-acre athletic field, free text books, both sexes. Over 300 registered in preparatory department; tuition \$75, for 40 weeks; no extras. 28th year begins Sept. 2. For catalog address
F. D. BOYNTON, 275 N. Cayuga St., Ithaca, N. Y.

239 East Fourteenth St., New York City, N. Y.

ECCLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE

Of the City of New York. Excellent facilities. Chemical and Pathological Laboratories. Dispensary in the same building. For information and catalogue address
G. W. BOSKOWITZ, A. M., M. D., Dean.

Washington Square, New York City.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

Comprehends eight schools. The Law School (with Day and Evening Classes), Medical College, Graduate School, Pedagogy, Applied Science, University College, Veterinary College, and Commerce Accounts and Finance. For circulars, address
THE REGISTRAR,
Washington Square, New York City.

Syracuse, New York.

SYRACUSE SCHOOL CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

Has ten different American and foreign colleges and universities represented by its instructors. Students are taught to speak Spanish and French, and are given a very thorough and practical course in English. Send for catalogue.
A. LINCOLN TRAVIS, Principal.

160 Joralemon St., Brooklyn Heights, New York.

THE KATHERINE L. HALTBY SCHOOL.

Regular expense \$500. All the advantages of New York City. Thorough instruction. College Preparation. Special musical opportunities. A delightful school life. Liberal privileges. European summer travel. Fourteenth year.

82 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, New York.

BINGHAMTON TRAINING SCHOOL.

For Nervous, Backward, and Deaf-Mute Children. Physical Training. Manual Training. Music. Articulation. Kindergarten. Needlework. Open year round. Gold Medal awarded for work exhibited at the Interstate Exposition at Charleston, S. C., 1902.

SOPHIE A. DOOLITTLE.

Potsdam, New York.

CRANE NORMAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC.

A school for Training Supervisors of Music for the Public Schools. Voice Culture a specialty. Thorough training in Harmony, Analysis, Musical History, Acoustics, Sight Singing, Ear Training and Chorus Conducting. Practice Teaching. Apply to
MISS JULIA E. CRANE, Potsdam, N. Y.

Lowville, New York.

LOWVILLE ACADEMY.

(Both Sexes.) Healthful location near the Adirondacks. Certificate admits to Cornell, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, etc. Hot water heat. Electric lights. Home and tuition \$156 per year. No extras. Ninety-fifth year begins September 9th. Address
WM. H. PERRY, Ph. D., Principal.

NEW YORK.

Flahkill-on-Hudson, New York.

MOUNT BEACON MILITARY ACADEMY.

A modern, high-class, military boarding school. Buildings thoroughly sanitary and entirely renovated. Electric lights. Steam heat. Tennis, grove, athletic field of six acres. New brick gymnasium. Three courses of study under college-bred specialists. Instruction thorough and individual. Inspection invited. Open all year. For catalogue, etc., address
COL. VASA E. STOLBRAND, Superintendent.

Chappaqua, New York.

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE.

Prepares boys and girls for college or business. Teachers specialists. In hill country, 30 miles from New York. Water supply from pure springs. 8 acres lawn and playgrounds. Under care Friends. Address
ALBERT R. LAWTON, A. M., Principal.

Clinton, New York.

Education of young women at

HOUGHTON SEMINARY

is personal, tactful, striving after thoroughness and efficiency. Forty years' experience has proved the value of the small class, personal contact of teacher and pupil, and patient development of physical, mental, moral and social gifts. Write for illustrated catalogue of interest to all parents of girls.
A. G. BENEDICT, A. M., Principal.

Cazenovia, New York.

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY.

Founded 1824. Both sexes. In the charming lake region of Central New York. Facilities unsurpassed. New gymnasium. A Christian home. Terms moderate. Year opens September 9. For illustrated catalogue address the president,
REV. F. D. BLAKESLEE, D. D.

Rochester, New York.

THE UNDERHILL SCHOOL. (42 State St.)

Offers to fit and place you after graduation. Send for Circulars of Information. Hundreds of graduates drawing salaries of \$500 to \$3,000 per year. Formerly UNDERHILL'S UNIVERSITY. Postal card, Illustrated Circulars.

Buffalo, New York.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Regular and Elective Courses. Certificate admits to College. Special advantages in Music and Art. Large Gymnasium. Instruction in Sloyd. Terms \$600.

MARY A. ROBINSON Principal.

MRS. A. P. SNODGRASS, Associate Prin.

Carmel, New York.

DREW SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Thirty-seventh year opens Sept. 24. "An excellent educational institution."—*Chauncey M. Depece*. "A delightful home school."—*Margaret Bottoms*. Illustrated circular.
D. H. HANABURGH, A. M., President.

Glen Cove, N. Y.

FRIENDS' ACADEMY.

Thorough education and guarded moral training. Expenses low by reason of endowment. Best surroundings. Co-educational.

F. E. WILLITS, Secretary.

NEW YORK.



New York, N. Y., 24 East 22nd St.
THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHRENOLOGY

Opens its next session September 3rd, 1902. For further particulars, apply
M. H. PIERCY,
 Secretary,
 Care of Fowler & Wells Co.

Syracuse, New York.

KEBLE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Under the supervision of Bishop Huntington. Thirty-second school year begins Sept. 18, 1902. Also Mrs. F. M. Clarke's Kindergarten Training Class. Apply to
MISS MARY J. JACKSON.

Depot Lane, Washington Heights, New York.

A SCHOOL FOR ATYPICAL AND NERVOUS CHILDREN. Healthy location. Summer course. Expert educational home treatment.

MAXIMILIAN P. E. GROSZMANN, Pd. D. L., Director.

Hartwick Seminary, New York.

HARTWICK SEMINARY.

A rural home seminary for both sexes. Endowed. Location healthy. \$200 per year. Prepares for college. Send for catalogue.
J. G. TRAVER, D. D., Prin.

Hamilton, New York.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY.

Classical, Philosophical and Scientific Courses. A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. degrees. Thorough equipment. New Library and Gymnasium. High standards. Moderate expenses. Year begins September 11, 1902.

REV. GEORGE E. MERRILL, D. D., President.

24 West 61st St., New York City.

THE ELLIMAN SCHOOL.

19th year. Training class for kindergartners. One and two year courses. Diploma receives State recognition. Address
MRS. A. M. ELLIMAN.

914 West End Ave., New York City.

MISS MARY E. MERINGTON.

Boarding and day school for girls.

Irvington-on Hudson, New York.

Miss Bennett's School for Girls.

Regular and Special Courses. Faculty of thirteen specialists. Twelfth year begins October, 1902.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Rhode Island.

FRIENDS SCHOOL.

Founded by Friends over a century ago; but open to all denominations. Endowed. 280 pupils enrolled, boys and girls. Ideal combination of school and home life. \$350 a year. Send for catalogue.

AUGUSTINE JONES, LL. B., Principal.

CANADA.

Whitby, Ontario, Canada.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE.

Patronized by Minister of Education, Ex-premier of Dominion and pronounced by Governor General "the finest college of the kind he had seen in Canada." The highest educational facilities and every home comfort in steam heating, electric lighting, etc. Send for calendar to
Rev. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

KISKIMINETAS

The leading College Preparatory (Boarding) School in Western Pennsylvania. 150 young men sent to college the past ten years. Applications were declined last year for lack of room. Early application advisable, to secure room. Send for catalogue.

A. W. WILSON, Jr.,
E. W. FAIR, } Principals.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

East End, Pittsburg, Pa.
 33d Year.

Full College Course. Curriculum equal to the best. College Preparatory Department—admits to Collegiate Department or to Vassar, Wellesley, or Smith. Superior advantages in Music and Art. Physical Culture, Gymnasium, Basket Ball, Tennis, Golf. Beautifully located in large grove of forest trees, combining all advantages of the city with beauty and health of country. Send for catalog. Address

Rev. CHALMERS MARTIN, D. D., President.

4112 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MISS GORDON'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Ten boarders received. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley, Vassar and Wells. General and College Preparatory Courses.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Haverford Grammar School.

Nine miles from Philadelphia. A school planned to give the best, at any cost, merits the careful investigation of thoughtful parents. Individual attention to pupils. For illustrated catalogue address

CHARLES S. CROSMAN, Head Master.

Concordville, Pennsylvania.

MAPLEWOOD. \$294; successful school; one of the best to infuse with energy, to wake up boys to duties of life. Able professors. 40 boys prepared for business or college. Laboratory practice. Full course of lectures. Best system of discipline. High standard of morals. Improved buildings and equipment. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Spring water. Location beautiful, elevated, healthy. 40th year. Primary department for little boys. Every year boys failures in other schools become with us successful students. We all work, then play. Best testimonials. No tobacco.

JOS. SHORTLIDGE, Yale, A. M., Prin.

Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

BUCKNELL INSTITUTE.

A refined school for young women. Prepares for college and teaching. Separate campus and buildings. Surroundings healthful; in a mountainous region. For circular, address the Registrar.

Washington, Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

Strictly College work, with a view to the best preparation for the pursuit of professional study, is made the prominent aim. Expenses are moderate, and surroundings are healthful and moral. For catalogue apply to

PRESIDENT J. D. MOFFAT.

COLORADO.

University Park, Colorado.

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER.

College of Liberal Arts, Preparatory School, Schools of Theology, Medicine, Law, Dentistry, and Music. Best instruction and facilities. Lowest rates. Finest location in the West. For catalogues and information address
HENRY A. BUCHTEL, Chancellor.

OHIO.

Delaware, Ohio.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. (58th Year.)

110 Instructors in College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, in Schools of Medicine, Music, Art and Oratory; 1,285 students from 31 states and 14 foreign lands; 132 graduates in 1902; \$1,562,000 in plant and endowment.

J. W. BASHFORD, President, Delaware, Ohio.

Cincinnati, Clifton, Evanswood, Ohio.

THE BARTHOLOMEW-CLIFTON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Attractive home department. Fits for the best colleges. Advantages in Music, Art, Languages.

G. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Ph. D., Regent.

MISS E. A. ELY, A. M., Principal.

MISS M. F. SMITH, Associate Principal.

Glendale, Ohio.

GLENDALE COLLEGE.

Chartered 1854. Fall term begins Sept. 24, 1902. A good home with superior instruction. Surroundings beautiful and healthful. Art and Music.

MISS R. J. DeVORE.

MISSOURI.

Kirkwood, Missouri.

KIRKWOOD MILITARY ACADEMY.

Large, beautiful grounds. Numbers limited; instruction individual; moral training of the highest. Prepares for college or business. Twenty-first year begins Sept. 11th, 1902. Send for catalog.

COL. EDWARD A. HAIGHT.

St. Louis, Missouri.

FOREST PARK UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN.**WORLD'S FAIR COLLEGE.**

College and Preparatory Courses. College of Music. E. R. Kroeger, Director; Clinton Elder, Voice; Kunkel, Violin; Ashcroft, Elocution, Art. New Building. Board and tuition, \$270 to \$285. New gymnasium.

ANNA SNEED CAIRNS, President.

WISCONSIN.

Delafield, Wisconsin.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY.

(Episcopal.) Situated in the famous lake region of Wisconsin, 100 miles from Chicago, 25 miles west of Milwaukee, on the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Prepares for college or business. Diploma admits to many colleges. Athletics and rowing under trained instructors. Number of students limited. School opens September 18th. Write for catalogue, etc., to

DA. SIDNEY T. SMYTHE, President

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE DOWNER COLLEGE.

For Young Women. College Department. Seminary Department. Music, Art, Elocution. Domestic Science. For catalogue address

ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

FLORIDA.

Winter Park, Florida.

ROLLINS COLLEGE.

Geo. M. Ward, Pres. Fourteenth year. College Preparatory School, Music, Art and Business Schools. Good building, beautiful location. Healthfulness unexcelled. Sixteen teachers. Library of 3,000 volumes. A winter resort for students from all parts of the North. Send for catalogue to

E. C. HILL, Dean.

MICHIGAN.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE

Of the University of Michigan.

Men and women admitted on equal terms. Fees and cost of living very low. For announcement and particulars address

R. S. COPELAND, M. D., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

ILLINOIS.

STUDY LAW

Leading LAW SCHOOL
IN CORRESPONDENCE
INSTRUCTION.
Established in 1892.

Prepares for bar in any State. Combines theory and practice. Text books used are same as used in leading resident schools. Teaches law at your home. Three Courses—Regular College Course, Post Graduate and Business Law Courses. Approved by the bench and bar. Full particulars free.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law,
Reaper Block, Chicago.



100 Washington St., Chicago.

CHICAGO KENT COLLEGE OF LAW.

Law Department Lake Forest University.

Both day and evening courses with complete curriculum in each. Large faculty. Prepares for admission to the Bar in all the States. For information, address the Secretary,

ELMER E. BARRETT, LL. B.

**The Academy of
Northwestern University,
Evanston, Illinois.**

Twenty Teachers, all college graduates. Fits for any college. Well-equipped laboratories. Preliminary course for Electrical and Mechanical Engineering. Manual Training. Fall term begins Sept. 23d. Students from twenty-five States and four foreign countries. Low rates. Many advantages. Send for illustrated bulletin. Mention this paper.

REV. HERBERT F. FISK, D. D., Principal.

Room 640, Fine Arts Building, 208-207 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

CHICAGO FREE KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

Normal Training Class. A new class organized every September. For further information address above Association. Organized 1881. Incorporated 1883.

Lake Forest, Illinois.

LAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

REV. RICHARD D. HARLAN, D. D., President.

Classical, English and Scientific Courses. Most beautiful suburb of Chicago, on high wooded bluffs of Lake Michigan. Semi-rural surroundings; healthy, inexpensive. Good dormitories. Modern gymnasium; excellent athletic facilities; co-educational. For Catalogue address

Box 122, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

Morgan Park, Chicago, Illinois.

THE ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

For Boys. At Morgan Park, Illinois. Splendidly equipped. Prepares for all colleges. Expenses from \$250 to \$500. 45 scholarships. Write for illustrated catalogue.

Highland Park, Illinois.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY.

Twenty-three miles north of Chicago. A select preparatory school. Thorough preparation for college, the government academies, or business. A limited number of vacancies open for the coming year.

COL. H. P. DAVIDSON, A. M., President.

112 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF LAW.

Open all year. Autumn quarter begins Sept. 22. Both day and evening schools. Scholarships for college graduates. Three years LL.B. course. Graduate courses leading to LL.M. and D. C. L. degrees. Send for catalogue.

HOWARD N. OGDEN, Ph. D., LL. D., President.

MARYLAND.

Hagerstown, Maryland.

KEE MAR COLLEGE MUSIC AND ART CONSERVATORY. Fifty-second annual session opens Sept. 17th. Offers thirteen different courses. Delightful climate. Charming park of ten acres. Elegant brick buildings on an eminence. American and European teachers. New gymnasium and science hall. Catalog and Journal on application. **M. L. MAIER, Ph. D., President.**

Frederick, Maryland.

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

A successful, progressive school, well organized and equipped. A strong Music Conservatory. Elocution and Art. Rates moderate. A healthful locality, just south of Mason and Dixon line.

J. H. APPLE, A. M., President.

Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Maryland.

BALTIMORE KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

Training school. Junior, Senior and Graduate Courses, a Course for Directors of Normal Classes. Address

MISS C. M. C. HART.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, District of Columbia.

THE McDONALD-ELLIS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Lewis, Principals. Nineteenth year opens October 1, 1902. Regular and special work in all studies.

DR. E. R. LEWIS, 1305 17th St.

INDIANA.

North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

TUDOR HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Resident and Day Pupils. Individual attention from Primary to College Preparatory. *Systematic Bible Study in all departments. Non-sectarian.* Native French and German teacher. Music, Art, Voice Culture. Gymnasium with resident instructor. Attractive home life.

FREDONIA ALLEN, Ph. B.,

Cornell University, Principal.

Address Dept. D.

REV. J. CUMMING SMITH, D. D., Dean.

Oldenburg, Franklin Co., Indiana.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ACADEMY.

This institution, conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis, is pleasantly located in southeastern Indiana, three miles from Batesville, a station on the Big Four R. R., equidistant from Cincinnati and Indianapolis. The buildings, replete with modern improvements, are spacious and convenient, while the beautiful surroundings invite the young ladies to healthful exercise. The academic course embraces all the requirements of a liberal education. German, Stenography, Typewriting, and Needle-Work receive special attention. Music, Drawing, and Painting are successfully taught. For further information address

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Red Springs, North Carolina.

NORTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY.

Term begins Sept. 3, 1902. Prepares for College, West Point and Annapolis. Exceptionally healthful climate, fine grounds and buildings, mineral springs. \$300 per year. For catalogue address

C. A. SHORT, B. S., Principal.

VIRGINIA.

Danville, Virginia.

DANVILLE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough training in every department. Boys prepared for any university and for a business career. Four flexible courses. Modern gymnasium. Comfortable quarters. Careful military training. Mild climate. For prospectus address

CAMPBELL and SYDNOR, Principals.

Near Charlottesville, Virginia.

PANTOPS ACADEMY FOR BOYS.

Fully equipped. Equable climate. Tract of 833 acres, formerly owned by Thomas Jefferson, and named by him from two Greek words—"All-seeing." Also Summer School. Catalogue.

JOHN R. SAMPSON, A. M.

Roanoke, Virginia.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Opens Sept. 20. New buildings, pianos and equipment. 25 European and American teachers. Conservatory advantages in Music, Art and Elocution.

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President.

Salem, Virginia.

ROANOKE COLLEGE.

Courses for Degrees, with Electives. Commercial Course. Library of 22,000 volumes. Healthful location. Students from North and South. *No bar rooms. Very moderate expenses.* Aid Scholarships. Catalogue, with views, free. Address

JULIUS D. DREHER, President.

Waynesboro, Virginia.

Truthful, Pure, THE FISHBURNE SCHOOL.

Manly Boys for English, Classical, and Military. Careful instruction and oversight. Thorough work. Superior location. Write for catalogue.

JAS. A. FISHBURNE, A. B., Principal.

Warrenton, Virginia.

FAUQUIER INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The 43d session opens on September 18, 1902. Situated in Piedmont region of Virginia, on Southern R. R., 55 miles from Washington. Select home. Limited school. For catalogue address

GEO. G. BUTLER, A. M., Principal.

KENTUCKY.

Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

BEAUMONT COLLEGE (FOR GIRLS).

Curriculum probably not duplicated in the South; in essentials, not surpassed elsewhere. Piano and Organ Director, formerly professor in Chicago Conservatory of Music. String Music Director, Grad. Royal Col. of Music, Munich. Dr. Rudolph de Roode, the great musical critic, Director General. Elocution and Art in the very highest form. Grounds unsurpassed in America for beauty. Prepares for best universities. Has drawn pupils from more than 30 States. Refined home. Number limited. Terms reasonable for advantages offered.

TH. SMITH, A. M., Pres. (Alumnus of Univ. of Va.)

TENNESSEE.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

THE ACADEMY.

A select limited home school for the Higher Culture of Girls and Young Women. Complete in appointments, progressive in opportunities, and up to date in all collegiate advantages. In the most beautiful part of the state; an attractive health resort.

1793—THE BINGHAM SCHOOL—1902-03.

Ideally located on the Asheville Plateau. Military. U. S. Army Officers detailed. Cadets from Twenty-three (23) States, D. C., Cuba, and the Philippines during the 109th year. \$125 per half-term.

Col. R. BINGHAM, Supt., Post Office, Asheville, N. C.

NEW JERSEY.

Blairtown, New Jersey.

BLAIR PRESBYTERIAL ACADEMY.

Fifty-fourth year. Liberal education. Prepares boys and girls for any American College. New buildings. Electric light. Steam heat. Healthful surroundings. One of the few well endowed academies.

JOHN C. SHARPE, M. A., D. D., Principal.

New Brunswick, New Jersey.

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Founded 1766.

ELIOT R. PAYSON, Ph. D., Head Master.

Orange, New Jersey.

MISS BEARD'S HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

College preparatory. Suburban to New York.
112, 118, and 124 Berkeley Ave., Orange, N. J.

Summit, New Jersey.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The boys have 100 acres on which golf, tennis, baseball, coasting, etc., may be enjoyed. School life based on home life ideal. Preparation for college or business life. Trained corps of masters. Certificate admits to Cornell, Lehigh, Lafayette and Williams. For catalogue, address MR. HARTMAN NAYLOR, Headmaster, Summit, N. J.

LAW

BY MAIL Our courses in law are conducted by Hon. Chas. A. Ray, late Chief Justice Supreme Court of Indiana. Send for free Catalogue No. 13. Columbian Correspondence College, No. 225 Pennsylvania Av. S. E., Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted

For Mrs. Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN'S Grand New Book **THIRTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON.**

It reveals the inner life and all the Wonderful Sights and Scenes of our National Capital—Executive, Administrative, Social and Departmental; includes the Lives of all the Presidents, their wives, and every Lady of the White House from Washington to Roosevelt. In magnificent illustrations, fascinating interest, educational value, and rapid sales, it is the king of books. To men and women we offer work at home that pays, a book that sells, exclusive territory and fine terms. Freights paid and credit given. Address

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

LEARN TO DRAW BY MAIL.

Home lessons by successful illustrators. Newspaper, magazine, lettering, posters, caricature taught. The Original Illustrating School with long record of success for students. Catalogue free. N. Y. SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING, 1512 Broadway, New York.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT FREE

A GOOD POSITION and a large salary always await an expert Book-keeper. We teach you book-keeping thoroughly by mail, and make absolutely no charge for tuition until we place you in a paying position. If you wish to better yourself, write for our guarantee offer and our **FREE** book "**How to Succeed in Business.**" **COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**
Drawer 125 Rochester, N. Y.

BEST REPEATING SHOT GUN ONLY \$15.75

Sportsmen write "Spencer best gun in the world." No more after present lot sold. Original slide lever gun made of best forged steel, fixed figured twist steel barrel. Double extractors. Take down system. Six shots in 2 seconds. Strongest repeater made. Send \$5; gun sent C. O. D., balance \$10.75 and expressage; examination allowed. F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, Connecticut.

The Yale Divinity School.

A thorough training for the ministry. Unequaled university opportunities. Special instruction in the English Bible, Sociology, and Missions. For information, address

PROF. FRANK K. SANDERS, Dean,
Drawer 4, Yale Station.

Cornwall, Connecticut.

THE CORNWALL (Conn.) SCHOOL.

In Litchfield Hills. Prepares boys for College and Scientific School. New gymnasium. All athletics. Yale references. Individual attention.

REV. A. K. FOSTER, M. A. (Yale).

Lakeville, Connecticut.

THE TACONIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, Literature. Progressive methods. Beautiful location. Healthful climate. Golf, tennis, basket-ball, boating.

MISS LILLIAN DIXON, A. B.,
(Wellesley and Bryn Mawr).

**Experienced and Successful Native
Parisian (Protestant)**

Wishes to exchange a certain number of hours' tuition in Higher or Elementary French, for home in school or family. Testimonials from people of culture and prominence. "Mademoiselle," Box 27, Ashburnham, Mass.

THE PROFESSION OF

OSTEOPATHY

Offers exceptional inducements. The course is short and inexpensive. It can be easily learned. The demand for Osteopathic physicians is large, which insures a good income as soon as course is completed. There is no long wait for practice. Degree of Doctor of Osteopathy conferred. Write for full particulars.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY,

Suite 501, 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Instruction for the Deaf.

A private boarding and day school for pupils with all degrees of defective hearing which is equipped and conducted on the same scale as the finest private schools of New York. Instruction is wholly oral. Preparation for any college or for business. Lip-reading taught to adults. Hearing developed by scientific treatment.

THE WRIGHT-HUMASON SCHOOL,

42 West 76th Street, New York.

LEARN BOOK-KEEPING**BY MAIL—AT YOUR OWN HOME.**

We teach the up-to-date methods of book-keeping fitting you for a good position as book-keeper or cashier. The business man needs book-keepers that understand the newest and quickest methods, and pays good salaries for competent help. Practical and remarkably inexpensive. Write for particulars.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE,

8 Institute Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LEARN PROOFREADING.

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it as a genius and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



This is the trade-mark



The petals spell the name

PICTURES that are beautiful—pictures that tell a story—pictures that educate. Cosmos pictures will fill the home with sunshine all of the time at little cost. Ten pictures for 25 cents or four of larger size for 25 cents, or, perhaps you'd rather send two 2-cent stamps for our Catalog I, so you can pick out the ones that interest you most from the 1000 miniature illustrations it contains.

"A home without pictures is like a house without windows."—*Ruskin*.

COSMOS PICTURES COMPANY
296 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A Romance of the Rail.

Most everybody has seen the new car cards which the Lackawanna Railroad has been putting out this season. They tell a story in a series of bright little jingles that belie the old saying about the course of true love, for in this romance love runs smooth "on the Road of Anthracite," and the wedding feast is served in the dining car before the lovers leave the train. The entire set of cards has been put into the form of a booklet entitled "A Romance of the Rail." It will be sent free to anyone who will send 2 cents in stamps to cover postage to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 26 Exchange Place, New York City.

FREE

TO ALL CHAUTAUQUANS.

Book on Photography

Beautifully Illustrated

To people of intellectual tastes and habits, to people who seek recreation and entertainment of an elevating character, there are few things that appeal so delightfully and so profitably as the camera. A beautifully illustrated catalogue giving much valuable information about cameras and photography will be sent free by addressing the

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.

Dept. AG., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FREE

DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

An interesting and costly pamphlet has been prepared descriptive of this great work, and will be sent free to every CHAUTAUQUAN reader who will mail the coupon printed on page XIII in the front part of the December CHAUTAUQUAN, or write to the address below. It contains 84 pages and nearly a thousand very fine illustrations—a great many interesting things about words, and birds, and machinery, and public men—about fishes that climb trees and animals that fly—and many other things. In short, it tells about the many-sided features of The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia and Atlas, and how, by special arrangement any CHAUTAUQUAN can obtain this great work at half rates and small monthly payments, which is at once the best of reference works and a complete working library in itself.

The Century Dictionary

as authority at Chautauqua and the latest and best of reference works ought to appeal to every CHAUTAUQUAN.

With these books by one's reading chair no question can come up that cannot be answered—and quickly—whether it be from my lady who wishes to look up a French phrase in the latest novel, the business man who would refresh his memory as to the terms of trade or banking in this or foreign countries, the scientist or student, the journalist, the housewife, the college student or the child at school. Address JOHN WANAMAKER (CENTURY DICTIONARY DEPARTMENT), New York City, or fill out coupon on page XIII of the December CHAUTAUQUAN. To get the special terms you must state that you saw this announcement in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.



The New C. L. S. C. Books for the English-Russian Year.

"Ten Englishmen of the XIXth Century"

James Richard Foy.



"Literary Leaders of Modern England"

W. J. Dawson.



"A Survey of Russian Literature"

Isabel F. Hapgood.



"The Great World's Farm"

Selina Gaye.



The Chautauqua books are now ready for delivery, and can be supplied to readers immediately on order.

The new books will be found thoroughly delightful in quality and artistic in appearance. They are printed on special fine opaque paper, of lighter weight than heretofore in order to make them more convenient to handle, this being in accordance with the present gratifying tendency in bookmaking.

Complete Course, \$5.00

Comprising the four books, THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE for one year, and the membership book.

If ordered separately,

Books, per volume, \$1.00

The Chautauquan, \$2.00

Address THE CHAUTAUQUAN OFFICES,
CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

As in Coffee - so in Cocoa:
The Quality and Flavor
depend mainly on the
Quality of Beans used
and the Blending.



Kugler's

ALL GROCERS.

"The Universal Perfume"

Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.



**MURRAY
&
LANMAN'S
Florida Water**

FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF
DRESSING - TABLE
AND BATH.

More Sprightly and
Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!

"The Malta-Vita"



MALTA-VITA
and
cream

MALTA-VITA
with
fruit

MALTA-VITA
with
milk and
sugar
to taste
are all
delightful
dishes

MALTA-VITA contains more nutrition, more tissue-building qualities, more nerve stimulant than any other food.

PURE, PALATABLE, POPULAR

Millions are eating MALTA-VITA. It gives health, strength, and happiness.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

A Cooling TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate quenches abnormal thirst, repairs weak nerves, improves appetite, promotes digestion, clears the brain, overcomes exhaustion, and increases the capacity for hard mental and physical labor. Insist on having

**Horsford's
Acid
Phosphate**

Horsford's name on every GENUINE package.

